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WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE

May 8, 1937

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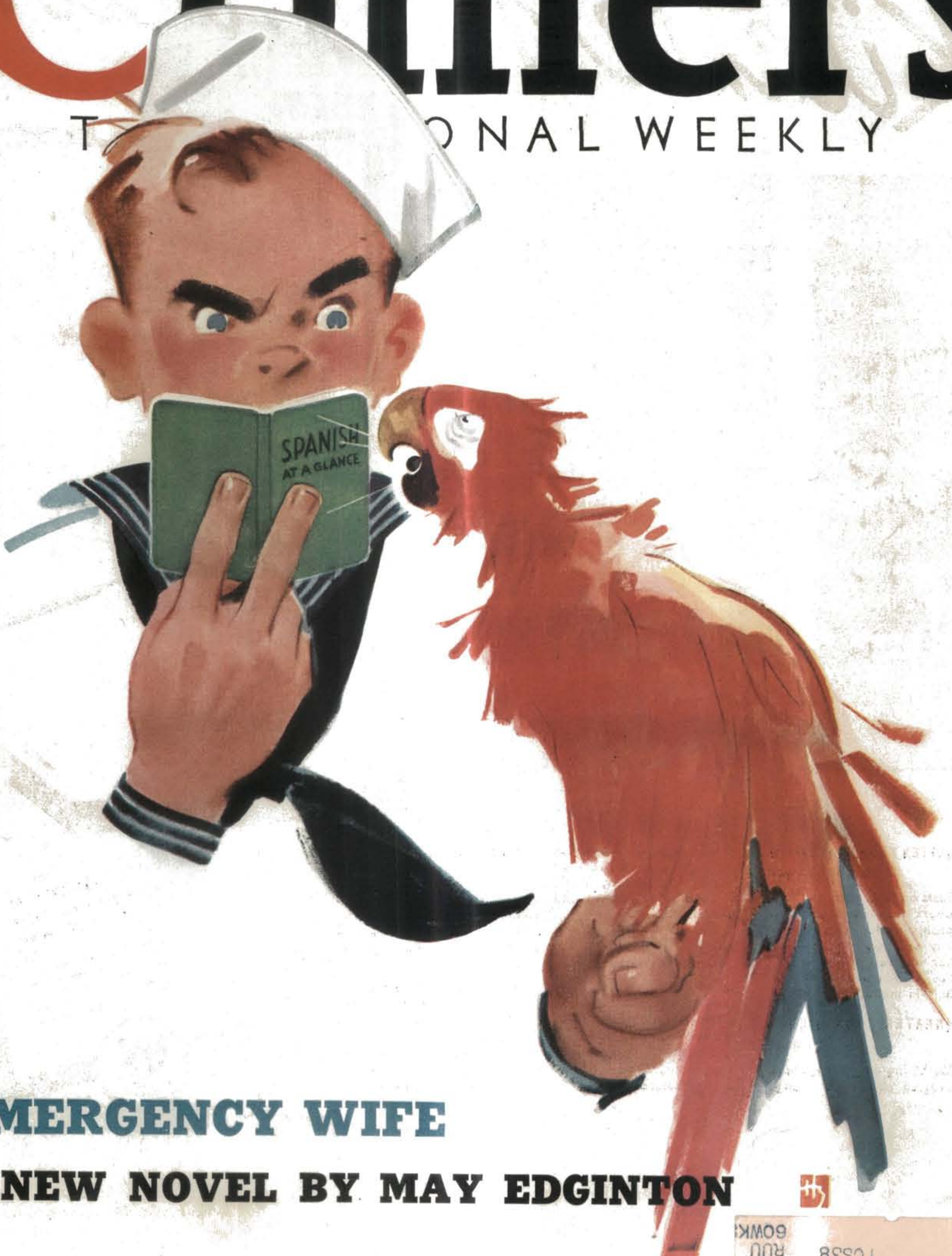
Collier's

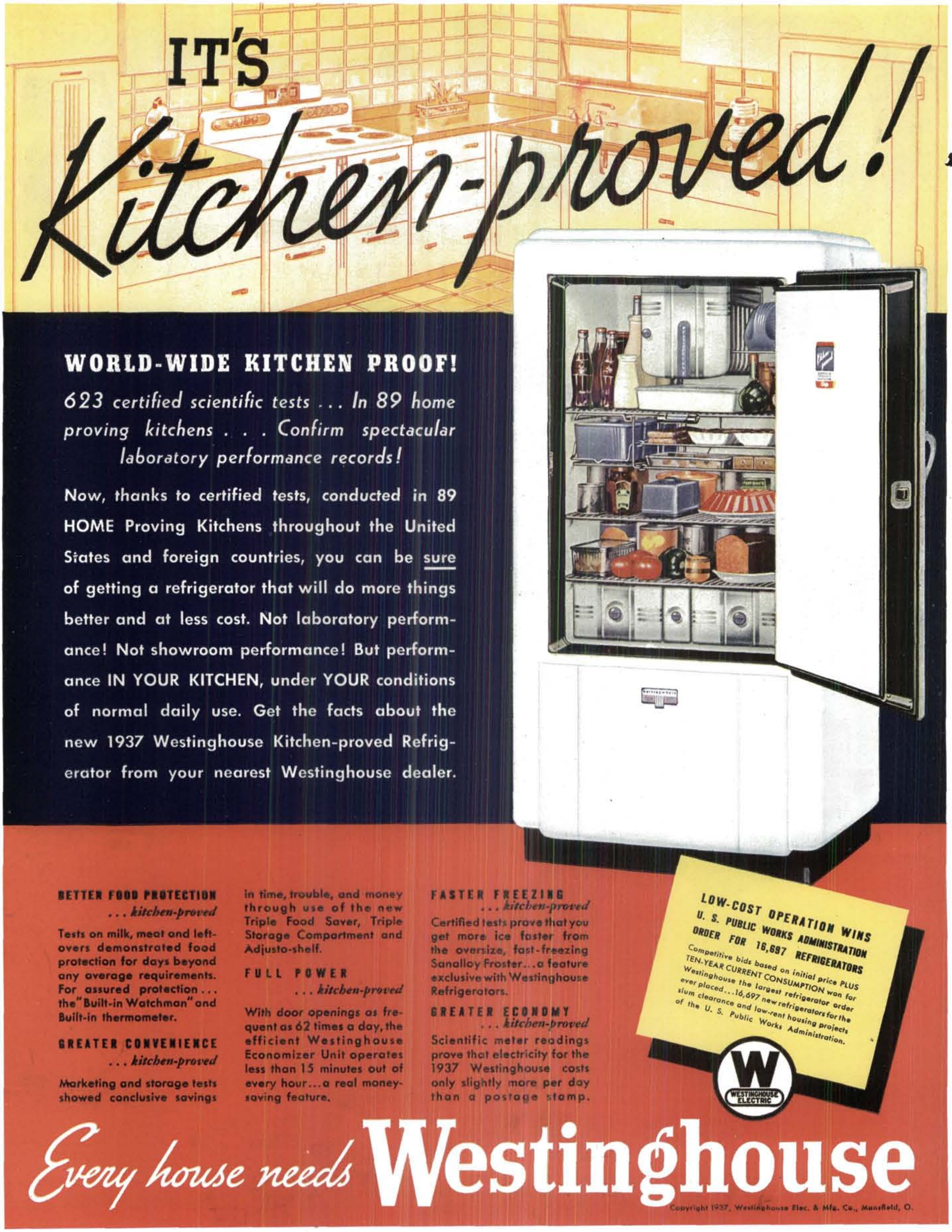
T ONAL WEEKLY



EMERGENCY WIFE

A NEW NOVEL BY MAY EDGINTON

May 8, 1937



IT'S *Kitchen-proved!*

WORLD-WIDE KITCHEN PROOF!

623 certified scientific tests . . . In 89 home proving kitchens . . . Confirm spectacular laboratory performance records!

Now, thanks to certified tests, conducted in 89 HOME Proving Kitchens throughout the United States and foreign countries, you can be sure of getting a refrigerator that will do more things better and at less cost. Not laboratory performance! Not showroom performance! But performance IN YOUR KITCHEN, under YOUR conditions of normal daily use. Get the facts about the new 1937 Westinghouse Kitchen-proved Refrigerator from your nearest Westinghouse dealer.

BETTER FOOD PROTECTION *. . . kitchen-proved*

Tests on milk, meat and left-overs demonstrated food protection for days beyond any average requirements. For assured protection . . . the "Built-in Watchman" and Built-in thermometer.

GREATER CONVENIENCE *. . . kitchen-proved*

Marketing and storage tests showed conclusive savings in time, trouble, and money through use of the new Triple Food Saver, Triple Storage Compartment and Adjusto-shelf.

FULL POWER *. . . kitchen-proved*

With door openings as frequent as 62 times a day, the efficient Westinghouse Economizer Unit operates less than 15 minutes out of every hour . . . a real money-saving feature.

FASTER FREEZING *. . . kitchen-proved*

Certified tests prove that you get more ice faster from the oversize, fast-freezing Sanalloy Froster . . . a feature exclusive with Westinghouse Refrigerators.

GREATER ECONOMY *. . . kitchen-proved*

Scientific meter readings prove that electricity for the 1937 Westinghouse costs only slightly more per day than a postage stamp.

LOW-COST OPERATION WINS U. S. PUBLIC WORKS ADMINISTRATION ORDER FOR 16,697 REFRIGERATORS

Competitive bids based on initial price PLUS TEN-YEAR CURRENT CONSUMPTION won for Westinghouse the largest refrigerator order ever placed . . . 16,697 new refrigerators for the slum clearance and low-rent housing projects of the U. S. Public Works Administration.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Every house needs **Westinghouse**

Copyright 1937, Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co., Mansfield, O.

A New Kind of Homework for Betty since teacher taught her the benefits of gum massage

Ipana and massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

THIS charming little lady often has difficulty with her 'rithmetic and spelling, but there is one classroom lesson she already has by heart—the importance of massage to the health of her gums and brightness of her smile!

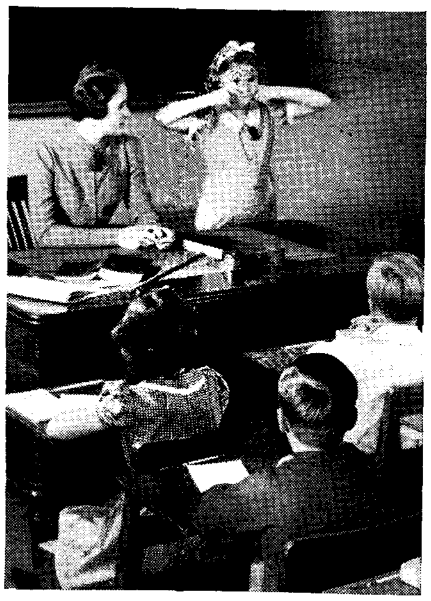
For in these enlightened days, children everywhere are being taught to care for their gums as well as their teeth. Modern dentists, modern teachers and modern parents all stress the fact that today's soft foods rob our gums of work—deny them the resistance and exercise they need for perfect health. Naturally, trouble starts—naturally, gums grow weak and tender—and sooner or later flash that warning tinge of "pink."

When you see "pink tooth brush"—*see your dentist!* It may or may not be the start of serious gum troubles, *but let him decide.* Usually he'll say, "It's just another lazy-gum condition—gums that *need* work, that *need* exercise"—gums that will awaken to the healthy stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Why take chances? Each time you brush your teeth rub a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Massage them good and vigorously and you'll notice a healthier feel, a new "tingle" as your gums respond. They become firmer. Flabby tissues grow tougher. Circulation is renewed.

Try Ipana today. Make Ipana and massage your three-time-a-day dental health routine. Do this regularly and you'll be better able to ward off gum troubles. More important, your gums will become firmer and stronger—your teeth sparkling, white, and *safer!*

LISTEN TO—"Town Hall Tonight," starring Fred Allen. Every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P.M., E.D.S.T.



In classrooms all over the country, modern teachers are doing much to help the future oral health of their pupils by instructing them in the technique of gum massage.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
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TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK
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IPANA *tooth paste*

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Collier's

May 8, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
GEORGE CREEL Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art

DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
T. R. YBARRA Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

THEY were the best in the dance business. The Heavenly Twins. Celestial blondes. Identical. Dazzling. No one knew that they were mother and daughter.

It wasn't known even when success carried them to Hollywood. But what the eyes of the audience couldn't see appeared all too clearly in the eye of the camera. In "Time Is an Arrow," Mildred Cram writes the double love story of this unorthodox sister act.

THE diamond that fell from the British crown at the Coronation of George III foreshadowed, so the superstitious maintained afterward, the loss of the American colonies. It's natural that a ritual which goes back to a time before the dawn of history should be regarded with especial awe, and that any deviation from the prescribed form should be interpreted as an omen. And there have been many such deviations and some scandals in the long history of England. Winston Churchill reviews them in describing the pomp and ceremony that will surround George VI when on May 12th once more "A King is Crowned."

IF THERE'S nothing you care about in life, then living can't be very precious. Smith, the test pilot, had never figured it out that way. All he knew was that he'd never been scared. When he asked Julie Britton to marry him, she said no. She wouldn't marry a man who had never been scared. And that was that—until one day "Three Miles Up" Smith found out what she meant. D. D. Beauchamp is the author.

AMONG careers of danger and daring that of Margaret Dumont ranks high. She is the lady who assists in the whimsical, unpredictable and frequently violent comedy of the three Marx Brothers. Acting, for Miss Dumont, is no bed of roses. Be careful, though. "Don't Call Me a Stooge," says Miss Dumont and she means it. The article is by Kyle Crichton.

A. E. W. MASON writes "The Last Salute," the personal drama of Domingo Plata, a bullfighter who drew throngs to the ring because everyone expected at every fight that Domingo would be killed.

ADDITIONAL stories and articles come from Bill Adams, George Creel, Richard Howells Watkins, Jim Marshall, Max Brand, Arthur Mann, May Edginton, Frederick Skerry and others.

This Week

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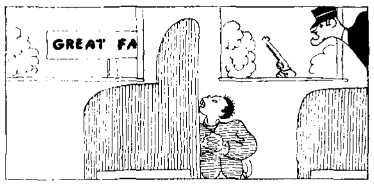
COVER HOWARD BUTLER

Any Week

A GREAT many people will be glad to have this cleared up. "That funny, bumbling noise you've been hearing during the lulls in the sit-down strikes we've been having," writes Mr. Jones Durrell of Lansing, Michigan, "was not the sound of nature awakening nor of the polite snoring of the recumbent workers. It is the activity of the Department of Labor buzzing around looking for a place to settle down and wondering what to do if it did make a landing."

ANOTHER bit of intelligence, from Mrs. E. R. Hill of East Helena, Montana, which is pretty sure to have wide effect, is that there are no Chinese in Great Falls, Montana. It seems that once, quite a number of years ago, a Chinese tried to open a laundry in Great Falls with a .45-caliber revolver. The citizenry, failing to understand the fellow's technique, chased him until he was invisible. "To the present day," reports Mrs. Hill, "a Chinaman going through Great Falls on the train remains in hiding. I have seen them myself, crouched on the floor, scared almost to death."

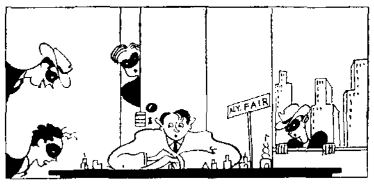


THE moment we get around to it we're going to visit the Washington Monument. We've spent years of our life visiting the capital of this country, scurrying around it talking to statesmen, great and small. But we've never managed to get to the monument. But we've got to now. Mr. Joseph B. Thurber of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, has just been investigating the place and, says he, "it is filled with spies." So we'll look into the matter when we have a chance. Mr. Thurber doesn't say whom the spies are working for—Japan, Germany, Russia or the Supreme Court. But we'll let you know.

OUR method will be disarmingly simple. We shall walk straight up to the first spy we see and demand a plain, truthful answer to our simple, direct questions. Like Mrs. Lucy B. Kirkway of Atlanta, Georgia. Mrs. Kirkway, "tired of innuendo and half-truth," cornered a New Deal orator who, reports she, "boldly criticized George Washington, the great Virginian." As the fellow was leaving the hall Mrs. Kirkway asked him whether he would alter our form of government. He said that there were several things in our form of government which would be the better for change. That was enough for Mrs. Kirkway. She left at once to fetch a policeman. "But when I got back with the officer, the fellow had gone," says she.

SO PERHAPS we had better take a policeman with us when we look into that spy situation. Very handy fellows to have around. You never know when you'll *need* one. For example, Mr. Jack McDougal of Bellingham, Washington, informs us that "a guy who used to sell your magazine showed up the other day. I hadn't seen him in years and was buying Collier's from a new fellow. This guy tried to sell me another magazine, telling me that you were all washed up and that I'd be a sucker to read you. I hollered for a cop but when none appeared I threw this guy off the porch myself."

YOU just can't be too careful. A friend of ours who is working for the New York World's Fair, which opens in 1939, tells us that he and his associates spend a great deal of their time keeping their mouths shut and being suspicious of strangers. "San Francisco is having a World's Fair the same time we're putting on our show," he said. "I wouldn't say that the Frisco people are spending millions on spies who are buzzing around our offices, but we know they've put the gumshoe on us. We emphatically deny that the New York fair is to be the eastern branch of the Frisco show. Also it is not true that Mr. Grover Whalen is to be our most magnificent attraction. I wish you'd print this because that's the kind of propaganda the Frisco people are spreading."



WE ALL but collapsed when we opened a letter from Mr. Alfred W. Herrmann of New York City. We still feel a bit stunned. He quotes a survey which reveals that "to build the 1936 output of 4,612,000 motorcars and trucks, 63,600 bales of cotton were used, 5,500 tons of linseed oil, 4,000 tons of soybeans, 5,303 tons of molasses, 750 tons of castor oil, 138,360 head of cattle, 403,550 goats and 3,689,620 sheep."

SO GOATS get it coming and going.

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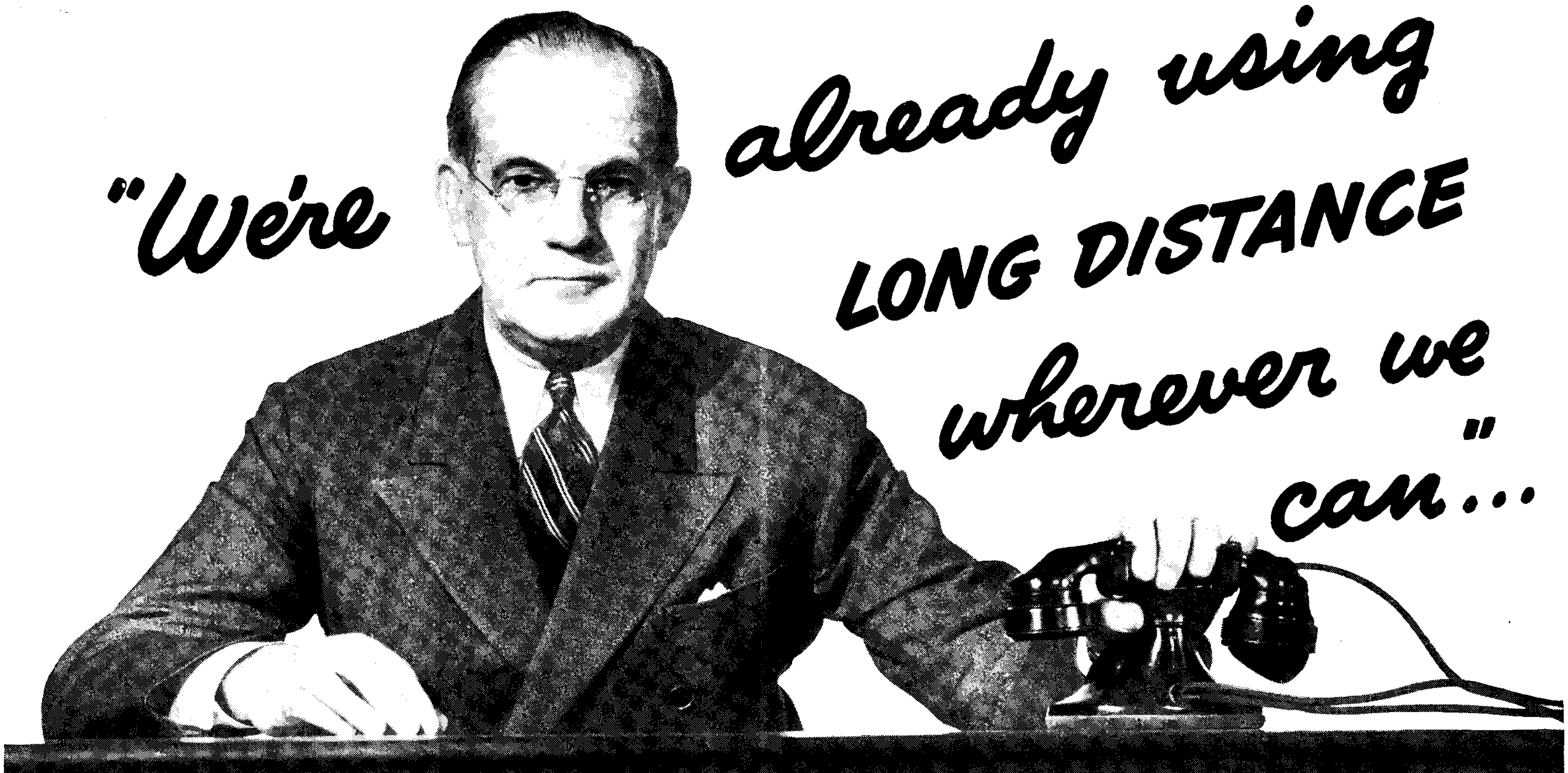


BUT ARE YOU?

Are you sure your business is getting all that Long Distance telephone service has to offer? . . . From long experience, alert executives in many lines of business have developed dozens of effective, economical ways to use the service. Some of them are listed below—very briefly. Check the list. Maybe you'll find a few ideas you'd like to know more about.

☐ **APPOINTMENTS**—Telephoning ahead from town to town to save waiting time and wasted visits.

☐ **COLLECTIONS**—Arranging settlement of overdue accounts quickly, directly, diplomatically.

☐ **COMPLAINTS**—Clearing up difficulties tactfully and personally for full satisfaction.

☐ **DELIVERIES**—Scheduling or expediting for better customer service. Tracing shipments.

☐ **GOOD WILL**—Creating closer relations with your customers through more frequent, more personal executive contacts.

☐ **OPERATIONS**—Supervising field men, issuing instructions, getting information, stimulating action, co-ordinating production and sales. Telephone Conference Service is frequently used for these purposes because it permits group discussion between headquarters and as many as five branches—on the same connection.

☐ **ORDERS**—Transmitting and acknowledging orders, clearing up questions—for faster, more accurate and courteous service.

☐ **OUT-OF-TOWN REPRESENTATION**—Inviting customers to telephone orders, inquiries, etc., "Collect," from points where you have no branch office.

☐ **PURCHASING**—Direct buying, shipments, specifications, placing rush orders.

☐ **SALES**—Combining personal visits and telephone calls for more frequent coverage. Following up direct-mail or customer inquiries. Making call-backs. Disposing of overstocks or specials. Covering out-of-way or inactive accounts. Saving cancelations of orders. Making quick market surveys. Announcing price changes.

☐ **TRAFFIC**—Dispatching and routing of shipments, cargoes, trucks and buses. Arranging for terminal facilities.

- Call the local telephone office for more detailed information.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

JOHN, CAN'T YOU SLEEP?
YOU'RE TOSSING AND TURNING SO!

• *Sleeping in the same room with a "bed-tosser" is not easy! Often the trouble with a person who can't sleep is . . he "can't relax". . Many are solving this problem today.*

If you can't get to sleep at night, why not try this method which thousands use?

TOSSING AND TURNING, twisting and tossing—all night long! Do you do that?

Do you find it difficult to drop off into Dreamland? Do you find that you are troubled and restless when you finally do get to sleep?

Then it's time you did something! Thousands of people have reported to us that by taking a cup of hot Ovaltine just before they go to bed at night they are able to drop off to sleep easily and quickly . . .

They sleep more soundly, too!

These people say they sleep more soundly, too. They don't thresh around half the night pulling the covers. And—naturally—they wake up the next morning feeling brighter and "on top of the world."

The reason for these results is that Ovaltine, when taken as a hot drink at bedtime, helps Nature to promote sound, *restful* sleep. The action of Ovaltine in this regard is explained in the following way:—

First, it tends to draw blood from the brain to the stomach. This helps to "compose" the mind for sleep.

Second, it gives the stomach a light digestive task to do. This helps to relieve that hollow, restless feeling which so often keeps people awake.

Thus, Ovaltine relieves that feeling of inner tenseness which troubles so many people. It helps *relaxation!* And when this occurs, sleep—sound and healthful sleep—often follows inevitably!

And when sleep is restful, next-day energy is greater! You feel *brighter*. Look brighter. You do your work better . . . These are some of the benefits which thousands report.

Isn't it worth a trial? Ovaltine is not a drug. It's a *food!* So try it. *See* if you don't get to sleep quicker. *See* if you don't wake up "a better man." See if what thousands say isn't *your* experience, too!

Just mix 3 or 4 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine in a cup of hot milk. Drink it at bedtime.

You can get Ovaltine at all grocery and drug stores.

Copr. 1937, The Wander Co.

3 whom Ovaltine helped

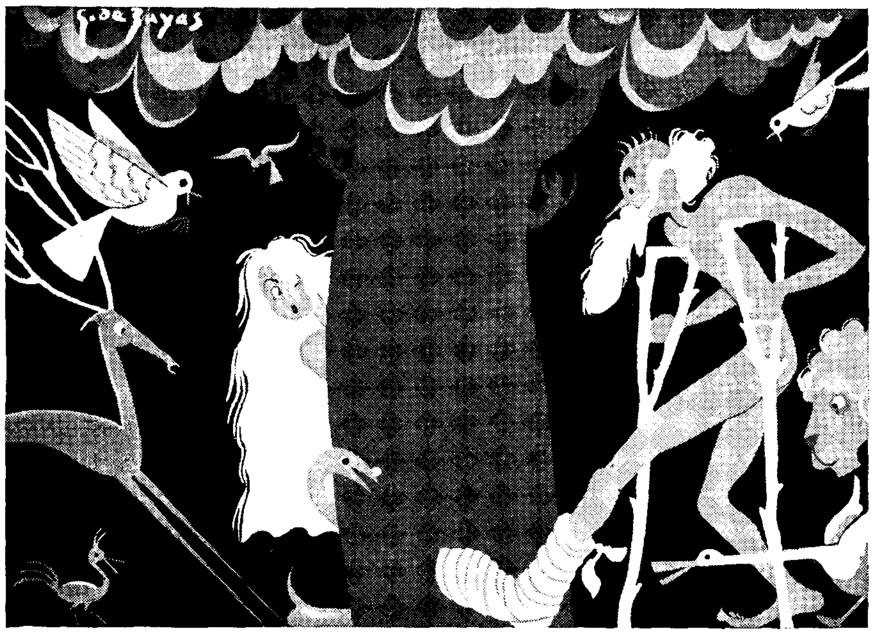
"My husband would toss half the night," *writes* Mrs. Clyde Henderson, *Rock Island, Ill.* "I heard about Ovaltine and when I told him about it he was anxious to try it . . . Next morning he said it was the first good night's sleep he'd had for a long time . . . He feels 100% better now."

Mrs. G. B. Morgan, *Los Angeles, writes*—"My physician advised me not to drink strong coffee. I tried all the substitutes I had ever heard of, but did not care for them. Finally—I began using Ovaltine, for myself and my family, taking it at bedtime. It's soothing, quiets the nerves, and we drop off to peaceful sleep."

"I would lie awake until 2:00 or 3:00 o'clock in the morning," *writes* Mrs. Wm. Knaggs, *Peoria, Ill.* "I started drinking Ovaltine at bedtime. I go to sleep immediately."

OVALTINE

***promotes sound, natural* SLEEP**



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Of the numerous documents that minutely describe Adam and Eve and their life in the Garden of Eden, only one—so far as is known—thoughtfully includes the details of Adam's death. This manuscript contains the positive and conclusive statement that the gentleman died of gout.

Water polo is the world's roughest sport because the referee sees little, if any, of the kicking, biting, gouging and slugging that may take place beneath the churning water. Although no player has ever been drowned, several have been close to it, having been discovered unconscious on the bottom of the pool at the end of a half.

The oil in the generator bearings of the great federal hydroelectric plant at Wilson Dam, in Alabama, has not only been in constant use since 1925, but it is expected to retain its excellent lubricating properties for many more years.—*By Raymond Parrish, Auburn, Alabama.*

The odds in a poker deal are: 5 to 4 against a pair; 20 to 1 against two pairs; 46 to 1 against three of a kind; 254 to 1 against a straight; 508 to 1 against a flush; 693 to 1 against a full house; 4,164 to 1 against four of a kind; 64,973 to 1 against a straight flush; and 649,739 to 1 against a royal flush.—*By Frank G. Menke, Hartsdale, New York.*

When discovered, New Zealand was almost completely devoid of animal life. Those who have studied the flora and fauna of this great island are quite certain that it has never had a native mammal, with the exception of two species of bats.

Historians have never yet discovered who designed and made the first flag of the United States in 1777. The story about Betsy Ross has no contemporary evidence whatsoever to support it. In fact, the first time that America heard the story was in 1870—or ninety-three years later—when it was mentioned in a speech made by her grandson before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Scores of famous persons in history could not write legibly. Some of Shakespeare's work never has been definitely deciphered. Several of Hawthorne's manuscripts remain unpublished today because no one has been able to read them. And Napoleon's letters were almost in a class by themselves, some of them being mistaken for maps of battlefields.

On an hourly-basis comparison, the average horse can do only two thirds as much work as a one-horsepower engine. But in a case of emergency, the horse may develop 21 horsepower.—*By Freeman Cleaves, New York, N. Y.*

On April 29, 1869, a gang of Chinese coolies laid 10 miles and 200 feet of track for the Central Pacific Railroad in Utah and established a one-day record for this work that has never been broken, even with the latest track-laying machinery.

The Goajiro Indians of Colombia believe that one's blood is the property of his mother and her relatives. Consequently, a man has to pay them for the loss of "their" blood when he accidentally cuts or injures himself. — *By Gertrude Klos, Kansas City, Missouri.*

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gasoline delivers full power to your engine

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No slow-burning elements handicap Fire-Chief's action... no wasted power goes out the exhaust. The result is more power for your car, and *more* for your pocketbook in greater mileage.

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TEXACO REG. T. M.

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF

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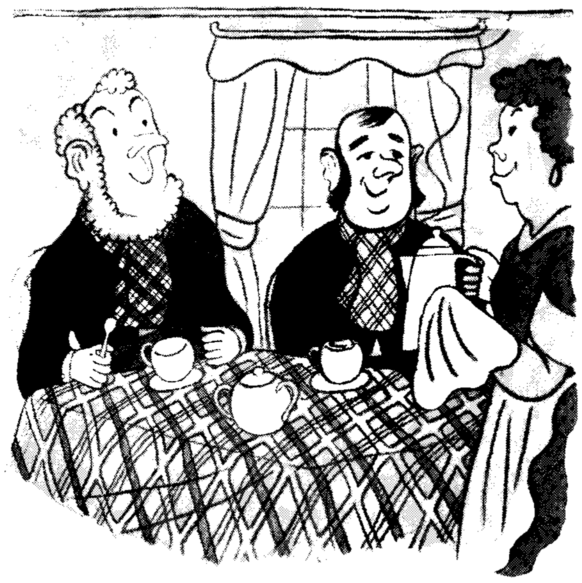
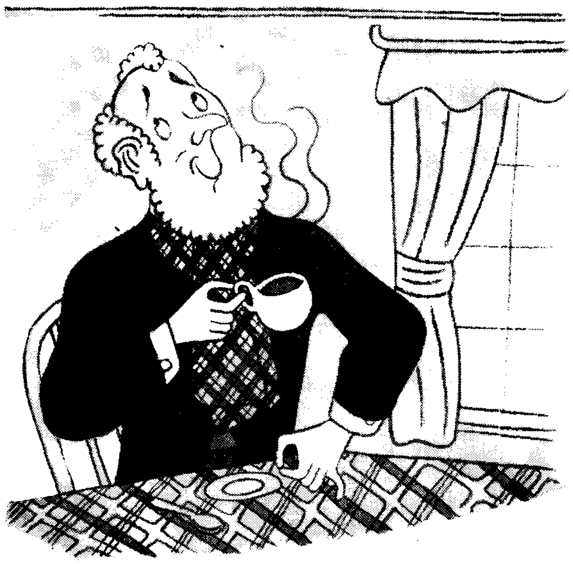
in "TEXACO TOWN"
Every SUNDAY NIGHT
Columbia Network
8:30 EDT 7:30 CDT 9:00 MST
7:30 EST 6:30 CST 8:00 PST

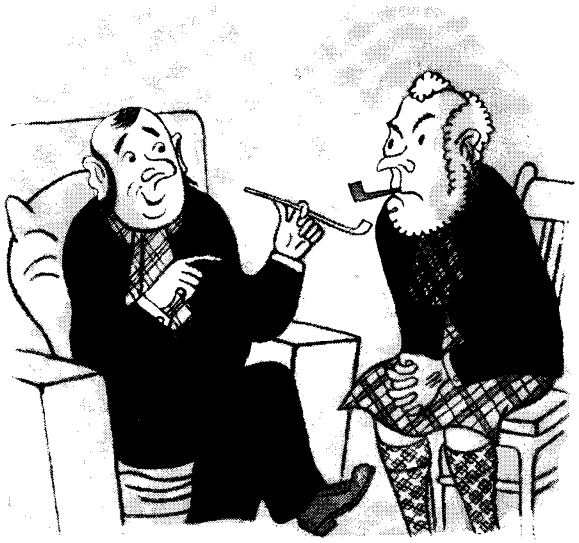
At fir-r-st, I didna like the idea of their-r-r takin somethin oot



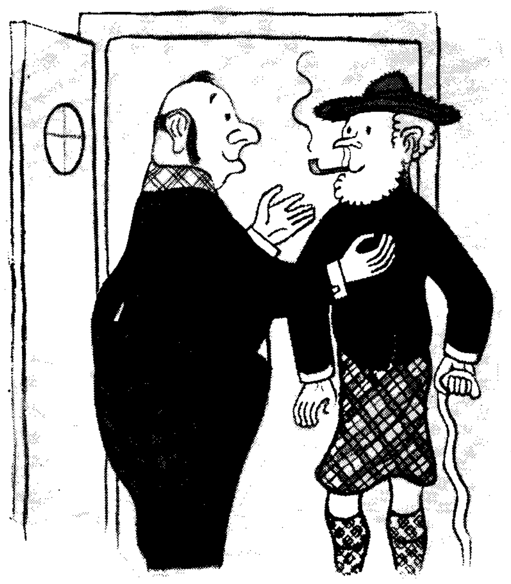
1. It was at MacFarland's I fir-r-st tasted it. MacFarland's Annie brought it on, all steaming and fillin' the room with a heaven-like fragrance. "Hae a cup of this Sanka Coffee, laddie," says MacFarland. "Taste it—then I'll tell you a secret about it."



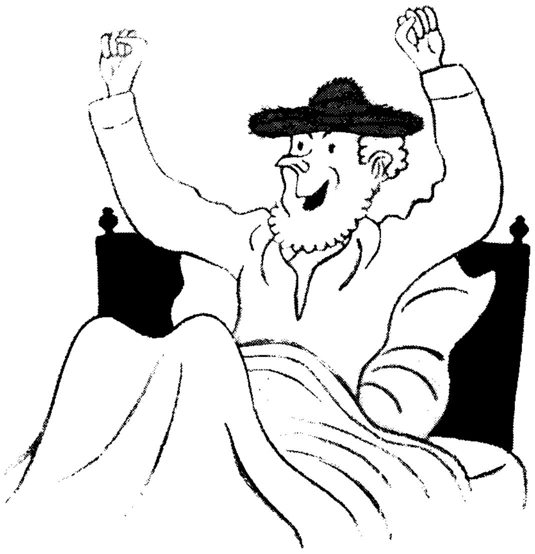
2. I knew I shouldna take it. Coffee at night keeps me eyes wide. But I've no more strength than a hare when it comes to resistin' the precious brew. And mon, was that Sanka Coffee good! It touched the spot like porridge on a raw and misty morn.



3. "All right," says MacFarland, "here's the secret. The caffein is taken oot of that Sanka Coffee." My face fell. "I dinna like that," says I. "Why should they take somethin' oot of the coffee I pay for? 'Tis a sly trick."



4. Says MacFarland, "And I suppose when you buy roses you insist on thorns to prick your fingers with. Mon, they're doin' you a favor. It's caffein keeps some folks awake. Wait till after this night, you'll be tickled they take the caffein out of Sanka Coffee."



5. Next mor-rnin' when I woke up, I understood. Two br-rimmin' cups o' coffee I had the night before —yet I slept like a bairn. That's because they had taken oot the caffein. Ah, a gr-r-and idea—a ver-ry gr-r-and idea.

"A VER-R-Y GR-R-AND IDEA" AND . . .

SANKA COFFEE is not only a gr-r-and idea, but a gr-r-and *coffee!* Make it right, and it will reward you with the finest flavor you ever got from a cup of coffee. When we say "make it right," we mean *make it strong!*

Use a heaping tablespoonful of coffee—as much as the spoon will hold—for each cup. And give it a few minutes extra "on the fire."

AND, OF COURSE, you needn't be afraid to drink Sanka Coffee black as night. It is 97% caffein-free—it *can't* keep you awake.

SANKA
COFFEE

Get Sanka Coffee today! A General Foods Product.

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE... 97% CAFFEIN-FREE... DRINK IT AND SLEEP

Emergency Wife

By May Edginton

Beginning a glamorous new serial: the adventures of a modern girl who dared to masquerade as the wife of the man she loved

SHE couldn't remember a time when she had been happier. The night had been glamorous and thrilling. She thought she had never heard music more enchantingly played, nor tasted food more delicious, nor known a woman who had a better reason to be happy than she. Yet, during that evening, Linnet March said "No."

"No?" Kenneth echoed, very low. But he said it more as a bitter acceptance than as a question; as if not astonished.

Yet in his heart and his mind and in every vein and fiber of him had burned every man's expectation—whether justified or hopeless, logical or foolish—that somehow, someday, God must give him his man's rights: the beloved.

"Just why, Linnet?"

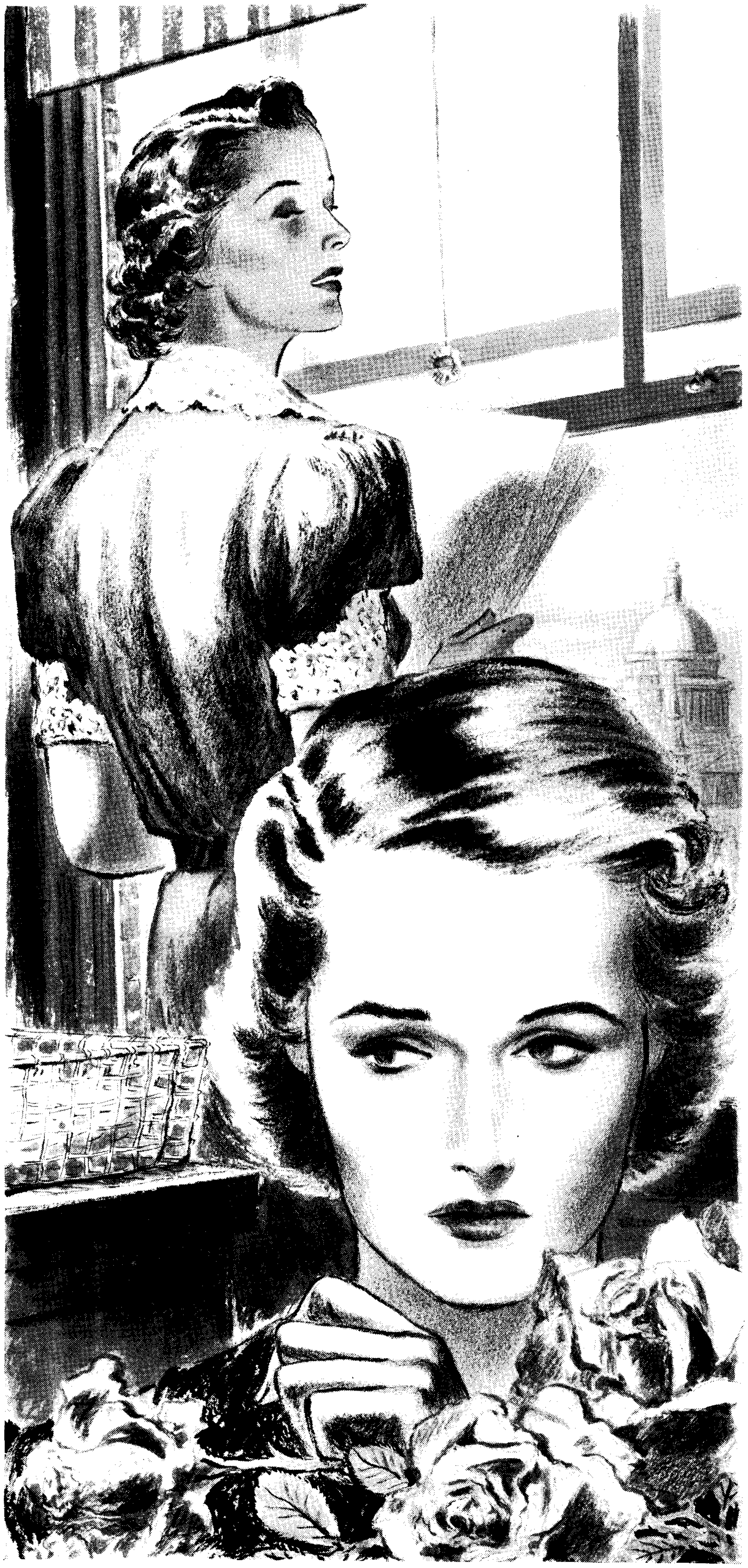
She had her elbow on the table, her cheek in her hand; the other hand fingered the stem of her wine glass. They had dined; the table was swept and dessert before them; not a very grand assortment in this small restaurant that was as well suited to Kenneth's pocket as any restaurant of any pretentions could be—and that was not at all.

No painter would have itched to transfer those three slightly wrinkled apples, that remnant of a bunch of dulled grapes, that handful of almonds to canvas: *Still life;* although he might have paused, arrested, at the grand young man and the slim racing filly of a girl. Her beauty was a modern classic; and her classic clothes matched it: slender black suit with a high note of white gardenia; white waistcoat of severity that yet was ultra-feminine; modish black cap; stud earrings of cut silver—since she could not afford pearls. Fastidious gloves, rather large and soft and thick, expensive, lay on the table beside her; also a black bag, stark except for her initials in silver.

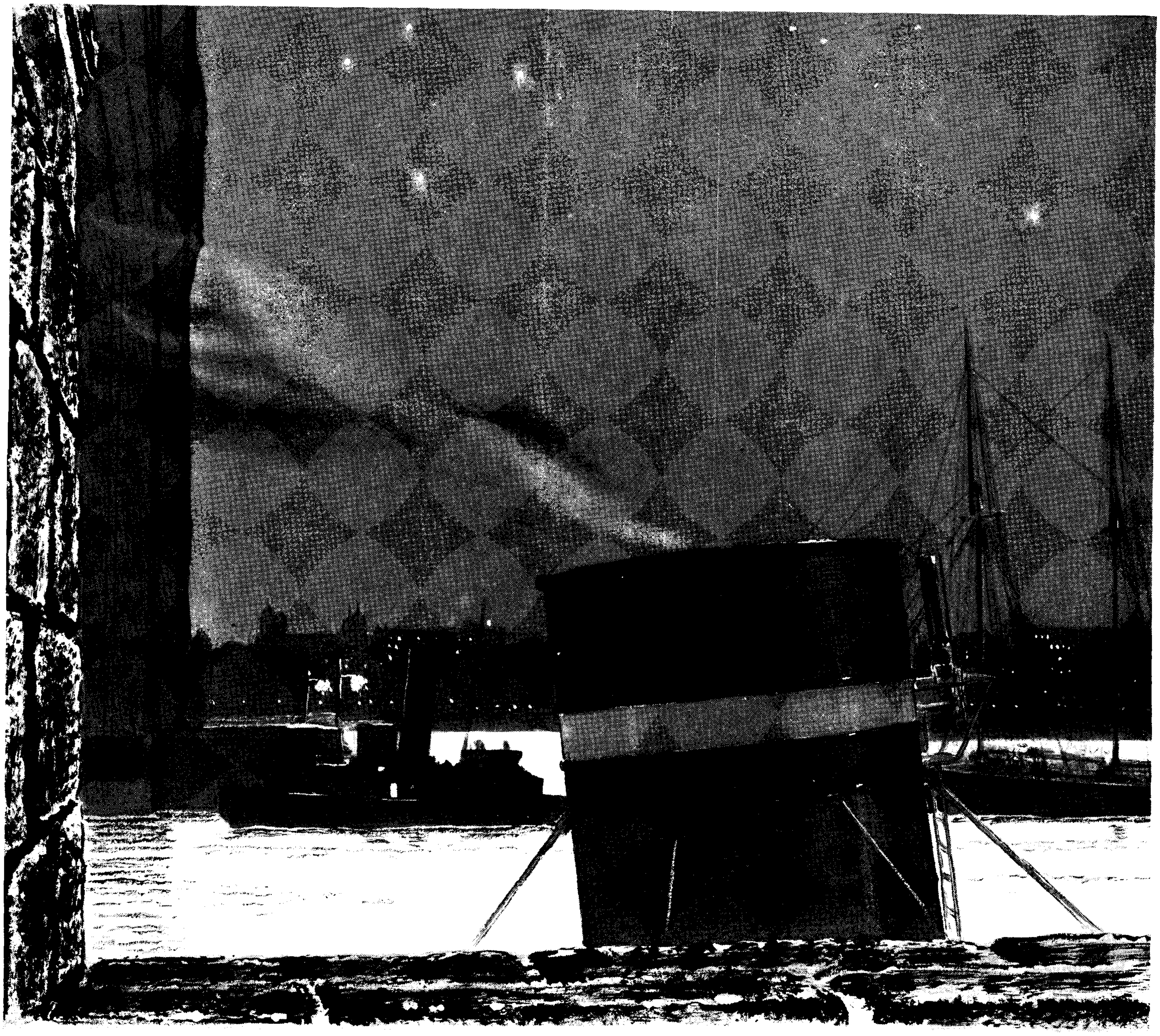
AT LEAST I gave her that, the young man thought, conscious of the bag lying between them.

Yes, he had bought it a year ago, for her birthday; instead of—more economically—a spare pair of trousers to the suit he was wearing now and which, like the bag, had been new then. Now it was her birthday again, and this time he had asked her out to dinner as a gift; and there was the bag of last year—sweet of her to bring it; on purpose, he knew; a dear gesture—and his pants were shiny in the seat, for he only had one business suit—his best. And compared with himself, she was rich; compared with himself she was successful; he was glad of her success which made her glad; only it was so hard to bear, to see and hear of without wincing, or saying something sharp, savage, that would be unworthy of him or of any man. For her success did not make her less womanly; she was the womanliest, loveliest thing sitting here opposite to him tonight in the Hayden restaurant; and it would be too paltry, too cowardly, to grudge it. Only, it was hard for a man to know what to think, say, do; and how to think, say or do it. His decision to speak of love to her had wavered and broken many times.

"Ken, dear," she said; and paused. All was clear in her mind but confused in her heart, just as it was in his. Had either of them known, they suffered the same bewilderments and comprehensions. "It's too difficult. I think it would all be too hard for us. Life's complicated. I've watched other people. Men hate—you'd hate—"



"I told him he should marry—a marriage of convenience," Miss Lent said



"A wife who earns more than I do?"

Better to say the words, face her with them, as he had faced them himself before this evening; hear how they sounded, and see how they might be taken.

"Of course I know that would only be temporary," she said quickly, flushing a little, for his sake.

But that they did not know, and uncompromisingly he said so.

"I see nothing particular ahead of me. I'm small beer yet. I may never get a chance to do much; and perhaps I'm not worth the chance if I did. Let's have the truth and face it."

"That's what I want to do, Ken."

"You knew I was going to ask you, then?"

"I was afraid so."

"Afraid!"

"Oh, Ken, because if we can't have anything more, friendship's so precious!"

"Will looking at the facts impair that?"

"It shouldn't," she said, "but between men and women facts can be pretty nasty things."

"They sound different *from* a woman, I own," he said.

"Less palatable?"

"Yes," he nodded. "A man feels pretty touchy. You're so clever that you know it, and so sweet that you're sorry for it. Too sorry to tell me what you really know, and what I really know. So I'm saying it for you."

AT LEAST recognition of that stiffened his courage. He would help her with all the explaining reasoning which might come between them tonight. His face was grim, except for his eyes, which, resting on her, had to melt and burn. "Well, young mining engineers are two a penny. You know all about me. I've got every darn' qualification I can get. I've had a special assignment or two; but on the whole, there I am in the office, seeing other fellows go out on the jobs I could do; and I suppose if they can't use me, they can't. They've got their eye on me, though, Linnet, they've got their eye on me." He added with a half laugh, deriding himself: "For what it's worth!"

"Of course they have an eye on you, if they've any sense, my dear! And the big men—the men at the top—they're good judges."

"Five pounds a week!" he reminded her softly, dropping his eyes; staring down at the table.

She knew what he was seeing; a better price than his own; ten pounds a week, and a woman—herself—earning it.

Just one of those reasonable, perfectly understandable modern situations! Designing advertisements for clothes and furniture and all the rest of it could pay; moreover it could be a woman's game; she herself was clever. Was anyone to blame?

Like Kenneth, she had to live. Also, like many salary-earning women, she had always special appeals to her pity. The little nephew and niece in the country; the bedridden old, old aunt who, loving friend of her childhood, mustn't be dismissed as a mere burden in her helpless age. Was any situation, viewed from its complaisant-seeming surface, ever so simple as it looked to those who could not know its secrets?

She wished softly, in this moment, not so much that she could shed her private burdens, but, as she had wished before, that her position and Kenneth's were reversed; that he earned the five hundred a year and she any wretched pittance which she could gladly fling away to be his wife.

Yet could it be helped? What would you?

"Kenneth," she said, "I'm not so much just a callous egotist glorying in her independence, and unwilling to give it up. I—I've got—people expecting things from me, you know. . . ."

"You'd hinted as much before."

"AND you—what about the little stepbrother at school?"

"Oh well. I do what I can if I can. . . . But listen, don't we ourselves come first?"

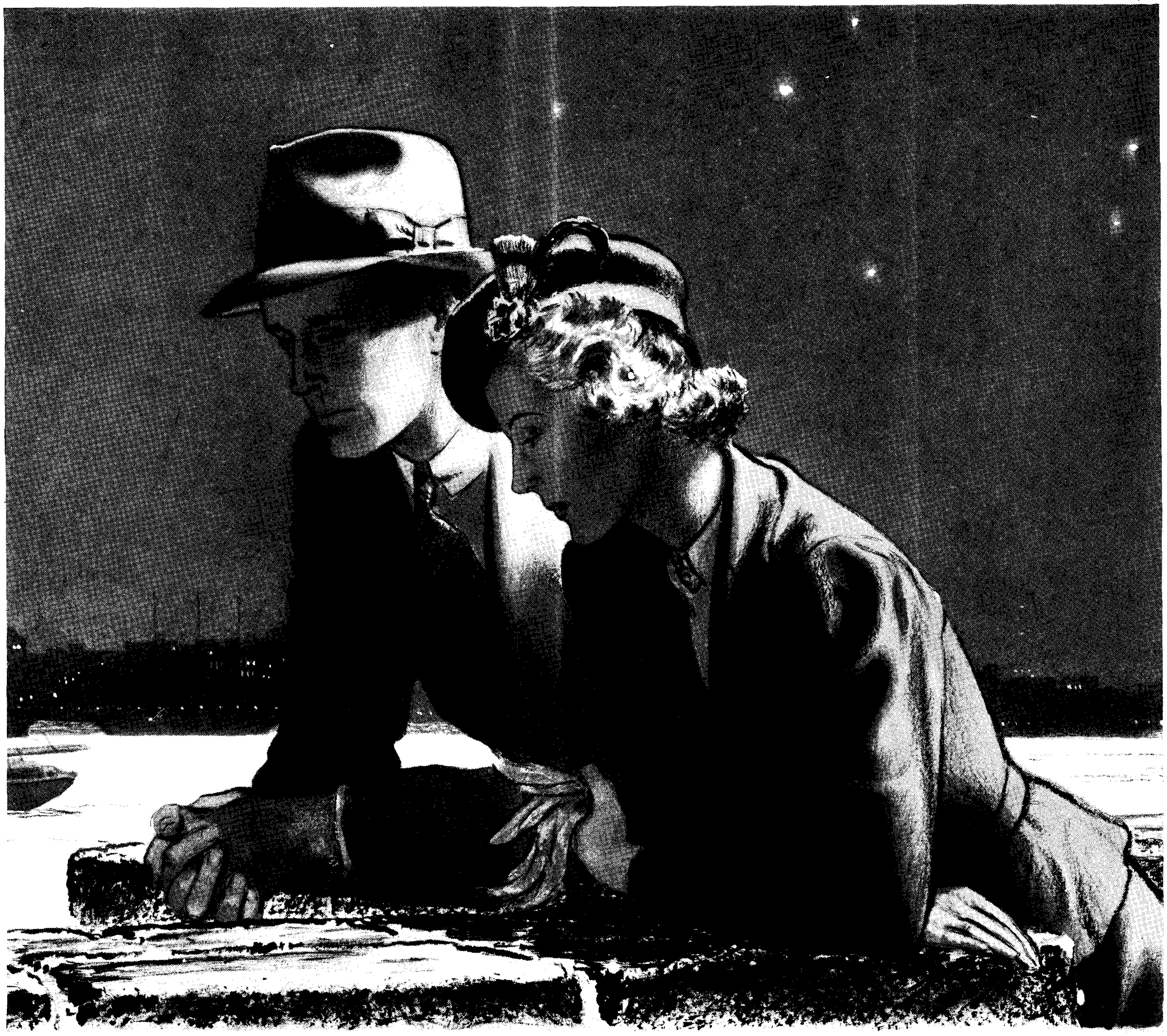
"It isn't a question of that. We'd be miserable married."

"Because of the economic difference?"

"Do you mind saying it?"

"I mind like hell. I feel . . . so inept."

"You *mustn't*," she said almost violently. "You're not inept; never could be." Then, looking at the defeat in his eyes, she sought in her heart for a reason



Silence came between them like a hostile presence, not to be overcome with trivialities. The birthday evening, the birthday dinner, were spoiled and sad

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI

that would not hurt him so much. "Kenneth, *I don't love you.*"

"You mean that?"

"Truthfully and absolutely. If I loved you enough I'd come and be poor with you, wouldn't I? Or keep on my job till you could get something good?"

"I—I couldn't have that!"

"There . . . you see?"

"Yes. I see."

SILENCE came between them like a hostile presence, not to be easily overcome with trivialities. The birthday evening, the birthday dinner, were spoiled and sad. Life was cruel and old; and the problem between them incontestable. But he had believed her when she had said she did not care enough. She looked at him with her direct and beautiful eyes, which for him could be very shy and gentle. She was glad that he should wholly believe her; it was surely less bitter than to feel himself inferior; not good enough and strong enough. Oh! but it seemed impossible, outrageous, that this fine young man, broad and tall and strong, chivalrous and brave, fighter and worker and good companion too, should stand in the market place almost unwanted, while she . . .

Clear-minded, half sorrowful for her personal security, she knew that she need never lack adequate success. What she had to sell was in enough demand to be readily salable at a generous price.

"Linnet," he said, "forget I've been such a fatuous fool as to ask you to marry me. I should have known better."

"It's not a thing I want to forget."

And then each of them wanted to go; to part; because even a final parting was easier than staying here together, each thinking of what might have been.

She was sure in her heart that she had been right; that in freeing him of herself she best served his interests. He must free himself from unprofitable dreams, just as she must. Ah, but he was difficult! Hard and proud like a thwarted man; bruised and hurt as a tender child. In her heart he was for a moment like her child since he must not be her lover.

He escorted her home to her flat—her pretty flat with its little luxuries and graces which always unjustly embittered him, so that after their friendly walk to it, along the Embankment, loitering by the black beauty of the night river, he would not, tonight, come in.

She was desolate; yet glad. Because it was best for him to own a single mind again, focused on ambition; best to say goodby.

SO LINNET went alone up the stairs —it was one of those flats without lift or porter, converted out of some of the agreeably conceived rooms of a former largish house—and with an ache in her heart on this birthday night.

Twenty-three. . . .

The flat was on the first floor, and as she ascended the spacious shallow staircase of a more leisurely era, she felt, in spite of the silence, the dimness of the lighting—which, as she entered her own door, it was her duty to switch out—that she was not alone. Without Kenneth, yet someone waited for her. She knew who it would be. At the turn of the stairs, looking up to her own closed front door, she saw him, bulking large and dark, looming over her.

Hero Winter.

"At last!" said his vibrant, very male voice, with its queer rough, attractive accent that she could never quite place. "At last, here you are, Linnet!"

"*You?*" she said. "So late?"

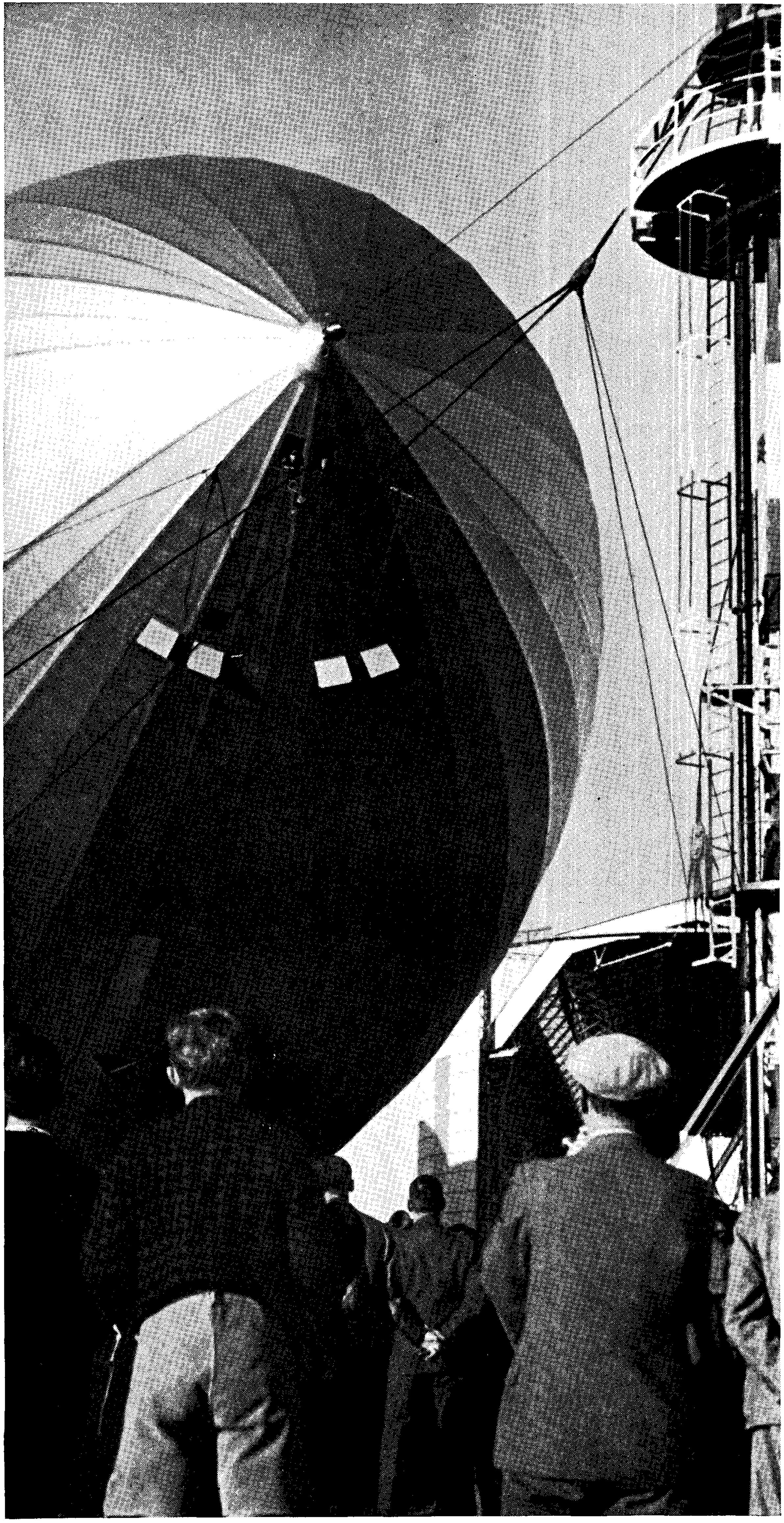
"My dear girl, I've been ringing you

(Continued on page 58)

Sky Cruise

The sky's our ocean. If you doubt it, take a transatlantic dirigible ride with Mr. Courtney. You'll be reminded of an ocean voyage—with the rolling and pitching left out and the time cut in half. It's punctual and methodical, but don't think it's not exciting—and it's a foretaste of the future as well

By W. B. Courtney



All shipshape, with passengers aboard, the Hindenburg is towed from her Friedrichshafen hangar to start an Atlantic crossing

THREE months before, you had gone to the company's office in New York and they had told you that on the evening of October fifth, at seven-thirty o'clock, *der Luftschiff* Hindenburg would sail from Frankfurt-am-Main on her last voyage of the season to New York.

You laughed at their Teutonic cocksureness and said why not 7:10 or 7:53, because you know that even the Normandie is delayed sometimes by river conditions or a passenger who forgets his tickets and must run back for them.

They repeated, tartly, seven-thirty.

Summer drained away and you had been fog-bound in a plane over Latvia, held up on a Channel steamer by dirty weather outside Folkstone Breakwater, reduced to legwork in Spain on account of the utter collapse of transportation. Equinoctial storms beat on Europe, and you chuckled whenever you remembered seven-thirty.

Now it is three o'clock in the raw afternoon of Monday, the fifth of October; and you are in Frankfurt, city of Goethe and the Rothschilds. Rain squalls brush the pine-covered Hessian plains. You stare into the forbidding wrack, and figure they won't start tonight; and you wanted so to be home for the Columbia-Army game on Saturday. The Zeppelin officials are checking tickets in the Hotel Frankfurterhof. It is not difficult to pick out in the lobby those who are to be your airmates. Each has the furtively resolute expression common to men about to go on long journeys. You look for thrill hunters, but find just ordinary well-fed people; a group you might duplicate in the smoking room of any first-class liner: Americans, Germans, and English chiefly; with some from lesser countries, and several titles and a Jap diplomat to boot.

Everything is being cleared now; tickets, baggage, customs. You think—oh, this is German thoroughness and foresight to make sure you won't delay the Hindenburg; but who is going to repair that forbidding weather?

In the customs and ticket rooms, affairs move with courtesy and dispatch; the baggage room, on the other hand, resounds with protests and groans. You are permitted only 20 kilos (about 44 pounds) on the Hindenburg, free; over that, five marks a kilo—virtually $1.00 a pound. You thought you had pared your stuff to the limit; but the scales of the pan-faced baggage *meister* seem to have assumed the responsibility of making Germany debt-free. Before you know it, you have paid $25 excess. This makes your passage come dear; $425, or $150 more than you paid for a nice cabin alone on the Normandie, coming over, with nothing said about baggage. On the Hindenburg you will have to share your room, or pay double.

Soon the baggage truck rumbles away into the murky street, leaving you to contend with another point of difference between airship and steamer ocean travel. You are told you had better get your dinner in town; it will not be served on the Hindenburg, in spite of the early departure hour. The overgenerous larders of the steamer, from which they press food upon you at every turn, are years away from the air; on the Hindenburg, there is no luxury weight, and in other amenities as well as in food you never quite feel you are getting all you paid for.

At six o'clock to the dot large busses draw up at the hotel door and you all crowd in and start for the *flughaven,* which is far across the river Main (pronounce it mine) to the southwest, beside the village of Mitteldick. At a suburban crossroad a young man stands with a suitcase, a girl, and a dog. He signals to your bus; then he kisses the girl, hands the dog to her, picks up his suitcase and climbs in. The girl calls "*Auf Wiedersehen,*" leashes the dog and puts it down, and walks up a side road. You laugh, because this whole travel adventure has been just that informal—so far; but the weather still looks mean!

You veer off the main road, bump through a pine grove, and there is the huge Zeppelin dock, blotting out the horizon of the autumnal night. Its black mass is suddenly transfigured into a vision of brilliance and imagination, as the great doors are rolled apart, exposing the Hindenburg like some captured fantastic whale of outer space. You are herded through a side door, lined up for a final passport stamping; then shooed out upon a cool floor. You think, what a queer ceiling, how much like the ribbed hide of a starved horse. Then you realize you are walking under the belly of the ship in which you are to fly from Europe to America.

Here, for a few moments, the likeness to ocean sailings is sharp. Urged along by uniformed pages, you climb a gangway manned by smart young officers, and step into a bright foyer, where there is a happy confusion of messengers with last-minute gift flowers and harassed stewards and passengers asking which is the way to Cabin 17 and one American journalist wanting to know if the bar is open yet. Before they can tell you, everyone rushes to the promenade decks on either side. Unconsciously, perhaps, you have listened for a whistle, or waited for a sense of motion: there has been neither, and if it had not been for this sudden desertion of the foyer, and the sight of girders slipping past the windows, you would not have been the wiser.

You look at your watch. It is precisely five seconds past 7:30 o'clock.

You elbow to the airship's equivalent of a rail and hang from the window, shouting to the friends lined up below. Many of them run alongside as the ship is "walked out." They wave handkerchiefs, scream, gape, stumble; this is the last point of resemblance to ocean sailings. There is not a quiver to the ship, but now you are outside in the gusty night—good Lord, is no one paying attention to the weather?—and you a nervous fellow!

Never Mind the Weather

There is a group of American naval officers aboard, making the round trip as guest observers.

You watch the scores of well-drilled Germans who, grasping drag ropes, sedately march along under the ship as it is pulled far, far across the field by the portable mast to which it is moored by the nose. Forward movement seems to stop, and a muffled hum from far aft indicates the four motors have been started. Though you strain your ears and eyes, you see no confusion and hear no orders.

"Up ship!" the American naval officer at your elbow says, to himself; and, looking at the spotlight thrown upon the ground from the control gondola—somewhere forward under the belly—you are aware it is growing more faint. The Hindenburg is rising, and if you had your eyes within the cabin you would never have known it.

Strong gusts are blowing directly toward the hangar, and you begin to wonder if you'll clear the huge building. It is sliding near awfully fast. Then comes a slightly perceptible inclination of the ship, forepart up perhaps five degrees, barely enough to make a full tumbler spill over; and the propellers begin to bite. You move away from the hangar—off, *ueber Land und Meer,* for the other side of your globe.

Night Flight Over the Old World

This flying business is complicated, in Europe. A silly mixture of spy hysteria and envy keeps France and England from permitting the Zeppelins to fly over them. Indeed, if a couple of other nations ruled likewise, the German airships could reach the outside world only by the ship route from the Baltic to the North Sea. Tonight, however, you go north over the hilly Rhineland.

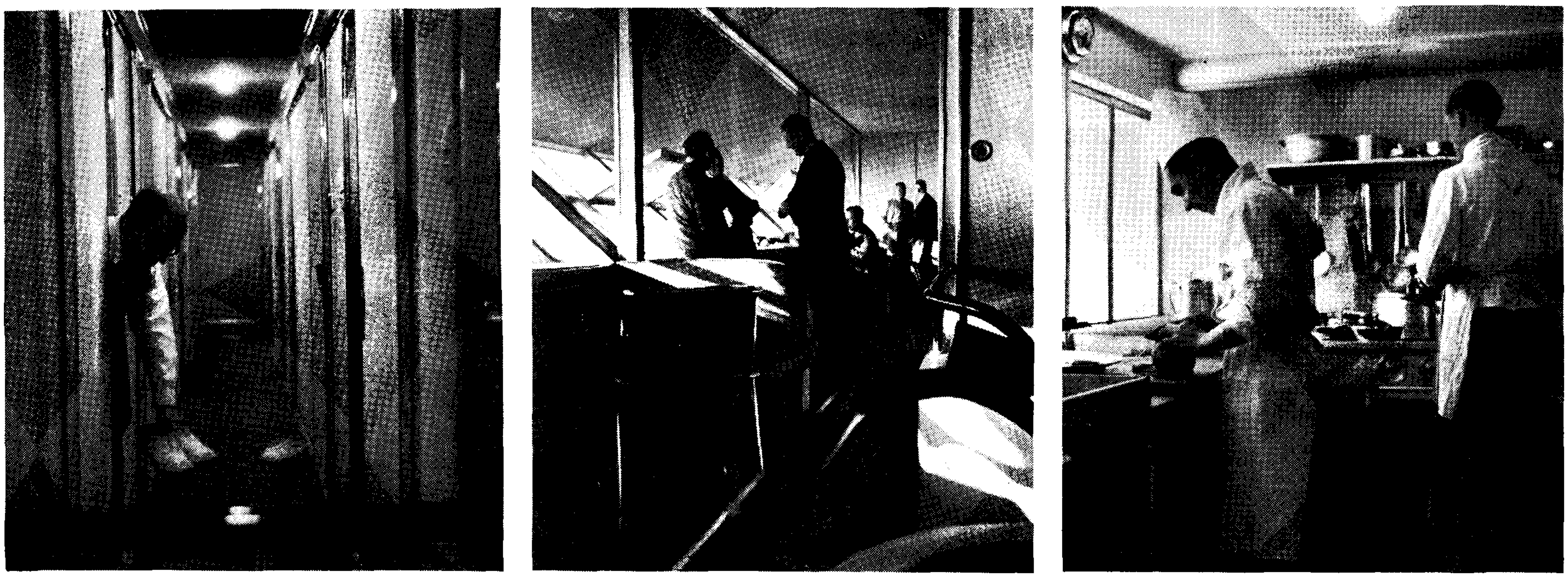
The observation windows, lining both sides of the airship, are slanted toward the keel, giving you a view downwards. They are open, and everyone hangs out to watch the spotlight pencil a radiant track; it comes to be a game to see what will be captured next in its brief moment of illumination—a barn, house, tree, wagon. At nine o'clock there is a thrilling view of Cologne, with its magnificent cathedral, and from your altitude of only 500 feet a clear view of folks pausing in the street to wave or leaning out of apartment and street-tram windows; and you can hear their halloos. Over Holland, your gondola light paints circular rainbows on dark canals and swamps, and you can hear dogs barking in the farmyards; it is the last sound of Europe that comes to you, for soon you pass Vlissengen—being duly scrutinized by the searchlights of the Dutch fortifications there—and out over the North Sea.

It grows late, but no one thinks of bed. You turn from your window vigil to enjoy a cold bottle of Liebfraumilch: and suddenly a terrific roar and vibration fetches everyone palely upright. A grinning young officer hurries into the lounge: "The night mail plane from London for Cologne just passed overhead," he says. Now you are heading south by west down the Channel, and when you go to the window again it is to look down upon very rough waters. A big three-stacker is rolling so that you feel sure water is going down her funnels; a flotilla of British light cruisers at night maneuvers stab you with a dozen searchlights. From Calais, on the one side, and Dover, on the other, French and British military planes come out to fly and dive and fool around you, to play at war. The German crewmen regard this sourly; they know that a slight mistake, a bit of faulty judgment, might send one of those planes rocketing into our hull, turn us into a fireball in the night. It is playing too closely with inflammable hydrogen—and the lives of seventy-odd persons; you are glad when they tire and scoot home.

Six hours out of Frankfurt, and there is nothing under you but the empty Atlantic, nothing over you but the now-clear sky. You go to bed, while the Hindenburg drops the Old World behind the moon.

Snug upon a mattress of air cushions, warm under a German "feather-bed" of balloon cloth, you wake to your first day in the oversea air. If you anticipated sensations of motion, you might as well have stayed in your own little trundle at home. You lie there in the gloom and find it difficult to convince yourself that at this very moment you are really flying above the Atlantic Ocean. There is no jolting, or sound, from the distant motors. None of the "handgrips" of ships; none of the stomach-curdling vibration of a fast liner's propeller shafts. Indeed, you will have to watch vigilantly—using the horizon or a cloud for a reference point—if you are to detect the slightest rolling or pitching in even the bumpiest weather.

Your roommate in the berth underneath—a British army captain—is awake, and switches on the cabin light. "Oh," he moans, "I was born a generation too soon. It rips me to remember all the days I've spent on passenger ships and transports, all over the dem globe, horribly, wretchedly ill. God sent this blessed windbag into the world for miserable sailors like me, who can't step upon a moored ferry without becoming dreadfully seasick!"



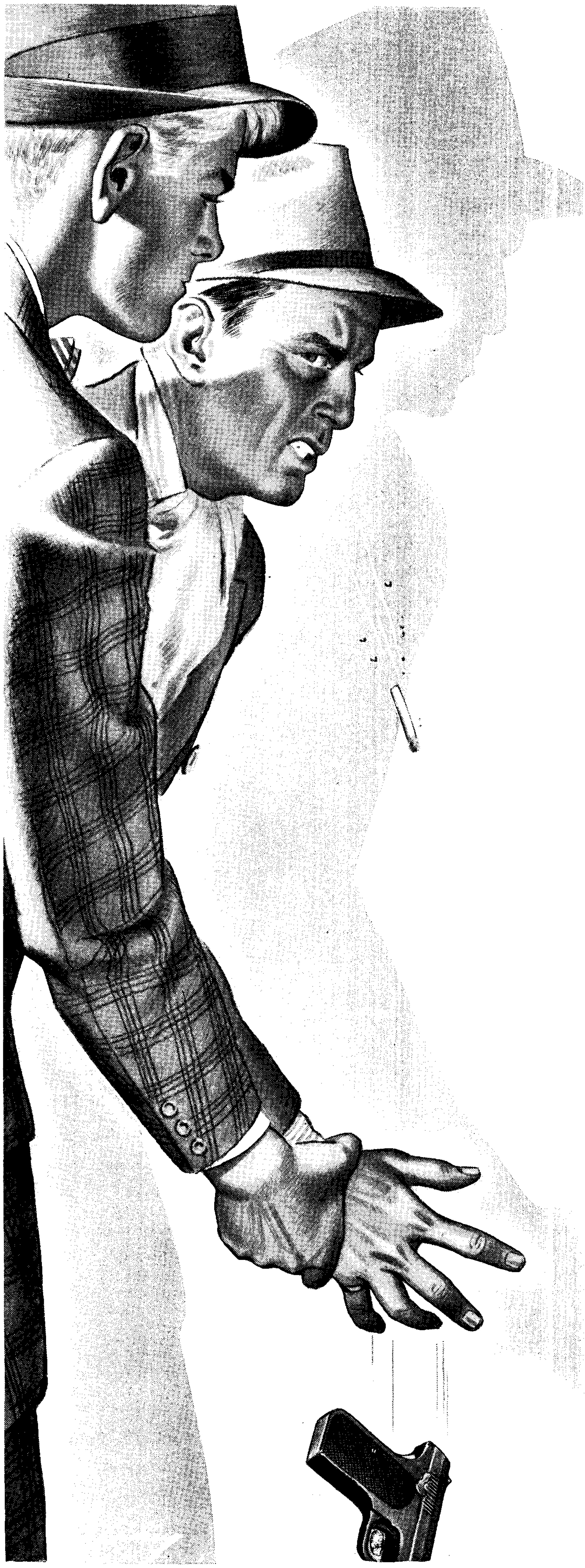
Space as you need it, but none to spare. Left, a passageway in the passengers' quarters, with cabins on either side. Center, the lounge and observation ports on the promenade deck; right, the compact galley, where food is cooked by electricity

There isn't enough space for the two of you to dress at once—so you lie there and look the room over. It is small, compact, rather primitive; equivalent, say, to what you would get third-class on a moderately good cabin liner. You can unpack only fundamentals; your suitcase remains closed under the lower berth. There is a campstool, a shelf-table that folds against the wall, two rows of hooks, a celluloid basin that also folds away. The mirror and lighting are pronounced inadequate for primping by most female passengers. You don't get much but speed for your $400. Yet, this reflection seems captious—it is true that you are cramped, but you are comfortable; and with the tolerant fervor of a true pioneer, you remind yourself that the Mayflower pilgrims slept on board shelves and rag piles on the bare inside hull.

So you get up and march to the *badzimmer* on the deck below. The shower nozzle looks big enough to rinse all the Hindenburg's passengers in a group; but the steward morosely warns you that, regardless of how your soaping has progressed, the *Wasser* shuts off automatically when the indicator comes to here, no. There isn't margin for wastage in any department of life on the airship; everything is fold, scrimp, fluff. You can lift any chair aboard in the crook of your little finger, and even the aluminum piano in the lounge can be hefted by an ordinary two-handed man.

The passenger quarters are located one third of the distance abaft the nose, and a third of the depth up from the keel. They are arranged in a virtually square area enclosed within the shell, extending fully across the ship, and consist of two decks.

Deck A is the main deck, and the one in which you will spend most time, unless you are a barfly. On the port side Deck A includes the *(Continued on page 45)*



The Real Thing

By Frederick Nebel

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

IN THE first place, I didn't know how things stood, and, in the second, I was only six months in plain clothes and still feeling my oats. But mainly, I'd fallen for the girl. She was a blonde. Back of the glass-and-chromium cigar counter in the Miles Standish lobby she made a picture.

The second day I was in the third precinct I cut through the hotel lobby and lamped her. I went right through and outside and then I turned around and came right back in again and took a long look at her from behind one of the marble pillars. Then I went over and bought a pack of cigarettes. That's all I did. I stopped there four days in a row and she didn't even look at me. On the fifth, as I was getting my change, I said to her:

"Beautiful, don't you ever smile?"

"Matches, sir?"

"And a smile."

"Here are your matches, sir."

It didn't make me sore. I gave a little laugh and strolled off and on my way to the Congress Street exit I ran into Abe Horner, the house officer.

He said, "Kind of using the Miles Standish lobby as a national highway, ain't you, Charley?"

"How's things?"

"Sweet and lovely. Peaceful. Like I like 'em."

"That's just swell, Abe."

He put a hand on my shoulder. "No kidding, Charley."

"What do you mean?"

He had cagey gray eyes. "I mean, is there anything going on here I ought to know about? You ain't been hanging around here every day, sometimes twice, because you like the murals."

I wasn't paying much attention to him because I was looking across the lobby at the blonde. "What's her name?" I asked.

"Huh?"

"Cigar stand."

"Who, Helen Cosgrove?"

"Thanks."

I COULDN'T get her out of my head and I didn't try to figure out why. There was no doubt in my mind that some day she'd talk to me, she'd smile, she'd go places with me. Dancing, or to dinner, or to the movies. I thought of a lot of things I'd like to do for her. It was strange; it was new. I'd picked up girls, a lot of them, here and there, but only because I had a lonesome evening to kill. This was different. So what happened a couple of days later, around five in the evening, was, for me, the most natural thing in the world.

This guy was standing by the counter and I don't think anybody else noticed what was going on. But to me that counter was the only place in the Miles Standish lobby. He was tight—I could tell that by the way he was shuttling on his feet. His chin was snapping this way and that and he was dressing her down plenty. She looked angry and embarrassed, and the way her chin was wrinkling I knew she'd bust out crying any minute.

I came up behind him and took hold of his arm and spun him. I did it quietly because I didn't want to hippodrome it.

"Get going," I said.

He was a big kid, about twenty, and hefty. He said, "Take your hand off me, buddy."

"When you get outside, sure."

"Take it off."

The girl cried in a low voice, "Eddie!"

"You pipe down," he told her.

She said to me, "Let him alone; he'll go. It's none of your business, anyhow. Let him alone!"

I took my hand off his arm and said, "All right, I'll let him alone. But he shoves off. Go on, shove off."

SHE struck the counter with her fingers and cried, "Please, please! Let him alone!"

He said, "I'm going to take a swing at this guy."

I showed him my badge, holding it in the palm of my hand and saying, "You're not going to take a swing at anybody, Eddie."

He opened his fists. He pressed his palms together and dropped his eyes, but I could tell by the look on his face that he suddenly hated me. His cheeks got very red.

Abe Horner came up and said, "What's going on?"

"Nothing," I said.

"Listen, Charley. No rough stuff around here. You know that. I won't stand for it."

"You won't stand for it?"

"Don't get tough, Charley."

I happened to look beyond him and saw a guy watching us and it was the way he was watching us that held my attention. And there was something else: I'd seen his face before. The instant he caught me looking he turned and walked away.

"Who's that guy, Abe?"

"What guy?"

I pointed with my chin.

Horner turned around and when he looked at me again his face was a dead pan. "How should I know?"

I turned away from him and saw Eddie on his way out, far across the lobby.

Horner got very friendly. "It's just this, Charley. We don't like any fuss in the lobby. Bad for the hotel. I ain't trying to tell you your business, but—Well, hell, the kid's her brother."

That was a stiff blow to the wind, and after a minute I stepped to the cigar counter and said, "I'm sorry about that. I didn't know he was your brother."

She was still embarrassed and you could tell that she was so full up it wasn't funny.

Eddie twisted McLennan's wrist until the gun fell to the floor. He was still dazed and foggy-eyed

The forthrightness of Charley Miller, plainclothes man. Police methods, and their effect on the sort of girl you meet only once in a lifetime

"If I sound like a fresh guy," I said, "I'm not. I'm a cop from the local precinct."

She caught her breath and seemed to hold it for a full minute. There was a scared, unhappy look in her eyes.

"I didn't know him from Adam," I went on. "He was just some punk getting fresh with a girl and I—" There seemed to be nothing I could say that was right, so I shut up. I just said, "Well, don't hold it against me," and strode off.

But I hung around outside, under the glass marquee. It was raining and windy, getting dark, and the water was running fast and noisy in the gutters and pouring in a hard, glassy curtain from the marquee. She came out a few minutes past six, the wind whipping at her skirt and the rain pouncing around her small, slender legs. She was having trouble with her umbrella and I said, "Let me try it," and took it and got it up.

She was confused. "Oh—thanks—"

"Which way?" I asked, holding it up.

"But I—"

"You'll get soaked. Let's grab a cab."

"Oh, no, I couldn't!"

Jerry, the doorman, laughed. "He's all right, Miss Cosgrove. He's Charley Miller, a cop."

"Flag a cab, Jerry," I said.

INSIDE the cab, as we drove off, it was warm the way it is during spring rains. She was a little breathless and I leaned back in my corner of the cab and watched her. It was wonderful just to watch her, because I felt so sure that things would work out.

After a couple of minutes she turned suddenly and said to me, "Eddie's not bad or anything like that. It's just—he's young and sometimes he takes a drink too much."

"Sure. He's probably a good kid." I laughed. "He could have knocked my block off. You know, I just about made the force—an inch less height and it'd have been no soap."

She looked straight ahead. "I really didn't think you were a policeman—a detective."

"What did you think I was?"

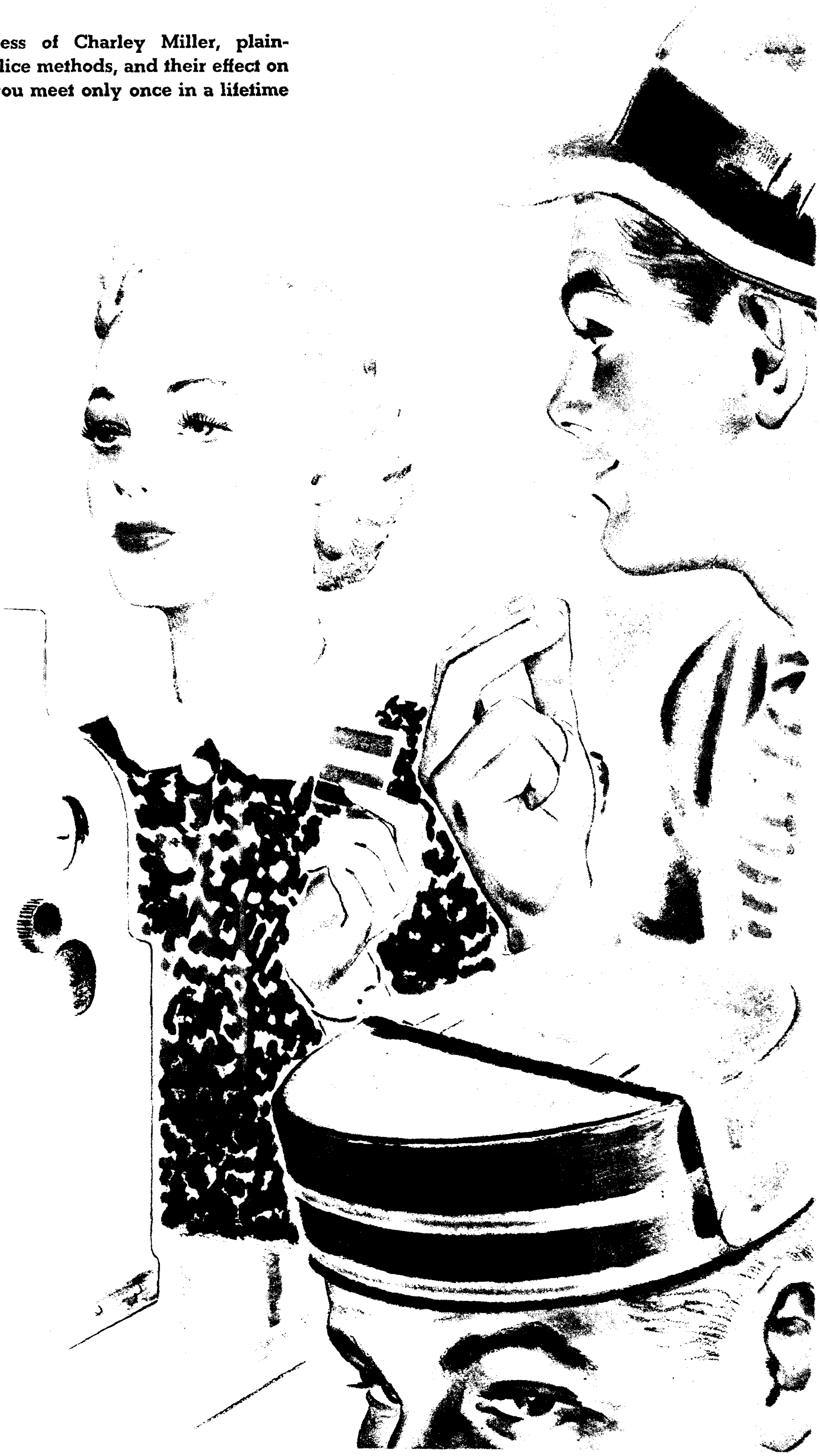
"Well, I didn't think at all."

"Sure you did. You thought I was a lobby bum on the make. Trying to date you up."

"Well, so many men around hotel lobbies— A girl has to be careful. It means more than just— Well, it means her job too."

She wasn't at ease. She kept her hands clasped tightly together in her lap and I was trying so hard, so damned hard, to get a smile out of her. Her words kept coming out at the end of her breath all the time, and her back was straight, her chin was turned away from me. She was ready to get out a block before the cab reached her address, and the minute it stopped she

(Continued on page 54)



I stopped there four days in a row and she didn't even look at me. On the fifth I said to her: "Beautiful, don't you ever smile?"

Mixed Troubles

By Stanley Paul

In which Miss Pinky Bachelder delivers the most sensational forehand drive ever seen in tennis, with the hearty endorsement of Mr. Skipe Albro—who, it would seem, can take it

THE bitter flare-up between Pinky Bachelder and little Maida Thompson, which was Pinky's designation for the lady—Maida being a bare year younger—occurred on a warm afternoon of spring in, of all peaceful places, Meecham's Pharmacy.

Stranger still, it occurred as they shared a congenial table and delicious sundaes. Perhaps it was the warm languor of the day itself, spring having been known to occasion strange but no less intense emotions in a young and feminine breast.

Pinky herself began it. In honesty she had to admit that.

Maida was doing the talking. It went something like this:

"And Papa says"—Maida's papa was affluent and indulgent—"that after I win the mixed doubles next week in the Spring Roundup at the club he'll send me this season to Tedesco and Longwood and Seabright and—"

"After you win!" said Pinky. That was the remark that began it.

Maida lifted mild blue eyes.

"Of course," she said complacently.

"Maida!" Pinky approached. "How can you be so unutterably smug?"

"Smug?" said Maida.

"Yes; doesn't it occur to you that you might possibly lose?"

"But, Pinky! Everyone knows I'm the best tennis player in town. Girl tennis player, I mean."

"*I* don't," Pinky stated.

Maida laughed. It had just enough of condescension about it to fan the fire of resentment that had been smoldering in Pinky's heart.

"Who, then," Maida asked, "might be better?"

Pinky plunged in all over.

"I might," she said.

Maida laid down her spoon and leaned back. She laughed lightly again.

"Of course," she decided, "you're kidding. Why, you've never even had tournament play. I must say, though, that you have a peculiar sense of humor. For a moment, I thought you meant it."

"I still do," said Pinky.

Maida began to bristle.

"Don't be ridiculous," she said.

"I shan't," Pinky promised. "What I just said still goes. I'm sick to death, Maida, of your calm acceptance of superiority. *You* can lose that tournament. Helen Jacobs has lost to Helen Wills."

"Well, Helen Wills," said Maida, "I dare you to make a bet!"

Now she was in! And sinking fast! But a strange and perverse persistency seemed to drive Pinky on.

"All right," she said. "Ten dollars!"

This from Pinky, who had never made a material wager in her life. And ten dollars was all she possessed in the world. It had been diligently saved from her allowance for a summer wardrobe.

"TEN dollars," said Maida, with just a vestige of contempt, "say, when my papa hears about this he'll give me twenty-five dollars to bet."

"I," announced Pinky, "don't give a hoot what your papa does. He can give you two hundred and fifty dollars for all I care. Ten dollars is what I happen, at the moment, to own. And I'll bet it. Now, how about you, Maida, dear?"

"Wait!" said Maida. "Who's your partner?"

"Is that a fair question?" Pinky asked.

"Well—no. But have you one yet?"

"No," said Pinky. "Have you?"

Maida shook her head.

"Not yet. Cross my heart," she stated.

"Well, then," said Pinky, "we both start from scratch." She held forth her hand across the table. "What do you say? Is it done?"

Eight slim brown fingers and two thumbs intertwined. They shook very briefly. Then both girls, at once, stood up.

It may have been an accident; that blob of ice cream on Maida's skirt. It was a shocking sight running down accompanied by copious goo. Who could tell? It all happened so quickly. And Pinky, quite as if she hadn't seen it, was streaking down the store to the phone.

"Skipe!" she said impetuously, when at last she had him. "Skipe, do I make a difference in your life, or not?"

"Huh!" came the voice of the startled Mr. Albro. "Huh! Oh, it's you, Pinky! What's the question again?"

"All these things you've been telling me—you know—about you and me? Do they really mean anything? That's what I want to know."

"Ah!" Skipe rhapsodized. "Wouldst have me chant thee a litany of love?"

"Skipe! Be serious. *Do* they?"

"Good heavens, what have you done? Robbed a bank? Or have you kidnaped a baby, or what?"

"Of course not. I haven't done anything. At least—yes, I have—but not that. Just answer my question, won't you?"

"Pinky," Skipe said slowly, "without thee there is no moon. Thou art my unguarded moment, my sweet. The ointment that floats in my soup."

"Then," said Pinky, "do this: enter the Spring Roundup with me."

There was a long moment of silence.

"You're kidding," said Skipe at last.

"I'm not. Oh, I know what you're going to say: I've never had tournament play and my game is apt to be flighty. But you've said yourself that I get them back as well as any girl in town. I'm tops to practice on. Even Sid Lombard says I'm not bad."

"H'm-m!" murmured Skipe. "Just what brought this on?"

"I can't tell you, Skipe, really. But I'll give you some idea. It occurred to me that as long as we, well—see so much of each other, your tournaments shall be my tournaments. I shall follow you wherever you go. That sort of thing. So, will you?"

"On that basis, Pinky—yes."

"You darling!" breathed Pinky softly.

"Wait," cautioned Skipe, "on that. Call me darling after I get through with you on the courts tomorrow. Time is short. You've got to go to tennis school."

"I'll not change," Pinky promised. "And thank you, my sweet."

She hung up.

There are ways of describing looks such as calling them cold, or as daggers; looks that would slay at a glance or curl the hair on your neck. This one, however, that passed between Pinky and Maida, was a clothesline from eye to eye with icicles hanging deep all its length.

"Maida, *darling!*" cooed Pinky. "Send me the cleaner's bill on that skirt."

She marched on out, heart singing, lovely blond head held high.

PERHAPS, Pinky decided, Skipe had been right in warning her not to employ terms of endearment. This, as he rose to one of her defensive lobs and again smashed the ball to spurt the clay bare inches from her little feet. Pinky executed a futile swipe at nothing and came to rest with slim brown arms akimbo.

"*Must* you?" she witheringly asked.

Skipe came trotting down, his genial face breaking in a conciliatory grin.

"Whatsamatta, Pinky old pal, old pal?" he asked. "That was a setup for you right down Avenue A. Where were you, my sweet?"

"You're trying to cripple me," Pinky accused. "It's the sixth straight time you've done it. This isn't lacrosse, you know. And I'm not an Indian squaw."

ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL OLIVER HURST

"Catch-catchum," Skipe invited, underhanding a soft little toss with the ball in his hand. Pinky, disdainfully, let it pass and dribble to the grass-covered borders.

"And there's such a thing as being polite to a lady."

"Only between shots," said Skipe. "Look, infant, in tournament play no opponent is going to lift you ladylike lobs. They're going to bang 'em right at you, or, preferably, where you ain't. And it's up to you to bang 'em right back. Otherwise we'll get as close to that tournament cup as Landon did to Washington. Now take Maida Thompson: have you ever watched her play?"

"LISTEN," stormed Pinky, "I've taken Maida Thompson with all the joy of castor oil for close on eighteen years. I've—"

"Well, don't get mad about it." Skipe looked quite perplexed. "I only mentioned her specifically because she and I won a few matches together last year and—"

"I suppose," asked Pinky ungraciously, "that you'd prefer she was with you now?"

"Well—yes and no," Skipe decided, than which nothing could be worse. "From a technical standpoint, yes; from an emotional standpoint—"

Pinky bracketed her racket and picked up her white polo coat.

"That," she announced, "does it."

"Does what?" Skipe honestly asked.

"Finishes it. Finishes everything. Our entry in the tournament is out."

Skipe became slightly critical, which didn't help in the least.

"Listen," he said, "grow up. Stop acting like such a kid. If you ever expect to—"

"Well, I don't!" Pinky positively crackled the words. "At least, not with you. Goodby."

She started over the series of freshly rolled courts toward the clubhouse veranda. She had to detour at Court 4 to avoid interfering with a game. It was here that Skipe hailed her and she made the mistake of looking back.

"Is your grandmother home?" he called.

She made a further mistake. She said, "Yes."

"Tell her to mix you up a dose of sulphur and molasses. It's good for what ails little girls in the springtime, Pinky."

The man who was serving chuckled. The girl across the net giggled, too. Pinky's cheeks went magenta. She stalked majestically on.

Stalked to the steps and the veranda and in through the clubhouse door. Maida Thompson sat by the fireplace. Pinky passed her right by. She stopped at the steward's window, and spoke in a voice that Maida could not help but hear.

"Charles, you have an entry for Miss Batchelder and Mr. Albro?"

"Yes, Miss Batchelder. Top bracket in the Spring Roundup next week."

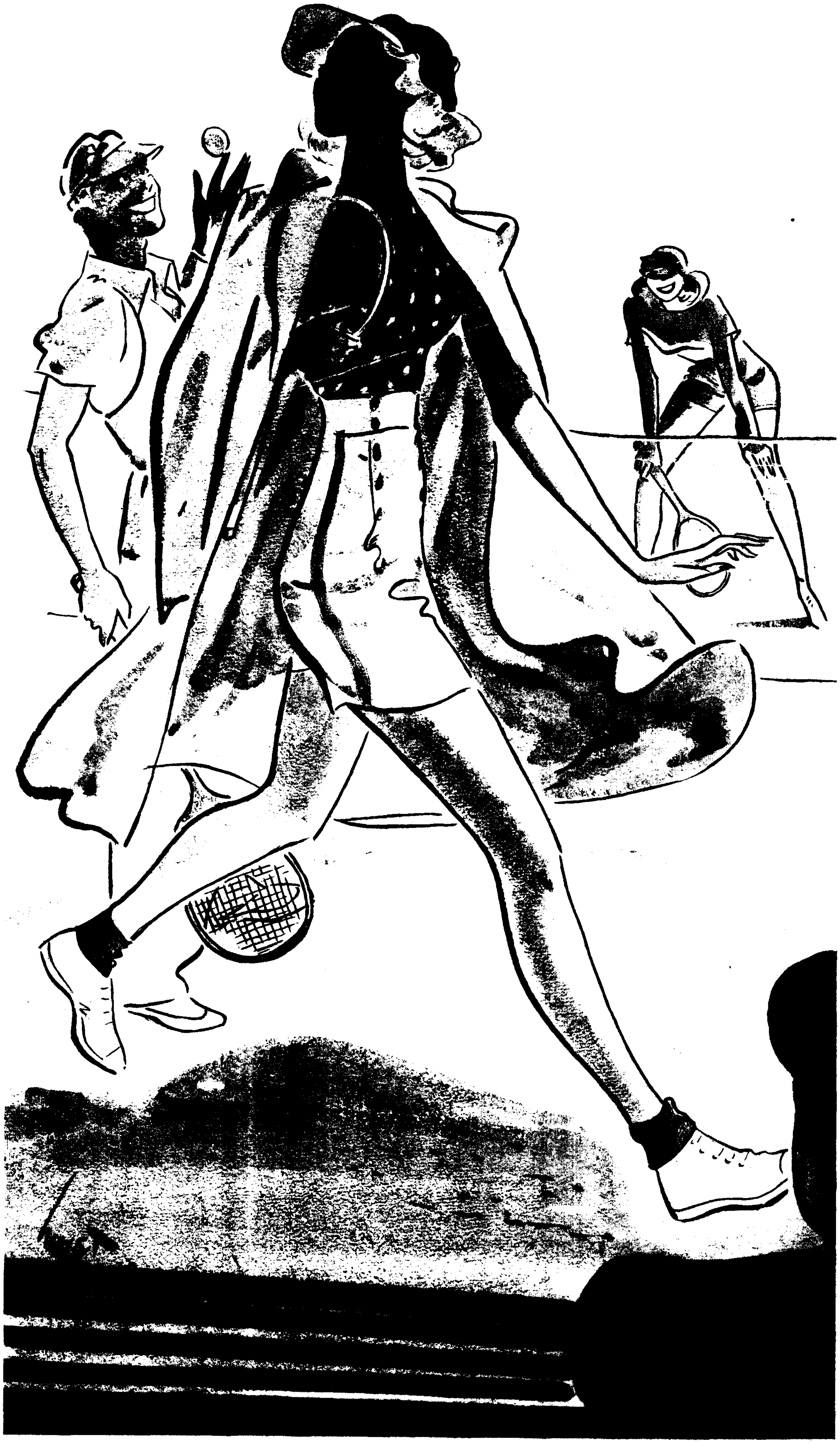
"Cancel it, please."

"Yes'm."

There! Let the whole world hear; particularly Maida Thompson. Out of the corner of her eye Pinky saw the lady rise and make haste for the door. What did Pinky care! It was worth ten dollars. Ten dollars gone and never a shot over the net.

She stood there engulfed in alternate waves of misery and satisfaction. Then a muffled and rhythmical thump came

(Continued on page 38)



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Father's Girl

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

BILL J. PARKINS and his wife were dressing to attend the wedding of their daughter, Rosalie. Mrs. Parkins had only her gown to put on; the maid had gone to iron out last-minute wrinkles.

Mr. Parkins sat struggling hopelessly with a pair of stiff, new spats. There wasn't a buttonhook in the house.

Mrs. Parkins made no move to help her husband. Indeed, she was looking at him with indignation; she had a grievance which, from her tone and expression, was a once-in-our-married-life and I'll-never-forgive-you grievance. Mr. Parkins listened.

"It's all your fault she's marrying him. You know very well you could have stopped her. If you had backed me up—"

"Uhuuummmm—"

"I simply cannot understand it. You were always so proud of Rosalie. And to let her marry a man like Sam Dorsey when she could have had her pick of two *dozen* fine young men. It's little short of criminal, that's what it is—"

"Mmmmuuum—"

"You haven't got a word to say. Of course not! You know you were wrong from the very first. I warned you Sam Dorsey was after Rosalie all the time. He just sat around like a stick gawking at her, but I told you after the debut party he was smitten. Didn't I? Didn't I?"

"Ummmmuh—yes."

"And there was Rosalie, the most popular debutante in ten seasons. Even Mary Slocum admitted it. Rosalie—with all those splendid young men from Harvard and Yale and Princeton giving her a rush. It's on your head, Will; oh, it's on your head. When I think that Rosalie could have had young Fothergill. . . . What's that?"

"I said, 'What's the matter with Sam?' "

Mrs. Parkins appealed to heaven to witness.

"Everything, everything. He's slow; he's stodgy; he's a bore. Agriculture at Cornell! Taking Rosalie out to *Illinois* to run a farm. Oh, why, why didn't *I* assert myself?"

"Didn't you?"

"No, I didn't. Not as I should have done. I was depending on Rosalie's father to protect her. Rosalie—with three or four fine young men calling her up every night and pleading for dates. The Doughton boy, who had such a brilliant record at Yale, was crazy about her. Wanted to take Rosalie out every night for a week hand running. But, oh, no—Rosalie's *father* mooched around saying, 'Better give Sam a chance occasionally.' Do you deny you said that?"

"No."

"Give Sam a chance! Ha—as if he'd have stood a ghost of a show without your interference! He was too dumb-bunny to ask Rosalie for a date until he saw how popular she was with Phil and Paul and Everett and the others. That's his type. Wait around like a slug on a leaf until a girl's popularity is proved; then crawl in and make trouble. What are you mumbling?"

"I said you were too hard on Sam."

"Hard on him, did you say? I should have shot him or poisoned him or insulted him or something. I did insult him. You can't say I didn't do my very best to put him in his place. You remember the night he called up at the last minute, the night that sweet Princeton boy took Rosalie to the Horse Show?"

"Yes."

"But I don't suppose you remember what I said to our precious son-in-law-to-be?"

"No."

MR. PARKINS finished buttoning the right spat while Mrs. Parkins glared.

"The one time I tried to save Rosalie before it was too late—your own daughter—and you don't remember it. I suppose, my dear Will, that after Rosalie has seen what a dud she's married and it all ends in a divorce, with children, that you'll up and say, 'Why didn't you declare yourself?' That's what you'll say, won't you?"

"No."

"Oh, yes, you will! And you'll forget how you permitted Mr. Sam Dorsey to ruin Rosalie's prospects with Neddie Trowbridge. When I think of that I know I shall never, never forgive you. Not as long as I live. What's that? What are you saying to me?"

"I was swearing at this spat."

Mrs. Parkins slapped angrily at her husband's arm.

"You're pretending—you don't dare to look me in the eye, Will. It's the guilt on your soul. Yes—guilt!"

"Guilt about what?"

"You could have finished Sam with Rosalie once and for all—and she would be marrying Neddie Trowbridge of a millionaire family instead of Sam. Rosalie was furious at Sam for his stupid jealousy; and if you hadn't taken Sam's part—"

Mrs. Parkins burst into tears, with a long-drawn dramatic sob and then the torrent.

"He lets his daughter marry a man who disgraces us before all our friends! I can't go through with it. I can't. I'll make a scene this morning. I'll make it right there in church. And you, Will, have driven me to it! You can't defend that man. You *can't*—you can't—"

"He was only jealous."

"I'll jealous him! I'll show him he can't steal my baby girl and ruin her life and spoil her chances. Think, Will, *think!* Rosalie had *seven* invitations to go skiing just one week end! She had her own stag line at the Biltmore ball! And in just a few minutes she'll be walking to the altar with a farmer from Cornell! I'll stop it!"

Mr. Parkins subdued the left spat.

"I wish you would," he said.

"W-what?"

"Stop talking."

"Oh—*indeed!* Stubborn to the bitter end. Still think Sam Dorsey is superior to the pick of young men from New York, Boston and Philadelphia, do you? Still think you have done your daughter a great favor by encouraging her to marry Mr. Sam Milk Cow Dorsey? Is that what I am to infer, my dear Will?"

"Yes."

MRS. PARKINS gave two long, quivering sobs and turned loose the torrent. Further words, however, were impossible since Mrs. Parkins' maid had arrived with her dress. Mrs. Parkins cast upon Mr. Parkins a look of utter loathing and started toward her dressing room.

"Aw, now, Jane—"

His wife continued her exit into the dressing room. Mr. Parkins, his face troubled, started to get up—then remembered that his striped trousers would fall down if he did.

The maid handed Mr. Parkins an envelope.

"It got on the floor by mistake," she said.

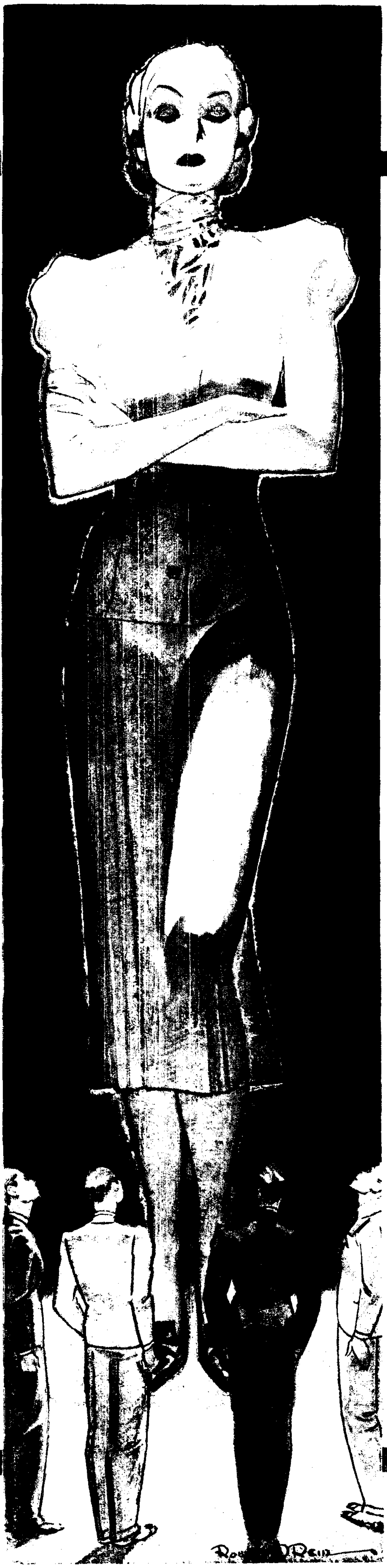
"Thanks."

Mr. Parkins started to put the envelope in his pocket. Then, seeing an address on the flap, he tore open the letter. It was a bill:

EMERGENCY ESCORT SERVICE
IN ACCT. WITH Will J. Parkins
To Services of 24 Escorts, $3,645.75

Hastily, Mr. Parkins stuffed the bill into his hip pocket. In the dressing room, Mrs. Parkins still was sobbing: "How could you, Will, how could you?"

Mr. Parkins sighed.



"Rosalie, with all those splendid young men giving her a rush. It's on your head, Will!"

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

The Sun Shines Bright

By Quentin Reynolds

If you've never been there you won't believe them when they say, about the Derby, "There's nothing like it." To understand what they mean you need the sun and the bourbon and the strains of My Old Kentucky Home and, oh, yes, the horses

There's no thrill like the Kentucky Derby for dyed-in-the-wool race followers

IT WAS the first time that night court had ever been held in Louisville. The judge peered down sternly at the two prisoners.

"Intoxicated and boisterous, your Honor," the complaining officer said. "Making a lot of noise they were, your Honor. Disorderly conduct, I calls it."

"Prep—preposterous," one of the prisoners said, unsteadily, swaying a little. "Why, Judge, your Honor, I and my fren' we only had a coupla mint juleps. We only had . . ."

The judge smiled. "Officer, take these two gentlemen home. Put them to bed. If they don't get a good sleep, they're liable to miss the Derby tomorrow."

The cop laughed, the two prisoners grinned sheepishly, the spectators in the courtroom laughed and the judge smiled. It was the eve of Derby Day. Derby Day comes to Louisville once a year. Derby Day has come to Louisville once a year ever since 1875. When Derby Day comes to Louisville this friendly city plays host to the nation. The nation comes to Louisville to celebrate the greatest sport tradition in America and to pay homage to the thoroughbred.

It has been thus ever since 1875 when Aristides, the Little Red Horse, galloped the mile and a half in 2:37¾ to be the forerunner of great thoroughbreds whose names are posted back of the huge wooden grandstand at Churchill Downs. There were ten thousand spectators crowding grandstand and infield on that May 17th in 1875. Outside, barefooted kids climbed trees to look over the fence and one of these was a thirteen-year-old youngster named Matt Winn. Matt Winn loved to see horses run. Matt Winn was a Kentuckian, and any son of old Kentucky who doesn't love to see horses run is a misfit in the bluegrass country.

The youngster saw other Derbies run, too, and he grew up with them and then one day—it was in 1902—he was made general manager of Churchill Downs and from that day on the Kentucky Derby grew in stature. It wasn't long before it ceased being a local institution. It became national and interest in it grew until there were thousands who lived with only one hope—to lead a Derby winner into that small grass enclosure in front of the grandstand and to watch with a proud heart as a horseshoe of roses was draped around the neck of the horse. A man who owned or trained a Derby winner was automatically admitted to the aristocracy of horse racing, the most exclusive kingdom in the world. It is one fraternity in which membership cannot be bought.

Yearlings, potential Derby winners, all are pretty much alike. Mrs. Lasca Durnell bought a youngster for $700 back in 1902. It won the 1904 Derby for her. Worth, the 1912 winner, was only a $425 yearling. The immortal Old Rosebud, whom Kentuckians stoutly declare to be the greatest of all Derby winners, was bought by its owner, H. C. Applegate, for $600 as a baby. You need more than money to buy a Derby winner. Nearly always Derby winners are bred and raised by their owners.

The Derby is a lottery just as life in early Kentucky was a lottery. Favorites have won the big heat and veriest outsiders have copped the honors, too. Back in 1884, Buchanan, ridden by the great Negro jock Isaac Murphy (he rode three Derby winners in all), paid $20.60 for a two-dollar ticket. Judge Himes paid fifteen to one in 1903. So did Pink Star in 1907. In 1913 Donerail, a sleepy-looking bay colt, long-legged and thin in the belly, paid $184.90 for a two-dollar ticket.

When Matt Winn took over the management of Churchill Downs in 1902 the Derby was only worth $4,850 to the winner. Colonel Matt had a dream in which he visualized the Eastern and Far Western owners bringing their crack three-year-olds to Louisville. He knew that the stake would have to be increased, for it costs money to ship horses and train them and only the wealthiest owners could afford to ship their best horses to Louisville for a $4,850 stake. Winn visualized $50,000 in prize money and he dreamed of a time when the Kentucky Derby would be the greatest horse race in the world. Today these dreams have come true. To Americans the Derby is the greatest horse race in the world.

America's Classic of the Track

It is more than a horse race, it is an expression of Kentucky and of the bluegrass country. It's My Old Kentucky Home acted out before your eyes. You go to Louisville a few days before the race and you roam the country outside of the city and you catch the scent of a warm breeze that has blown over the bluegrass; you watch groups of yearlings peering curiously from between the white bars of the fences which line the roads; you hear the Negro stableboys singing happily back of the stables—then you know you're in Kentucky.

Maybe you can't get away this year to see the classic. Suppose we go anyway. We'll live through Derby Week together and you'll see what we mean when we say, "We don't say there is nothing better. We say there is nothing like it."

It's Saturday morning, the day of the race, and newsboys on Jefferson Street wake us up with their cries, "Special Derby edition. Special Derby edition." We're staying at the Brown or the Kentucky Hotel or at the old Seelbach or perhaps we've been out Lexington way staying with Colonel Phil Chin, who makes the best toddies in the world.

Our combination breakfast and lunch is over and then we head for the track. Traffic is all one way in Louisville on Derby Day. The distilleries and the tobacco warehouses are closed; the state buildings are shut—this is a holiday in Louisville. All cars head toward Churchill Downs. On the way to the track someone tells you how the race was born.

The Civil War made terrible inroads on the blooded stock of Kentucky. Both the Northern and Southern armies had raided the plains of Kentucky and had carried off the blooded stock for Army use.

Interest in horse breeding was at a low ebb chiefly for economic reasons. There was no use breeding high-class horses if no one wanted to buy and run them. And no one wanted to buy and run them because there were no rich purses to compete for except in the East and it cost too much to ship horses east. One day a few Kentuckians were standing at the bar in the old Galt House in Louisville discussing the sad state of affairs.

After three juleps someone said, "We ought to do something about it."

After six juleps someone said, "We will do something about it."

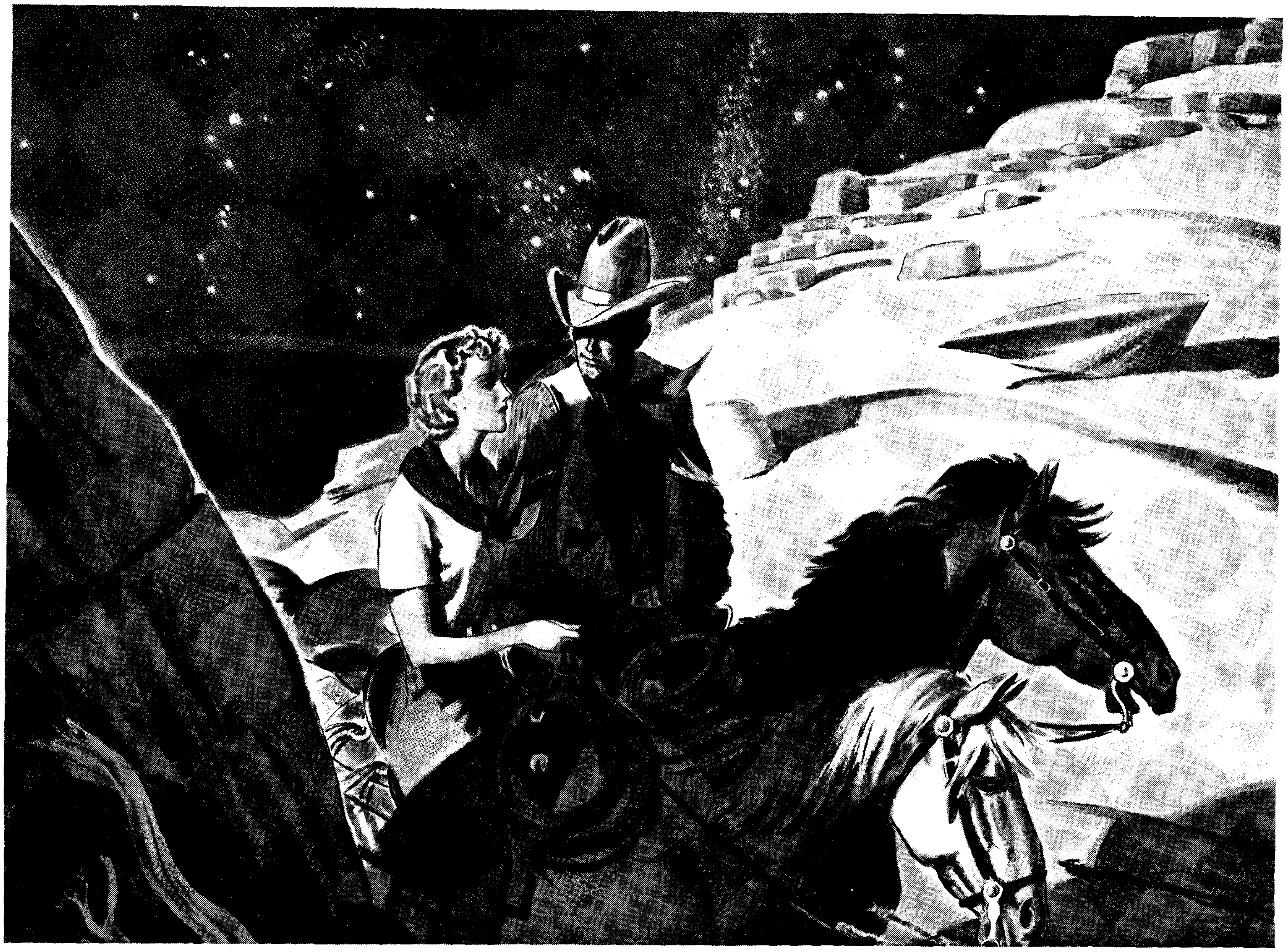
The upshot of it was that Colonel Lewis Clark was sent to England to study racing conditions with particular emphasis on the English Derby. He came back full of information concerning that famous race and two years later the Kentucky Derby, patterned in almost every way after its famous counterpart, came into being. There was just one difference: Kentuckians refused to pronounce it "Darby." Even today Eastern visitors who say "Darby" are looked at with amusement by Kentuckians.

The matter was settled once and for all in 1930 when the Earl of Derby was the guest of honor at the classic. He was a bit puzzled by the refusal of Kentuckians to pronounce it as the English did. Governor Lafoon, at the dinner tended to Lord Derby, gently reminded him that this was Kentucky's race, it was only a distant relation to the English race, and to Kentuckians the word was pronounced as it was spelled, Derby.

Now we're at the track—at old Churchill Downs with its infield covered with bluegrass framed by goldenrod and dogwood. The huge wooden stands with their gabled tops rise towering, looking like gingerbread confections. The track was named after a great Kentucky turfman, Henry Churchill, and it's like no other track in the country.

We're high up in the stands now, looking down on that yellow bracelet of shining sand where within a few minutes a king will be crowned. Atop the gabled towers two American flags wave lazily. Post time is nearing and 70,000 men and women mill about the mutuel windows, wagering on their choices. They stand ten deep at the bars and they crowd in and out of the restaurant where a hundred Negro waiters keep answering the call, "Another round of juleps, Henry."

Then one clear note comes out of the symphony of pleasantly discordant noises. It is the note of a bugle sounding Boots and Saddles. There's a hush vibrant with suppressed excitement and then through the gate that leads from the paddock come the horses, to be greeted with a mighty *(Continued on page 74)*



"We used to be rather close," she said. "Some of that interest remains. Like a bit of music dying out in a dark room"

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARIO COOPER

Farewell to the Years

By Ernest Haycox

The return of Miles Fanning to Powder Valley. A story of the West, where the land—and some of its women—never change

JUST before he came to the crest of this long road he remembered Sunny Crandall's last words in Salt Lake. They had stood on the platform near the train, both too deeply involved in their own thoughts to say much. She had worn a gray suit that showed the slim, almost rangy lines of her body, and beneath the little brim of her hat was a face smooth and smart and cool. Like the rest of her generation, Sunny kept emotion well concealed behind her eyes; but he did notice her wide lips turn in the briefest smile.

She had said: "Well, go back and visit the scenes of your childhood. How long has it been since your last exit—ten years? And a certain memory has bothered you all this while. So you've got to go see if it's real or only something you dreamed. Part of that story you never have told me, old-timer."

"Maybe," he said. "Maybe."

Her cool eyes had glowed a little. "Only two things could pull you there. War or a woman."

"Is that my life?" he had asked her.

"War, because fighting is in your blood. Women, because they seem always to see something in you."

"Speaking for yourself, Sunny?"

The train bell had started to ring and then she had said with a vehemence that wasn't like her: "I have so strange a feeling about this, Miles. Go see the old home place, if you must. I hope she's married and fat and has many children. But if she isn't, if she hasn't—"

On the steps of the car he looked back to see this girl, always so smartly self-contained, showing him a smileless glance in which there was the blur of tears. At Winnemucca he bought a horse and rode north through a land that plagued him with clearer and clearer memories and now at last he reached the crest of the road and saw the country of his youth after ten years' absence.

So he rode, this Miles Fanning, drinking in the familiar scenes. He was at thirty a long and broad-shouldered man whose square, weather-darkened face held the seasoning and the sedateness of a life fully lived and almost beyond surprise. His eyes were quiet and the line of hair along his forehead showed ink-black and there was a faint white scar crossing his right temple.

"Maybe," he said, "I should have come sooner." For he had returned to find the answer to a question ten years old and he had returned to feel the eagerness and the hungry anticipation which had been so strong in the youthful Miles Fanning that it had sent him out of the valley. In ten years that hunger had died.

All this was in his mind as the road led him into the single dusty street of Antelope, between weather-gray buildings asleep in the sun. Nothing, he thought with a growing sense of relief, had changed. A few horses drooped hitched at the racks. One auto, caked with dust and simmering steam from its cap, stood in the shade of the livery stable's locust tree, and a man old and fat slept in a chair on the store porch, his white head dropped toward his chest. Miles Fanning rounded in at that porch and saw, with a strange sensation in his mind, that this was Henry Liederman.

Liederman opened his eyes—a more faded blue than they had been so long ago—and looked carefully. And sat up and said, "Well, *(Continued on page 76)*

I Dress as I Like

By Kyle Crichton

The unorthodox behavior of Frances Farmer, who gives less than a pin for anyone's opinion about her doings—least of all the Front Office's

WHEN Frances Farmer was called into the office of Phyllis Laughton, then coach of new talent at Paramount, she thought it sounded a bit ominous. "Frances," began Miss Laughton nervously, "there is something I think you ought to know . . ."

By this time Miss Farmer didn't know whether she was at last to learn the Facts of Life or had been apprehended while shoplifting or was to be accused of matricide.

"It's . . ." continued Miss Laughton and then ended in a blurt, "it's the way you've been dressing on the street. Never wearing a hat. . . . Well, that's not the worst, I admit. . . . But that old raincoat and those shoes. . . . And that horrible little dinky green second-hand car you ride around in. Really you can't act like that. The movie fans expect something more of their favorites."

Miss Farmer looked at her for a moment steadily.

"Phyllis," she said finally. "You never thought that up yourself. You know you don't care how I dress. Who put you up to that?"

It came out after some discussion that the hint had rather drifted down from the head office. Miss Farmer thought the matter over for a minute.

"Phyllis," she said. "Will you do me a favor? I've never seen anybody from the head office so I wouldn't know how to get in, but will you go up there and give them a message from me? Will you tell them that if they paid as much attention to the parts they give their actresses as they do to their clothes, we'd probably both make a lot more money?"

This was after she had made Rhythm on the Range for Paramount and before she had been picked for Samuel Goldwyn's Come and Get It, which has definitely established her in Hollywood but has not succeeded in eliminating the raincoat. Prior to Rhythm on the Range, her Hollywood experience had been confined to minor roles in two little stinkers entitled, Too Many Parents and Border Flight. Players who have done nothing more than bits in two little stinkers do not usually send messages to head offices and the casual observer might be excused for thinking that the young lady could talk big because she knew that the message would never be relayed. The error in this reasoning became apparent, however, when Miss Laughton herself sometime later received a message from the head office relieving her of her position. Miss Farmer had no trouble in finding the head office then.

"I just went in and told Mr. Zukor I thought he had pulled a dirty trick on Phyllis," says Miss Farmer.

She is a tall, thin girl who is more intelligent-looking than beautiful, uses no make-up off the set, doesn't give a damn for clothes, is going to be an actress if Hollywood will let her, and is going back this summer to play in a stock company in Seattle, and don't anybody get the notion she won't do it. Her taste in clothes is atrocious because there is nothing in the world she cares less about. She likes sailing, is not particularly athletic, thinks movie gossip is blah, gets $250 a week and a bonus of $150, which makes $400 in all and will give up all the salary boosts ever heard of if they'll give her decent pictures to play in. She is married to Leif Erikson, the movie actor, and they live in a canyon home which will never be photographed as a show place and can be reached only by a mountain guide equipped with a divining rod. The second-hand roadster is getting feebler and faintly less green by the year and she was cursed roundly by a few hundred motorists on Melrose Avenue no later than last February when the engine died and she was out pushing the thing to safety.

She probably gets her independence from a Scottish grammar-school teacher in Seattle, Miss Belle MacKenzie, who seems to have run her classes on the theory that her pupils had a brain as well as a memory. It was in Miss MacKenzie's class that Frances won a national essay prize of Scholastic Magazine for a paper entitled God Died. It was an innocent-enough document seeking to show that, no matter what lofty powers were looking over us, the individual had the duty of fighting his own battles. The commotion in Seattle was tremendous. The atheists yelled hooray and the ministers held special meetings of protest and Frances got more than a hundred letters from the public.

"It was all pretty sad," she says, "because for the first time I found how stupid people could be. It sort of made me feel alone in the world. The more people pointed at me in scorn the more stubborn I got and when they began calling me the Bad Girl of West Seattle High, I tried to live up to it."

By the time she entered the University

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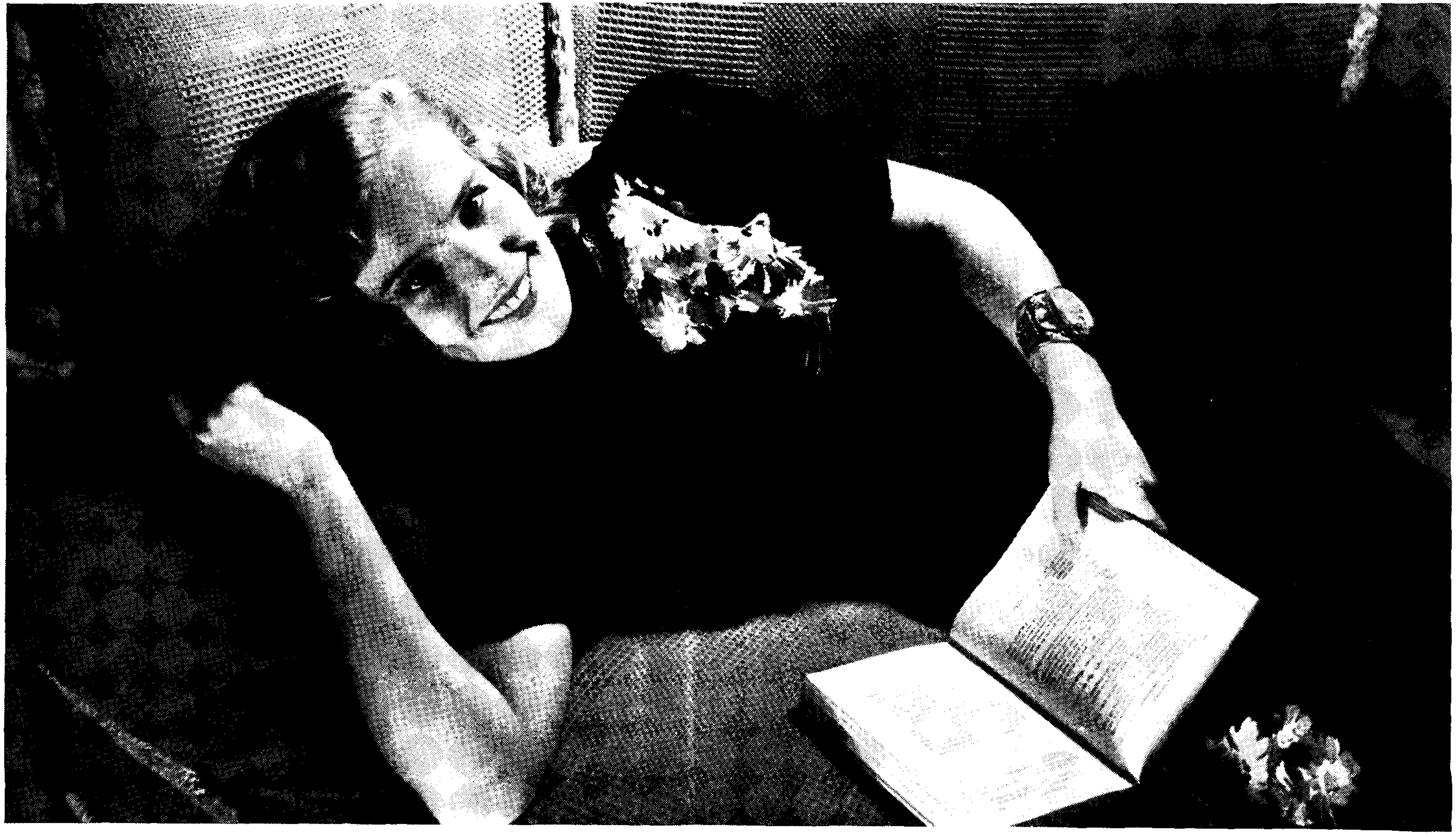
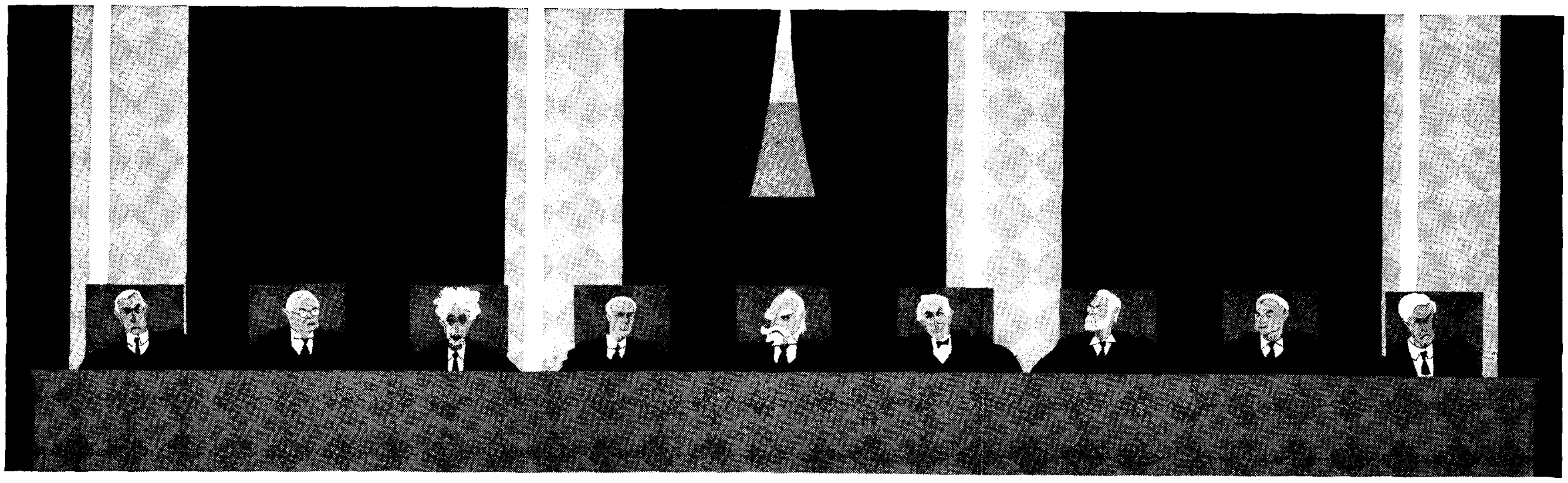


PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HURREL

Frances Farmer: One of the principal reasons for your thinking that "Come and Get It" was a good moving picture



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

If The Court Please

It was discovered recently that the Justices of the Supreme Court are human. Astonishment was general. Mr. Creel shows you how they work and what they think of Mr. Roosevelt's proposal to do over the Court

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

PRESIDENTS and members of the Congress live lives so exposed to the public gaze that their very birthmarks are matters of common knowledge, but when it comes to the Supreme Court, popular curiosity runs up against a well-nigh impenetrable veil of secrecy. Starting out upon the approved assumption that judicial decisions are not proper subjects for general gossip in advance of delivery, the justices have intensified detachment until even the mechanics of the court are shrouded in mystery.

From the moment that they leave the bench and disappear behind a thick red velvet curtain, the nine black-robed figures are lost to human sight and sound, for no precaution is spared to guard their deliberations against prying eyes and distended ears. The court has its own police force—thirty-three armed huskies—and a chief duty is to warn away all who come within thirty feet of the bronze doors of the conference chamber. Vigilance is carried to a point where even newspaper photographers are not permitted to lurk in the shrubbery for snapshots of the justices as they arrive and depart.

On meeting a member of the Supreme Court socially, the safest course is to ignore the fact of his position, and act as though he were a plumber, a salesman or the practitioner of some vague profession. To come out boldly, recognizing him for what he is, produces instantly a sort of "thin ice" feeling, and while the justice himself may evidence no other sign of displeasure than a tightening of muscles and a sudden wariness of eye, the guests as a whole ooze apprehension much as though they were waiting for the heavens to fall.

A change indeed from other days. Up to 1845, the Chief Justice and his associates ate in the public room of a Washington boardinghouse, exchanging news, banter and views with those who came and went. Many were the taverns where John Marshall and others who "rode circuit" sat and gossiped over a friendly glass with the honest yeomanry of the countryside. So far from feeling isolated and detached, members of the Supreme Court were often "the life of the party." John Jay ran for governor of New York without troubling to resign as Chief Justice, and Associate Justice John Rutledge, between decisions, indulged in partisan attacks to a point where Timothy Pickering, Secretary of the Treasury, denounced him openly as a "driveler and a fool." Just before Justice McLean rendered a dissenting opinion in the Dred Scott case, he campaigned vigorously for the Republican nomination, losing to John C. Fremont.

The matter of housing also marks a change in the public attitude toward the Supreme Court. In the great public building program of 1800, no provision whatsoever was made for the "august tribunal," and John Marshall was forced to scurry around to gain the use of a small, unused Senate committee room. Today the marble palace across from the Capitol is one of Washington's show buildings, each justice having his own sumptuous suite, although as yet only Justices Roberts and Sutherland have been induced to occupy them. The others still prefer home work.

Our Judicial Mechanics

The increase in austerity and reserve, however, does not date from the new building. Chief Justice White was a firm believer in the Supreme Court as something above and apart, and Chief Justice Taft, for all his bonhomie, made no attempt to conceal his conviction that the body should be held in reverence. Speaking in Idaho in 1911, he made this frank admission: "I love judges and I love courts. They are my ideals on earth of what we shall meet afterward in heaven under a just God."

Although not on record with any similar outburst, Chief Justice Hughes entertains much the same feeling. He has striven mightily to invest the court with all due dignity, accenting ceremonial and detachment. Under his rule, remoteness has been developed to a degree that the Washington correspondent who succeeds in discovering something that goes on behind the sacred portals, even though it be trivial, is hailed as one worthy of the Pulitzer prize.

Only twice has a member of the high tribunal thrown light on its inner workings. Between his resignation in 1916 to accept the Republican presidential nomination, and his reappointment to the bench in 1930, Mr. Hughes himself gave a series of lectures at Columbia in the course of which he outlined court procedure. Again in 1923, John H. Clarke, who resigned to make a fight for the League of Nations, discussed the procedural activities of the court in a Cleveland talk.

According to these authorities, when the nine justices file out of the chambers and take their seats on the bench, all are in possession of printed records of the case before them. During the course of the argument, limited to one hour for each side, they can refer to the record as a check on counsel or for purposes of questioning. The Chief Justice's interrogations are crisp and pointed, designed to clarify rather than heckle, as are the queries of Stone and Butler. Lawyers agree, however, that Brandeis goes more directly to the heart of a matter than any other. The gentle Cardozo often comes to the rescue of a befuddled attorney, while McReynolds snaps his questions if he disagrees with the argument.

The court is in session from October until mid-June or thereabouts, and two weeks of hearings are followed by a recess of two weeks during which the court passes on cases heard. The daily sessions open promptly at 12 o'clock and stop precisely at 2 for luncheon. Resuming at 2:30, they are brought to a close at 4:30, even though it cuts a sentence short. Mondays are opinion days, and it is on Saturday at high noon that the court meets for discussion.

Taking the cases up one by one, the Chief Justice sets forth his views, and then the associate justices are called on for their opinions, starting off with the junior member. If the case is without striking features, there is only perfunctory debate, but a controversial issue precipitates animated discussion. When all have been heard, a ballot is taken and the Chief Justice votes last, sometimes a privilege but most often an embarrassment, especially when the count stands four and four and it is up to him to break the deadlock.

If the Chief Justice is with the majority, either he writes the opinion himself or assigns it to another. In the event that he is with the minority, the senior associate justice in the majority makes the assignment. Where the minority is in agreement, they choose one of their number to write the opinion, or else each dissenter sets forth his own views.

Sharing the Work

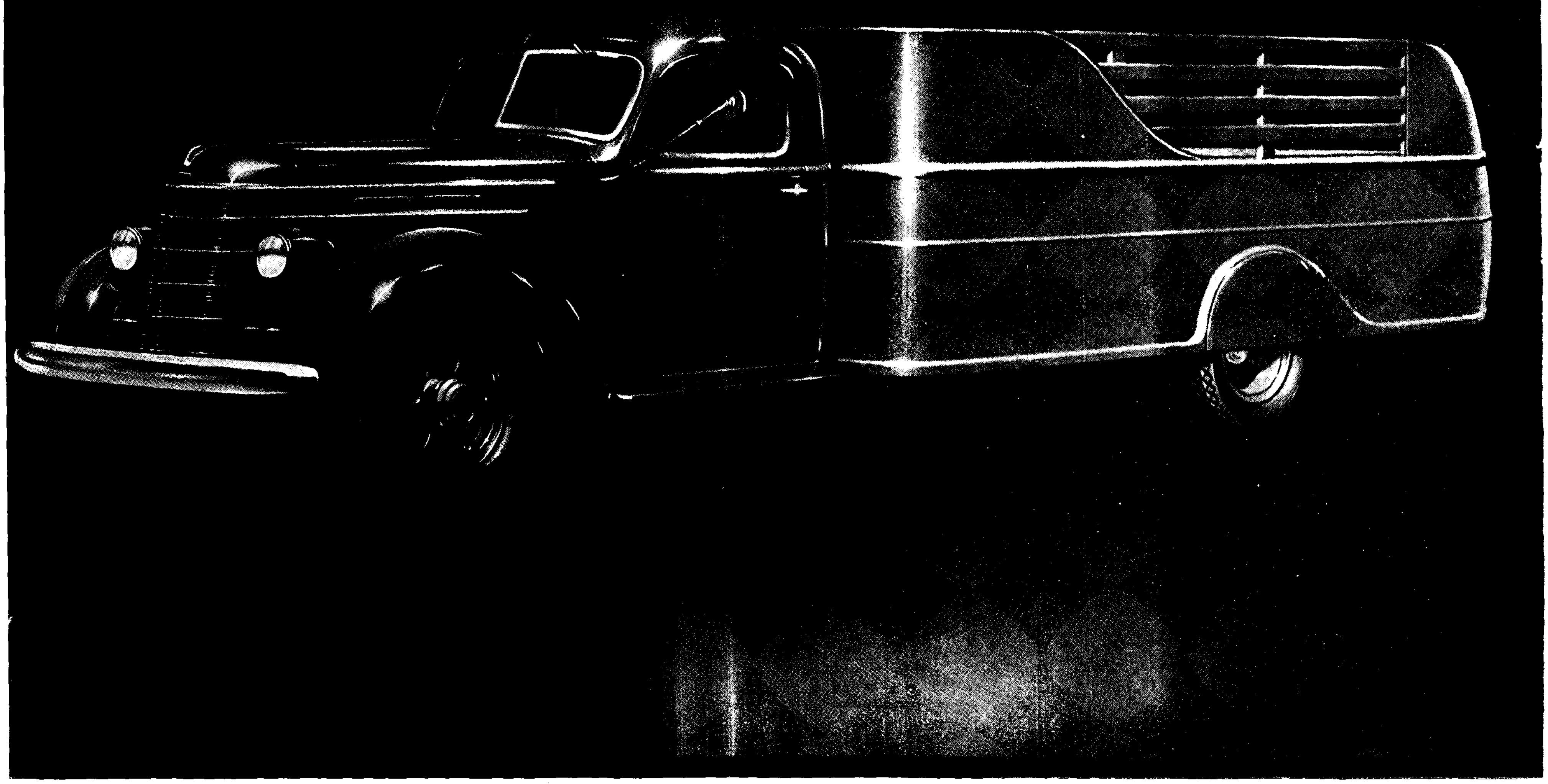
To quote ex-Justice Clarke, "When the opinion is written, it is sent to the printer, and after the writer is satisfied with the form, he hands a printed copy to each of the other justices, and it is a tradition of the court that criticism shall be entirely free and unrestrained except, of course, it is implied that it shall be constructive. It extends from punctuation to a discussion of the principles that may be involved in the case. These copies of the opinions with the suggestions of the various judges are returned to the writer and he uses such of them as he may think will improve the original. It may be necessary for him to recast his whole opinion. At the next meeting of the conference, the first business is a call for opinions, which means that the judges who have written opinions shall answer whether or not they have a majority for them as written, and if there is a majority for them, they are announced at the next session as the opinions of the court."

In his Columbia lectures, Mr. Hughes stated that "it would naturally be the effort of the Chief Justice to distribute the work so that each judge would have about the same amount of work as the others, and about the same proportion of important cases." A study of the last three volumes of United States Reports, however, covering a nine-month term, shows that he himself has not followed this rule. Brandeis, Butler and Van Devanter, for example, had a total output of thirty majority opinions and one dissent, while the pooled production of Roberts, Stone and Cardozo was sixty-nine majority opinions and fifteen dissents.

Up to the very time of retirement in his ninety-first year, Justice Holmes was

(Continued on page 26)

INTERNATIONALS



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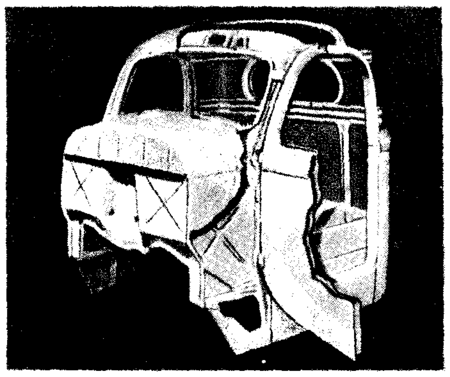

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I Dress as I Like

Continued from page 21

of Washington her reputation was established and she joined a group of sister outcasts as a matter of course. What rescued her was the Studio Theater. Frances had enrolled in the school of journalism but she found that the young bloods in that department were still going around trying to be Mencken and Nathan. Since even the undergraduates at West Seattle High knew that Mencken's day was over, this made Miss Farmer ill and she gave up newspaper work for the stage.

"Anyhow," she says, "they were always giving me the worst beats to cover. I was supposed to go down to the infirmary every day and check up on the measles but I never made it and they fired me."

But she didn't care because she was acting at the Studio Theater, where they ran their shows Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights during the winter and had single productions lasting as long as sixteen weeks. She had a room at a boardinghouse just off the campus (rent $7 a month) and picked up spare change ushering in a movie house and working during the holidays at the Bon Marche department store, where she got bounced because she couldn't keep her sales book straight.

Steerage to Russia

About this time a paper called the Voice of Action, which had been launched by a group of young men with radical ideas, offered a trip to Russia as a circulation prize. Frances had no idea of getting into it, but somebody registered her name and she got thinking that she'd like a look at the Soviet theater. It was a great battle but she won—and again the city of Seattle was up in arms.

What she was getting was a third-class trip, which meant she would be in steerage for the journey, but when they made so much fuss about it nothing on earth could have kept her away. Among other protesting visitors was a young man of religious beliefs who interrupted her packing at the boardinghouse to have words with her. He first presented her with a Bible, which she accepted and forthwith packed with the rest of her belongings, and then he sat down on the bed and began to sing hymns. His parting gifts were two in number, (a) a potted plant and (b) a searchlight.

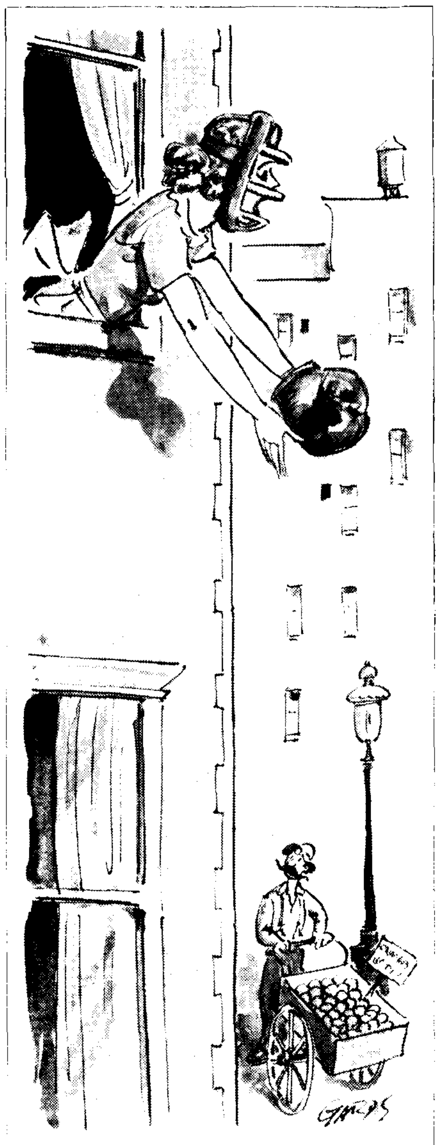
"To find my way through Darkest Russia, were his words," reported Miss Farmer.

She had a letter to J. Edward Bromberg, the actor, and went to a party given in honor of the Group Theater and left two days later on the Washington, nicely cared for in third class down by the engines. What she remembers best about the trip was (a) a steward who nightly sneaked her up to the first class (which she didn't like and finally settled on tourist third), (b) a Frenchman who invited her to a dance and sent down in the afternoon for her gown so he could have it pressed (a very good idea, she still thinks), (c) a lawyer who confided that what he had always wanted to be was a fireman, and (d) the swell time she had on the Soviet boat out of London, where there was only one class and the crew took part in the fun.

She spent most of her time in Russia seeing the shows and got her Hollywood break on the boat coming back when she met Dr. George Gladstone, who was returning from his medical course at Cambridge. Dr. Gladstone knew Shepard Traube and Traube knew Oscar Serlin, who was then talent scout for Paramount. She had started from Seattle with $100 in cash and was dead broke when she got to New York. In between times of taking tests for Mr. Serlin, she got jobs as a model, two of them, and was let out each time.

"You're too much the Greenwich Village type," they told her.

The screen tests continued over a period of two months and she worked up to the point where she did scenes from The Lake, which had been Katharine Hepburn's Waterloo on the stage several years before. She had great admiration for Miss Hepburn and proved it last winter when she appeared in a broadcast by Jimmie Fidler in which she was being lauded as the most promising female screen star of the year. The script called for various cracks at Hepburn. When Miss Farmer couldn't get them changed in the script before the broadcast, she inserted a boost for Miss Hepburn while it was going on, balling up the timing considerably but getting her point across.



"I'll take a dozen, Tony"

CHESTER GARDE

After fiddling around with tests for months, some giant mind in the Paramount plant at Hollywood decided that Miss Farmer was worth gambling on and she came out from New York. She worked with Miss Laughton for several months and was then given her first part in Too Many Parents, which had Henry Travers as star. Next was something entitled Border Flight with John Howard.

"Oh, by long odds the worst picture ever made," says Miss Farmer enthusiastically. "I was in four scenes and always sitting in a roadster. They'd wheel the thing in, I'd spout a few lines over the windshield and out we'd go again. It could have been played just as well by a cripple."

After that she took tests for weeks for a part in Rhythm on the Range, without knowing what it was about.

"I never did find out," she says. "I was just the tall skinny dignified dame while Crosby and Martha Raye and Bob Burns were having the time of their lives. It was a long sweet nightmare for me."

While Paramount was making Rhythm, Howard Hawks was making tests for Edna Ferber's Come and Get It. Virginia Bruce had been selected for the part but there was a row of some sort and the deal fell through. Hawks saw some tests of her and arranged to borrow her from Paramount.

"Thank heaven he saw the tests instead of those pictures," she says, fervently. The only serious casualty in the matter was Sam Goldwyn, who was trying to die in a New York hospital and almost made it when he heard the news about Farmer. He began frothing at the gills, yowling at nurses and jiggling the phone trying to get the Hollywood operator. But the contract was signed and it was too late.

Because he felt so bad about it, she was more willing than customary when the Goldwyn office asked her to make personal appearances when the film opened in Seattle. She regretted it the minute she hit town.

"What they had me doing first was autographing copies of Come and Get It at the Bon Marche, where I had been fired a couple of years back. That was bad enough but think of me autographing a book written by somebody else. That took crust but it didn't turn out so badly because when I got to the store, about twenty people finally strolled in and looked at me from a distance and kept their buying firmly in control. What the Goldwyn people had forgotten was that up that way I'm still remembered as the freak from West Seattle High."

It's a Nuthouse

When last seen Miss Farmer was getting ready to appear in The Robber Barons, a screen treatment of Matthew Josephson's book about old Wall Street brigands. She is the Josie Mansfield of the story and was a little bitter about the sweetening which had been plastered over Josie's character by the adapter. The first version had been done by Dudley Nichols but in the usual quaint Hollywood fashion that had been thrown out and a new one written which belonged with the works of the late Louisa M. Alcott. One week of shooting the new script and fast couriers were despatched in search of Mr. Nichols, asking him please to forgive all and return. This mollified Miss Farmer but did not decrease her amazement over Hollywood.

"It's a nuthouse," she says firmly. "The other day a man phoned and wanted me to endorse a certain brand of cigarettes. I had nothing against them and in fact will smoke them or anything else that comes along, but I didn't know why he was bothering me. I thought maybe if I was nice they'd give me a carton as a thank offering, so I rather tentatively broached the matter of remuneration. What was the endorsement worth, I asked, and he said three thousand dollars. What are you going to do in an atmosphere like that?"

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YOU MUST BE USING THE WRONG BLADES IN YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR. TRY ONE OF MY GILLETTE BLADES AND SEE THE DIFFERENCE!
NEXT MORNING
JIM... THAT GILLETTE BLADE IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR SURE GAVE ME A SWELL SHAVE!
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MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

If The Court Please

Continued from page 22

keenly watchful of the number and character of the cases assigned to him, fearful that the Chief Justice might be showing him special consideration because of his age. Various of his secretaries report that the old jurist frequently took up the matter with both Mr. Taft and Mr. Hughes, making it plain that he insisted on carrying his fair share of the burden.

Hearing oral arguments, however, and rendering decisions on those arguments, constitute only a part of the work of the Supreme Court. Each and every day of the year there pours in a flock of requests for review of rulings of the inferior courts, and huge bundles of documents follow the justices even on their vacations. While it is true that in this last year only 273 writs of certiorari were approved out of 990 presented, no writ went without its careful and collective study, for, contrary to general opinion, these writs are not parceled out among the judges for a decision that is accepted by the court as a whole. According to ex-Justice Clarke, "Each judge receives a copy of the record, the petition for the writ and the briefs in support of it, and each is supposed to and actually does work out to his own conclusion with respect to it. In conference the petitions are called and discussed, a vote is taken, and each is decided precisely as if it were an argued case."

Most justices minimize the drudgery by having their law clerks make a digest of the briefs and records, but even so, as Justice Holmes once remarked, "Certioration is the thief of time." He himself waxed profane if one of his "boys" failed to set down the gist of the matter on a single page.

The Dissenting Three

Where public curiosity is most likely, however, is with respect to the personal relations of the justices. Huddled together intimately for nine months of the year, how do they get along with each other? When the court splits five to four on some important decision, and red-hot dissenting opinions are filed, is it all amiably argumentative, so that the nine go off arm in arm, or do they have high words that end in open enmity? Back in earlier days these questions were not left to speculation, for judges frequently aired their differences in public. During the Legal Tender cases, Chief Justice Salmon Chase, supported by Justice Nelson, became involved in a dispute with Justices Miller and Davis, and each side virtually gave the other the lie.

Justice Holmes used to talk freely of the bitterness that marked a division of the court during the time of Chief Justice White, the majority and minority often reaching a point where the two sides quit speaking. His own relations with Justice Harlan were cordial, yet once when he refused concurrence in an opinion the high-tempered Harlan turned down a request for a copy of his opinion. "Certainly not," he snorted. "Why should I help you pick holes in my argument?"

Chief Justice Taft, a sunny soul with a gift for maintaining pleasant group relations, succeeded in bringing about a happier condition, but even he could not cope with the disposition of Justice McReynolds, who had certain inveterate prejudices that he took no pains to conceal. Jews and Liberals happened to be two of his pet detestations, and as a consequence, his reception of Louis D. Brandeis was rude to the point of insult. Justice Cardozo, for precisely the same reasons, was greeted with discourtesy and dislike.

Prior to March 4, 1933, however, these bitternesses were kept under cover more or less, but since the advent of the New Deal, they have been carried into open court. Even the most obtuse spectator can see the gulf that divides McReynolds, Van Devanter, Sutherland, Roberts and Butler into one camp, and Stone, Brandeis and Cardozo into the other. For a time the Chief Justice oscillated between the two, hopeful of promoting a surface appearance of harmony, if nothing else, but now his association is almost entirely with the conservatives. Along with Justices Van Devanter and Sutherland, however, his courtesy is unfailing, although a trifle chill. On the other hand, the faces of Butler and Roberts show irritation when any of the Dissenting Three delivers an opinion, while McReynolds either reads a newspaper or gets up and leaves the courtroom.

Brandeis and Cardozo are known to feel keenly the division and its resultant ill feeling, but anger and snubs have no effect whatsoever on burly, imperturbable Harlan Fiske Stone, now the spearhead of the minority. His two fellow dissenters talk into the desk when they read their opinions, but Stone lets go both barrels with head held high, giving every evidence of enjoyment.

When he first took his seat on the bench, Stone's closest association was with Hughes, but more and more he came under the influence of Oliver Wendell Holmes, even absorbing many of the venerable jurist's prejudices. Like the late justice, who used to groan audibly and profanely when his colleagues waxed prolix, Stone developed an equally frank dislike of the tedious and longwinded.

Any hope of reconciliation vanished when he looked Mr. Hughes squarely in the eye on the occasion of recent dissents during which he spoke of "tortured constructions," and declared that the majority were reading into the Constitution their own "personal economic predilections." Those dissents, by the way, not only ended all pretense of friendship between him and the Chief Justice, but also put a painfully abrupt stop to talk of Harlan Stone as a possible Republican nominee for the presidency.

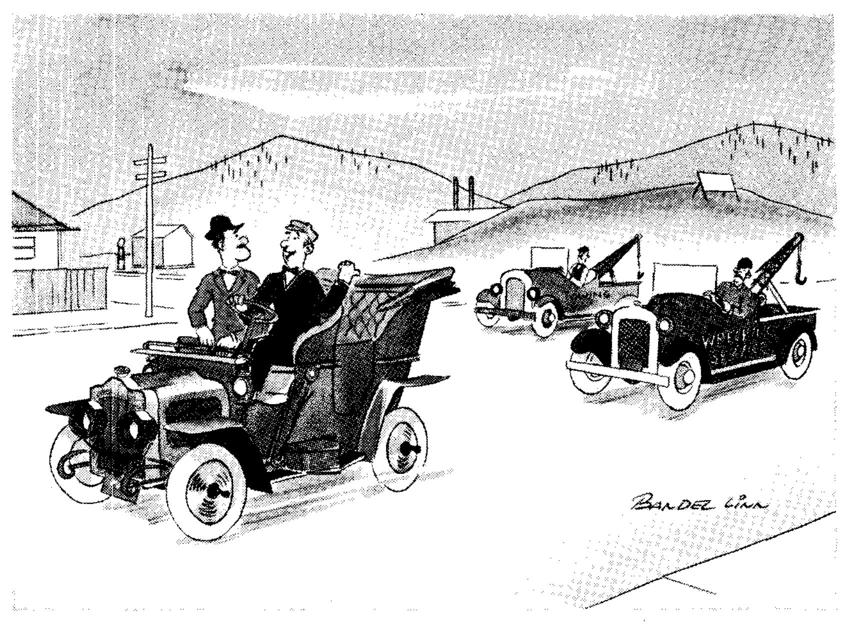
Today Washington talks of nothing but the President's proposed reorganization of the federal judiciary, and keenest interest of all is in the attitude of the individual members of the court. What do *they* think of it? Dragged out into the full light of day, as it were, and with everybody in the United States trying to look at their teeth in order to ascertain age, four of the justices have broken silence in a manner that leaves no doubt as to their feelings. Speaking extemporaneously at a Phi Delta Theta banquet, Mr. McReynolds lauded the Supreme Court as a "balance wheel," affirmed his own effort always to protect "the poorest darky in the Georgia backwoods as well as the man in the mansion on Fifth Avenue," finishing with the suggestion that "good sportsmanship" commands losers in a judicial dispute to accept the verdict without question, saying "This is my country."

"Just What It Asked For"

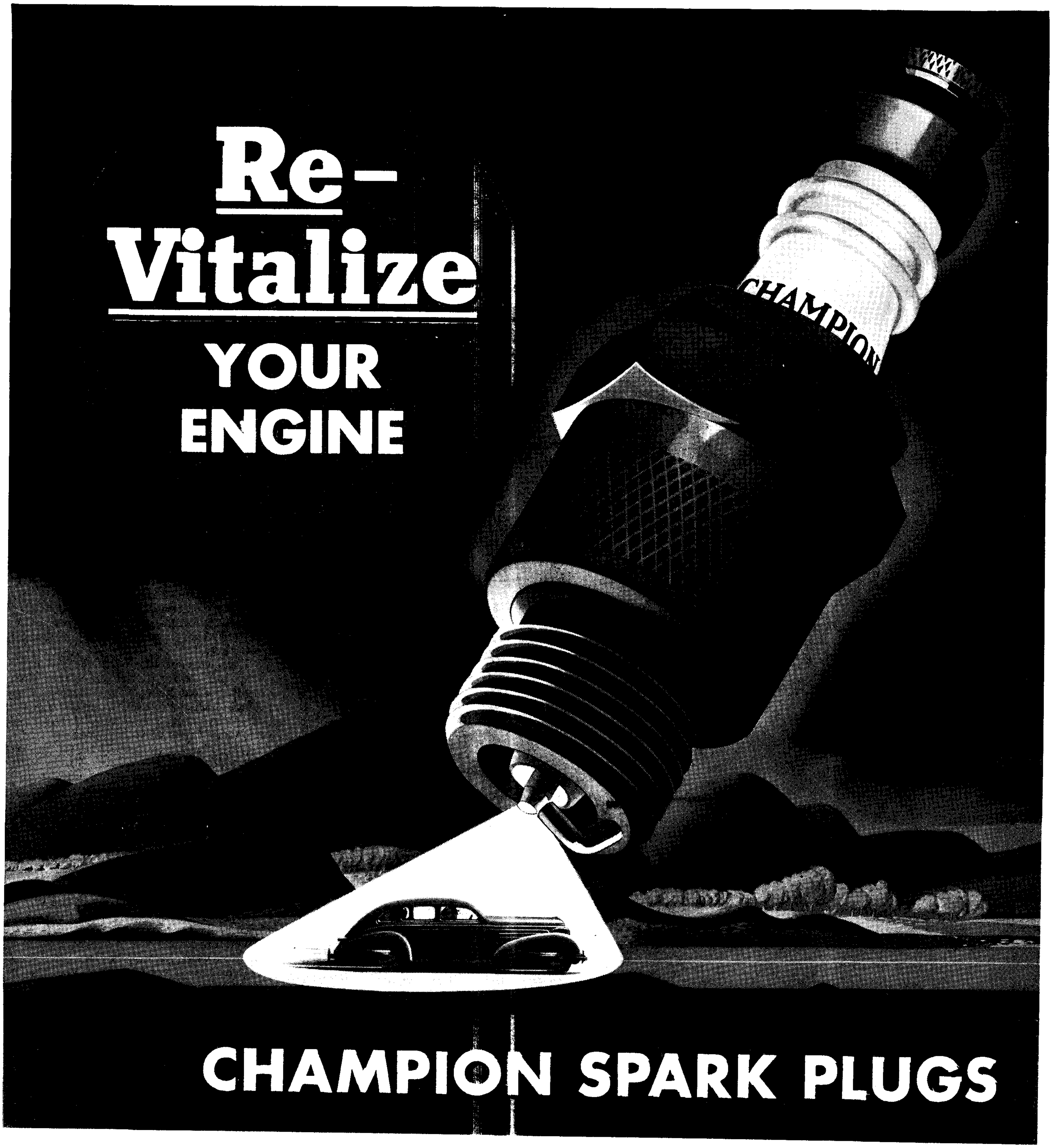
The letter of the Chief Justice, indorsed by Mr. Van Devanter and Mr. Brandeis, not only met the President's charge of a congested docket, but argued that an increase in members "would not promote the efficiency of the court." The agreement of Justice Brandeis came as no surprise to his intimates, for it was known from the first that his sensibilities were cut to the quick. Now in his eightieth year, he feels that the President's emphasis on age was a direct thrust at him, and this despite assurances to the contrary that have been sent through friends.

The others have sealed their lips so far, but a dropped word here and there enables one to gain a pretty good idea of their reactions. Of those not affected by the proposal, being still under seventy, Roberts regards it as a confessed attempt to pack the Supreme Court, Cardozo shares the hurt of Brandeis, his dear friend, while Stone makes no secret of the fact that he thinks the court is getting "just what it asked for." Of those over seventy, Sutherland and Butler stand squarely behind the Chief Justice's letter.

As to what will happen in event that the President wins Congress to his way of thinking, there is much excited speculation but no exact knowledge. Some alleged authorities hold that wounded pride will result in several resignations, while others contend that not one of the justices would put himself in the position of quitting under fire. Take your choice of these views.



"They've been following me for weeks!" BANDEL LINN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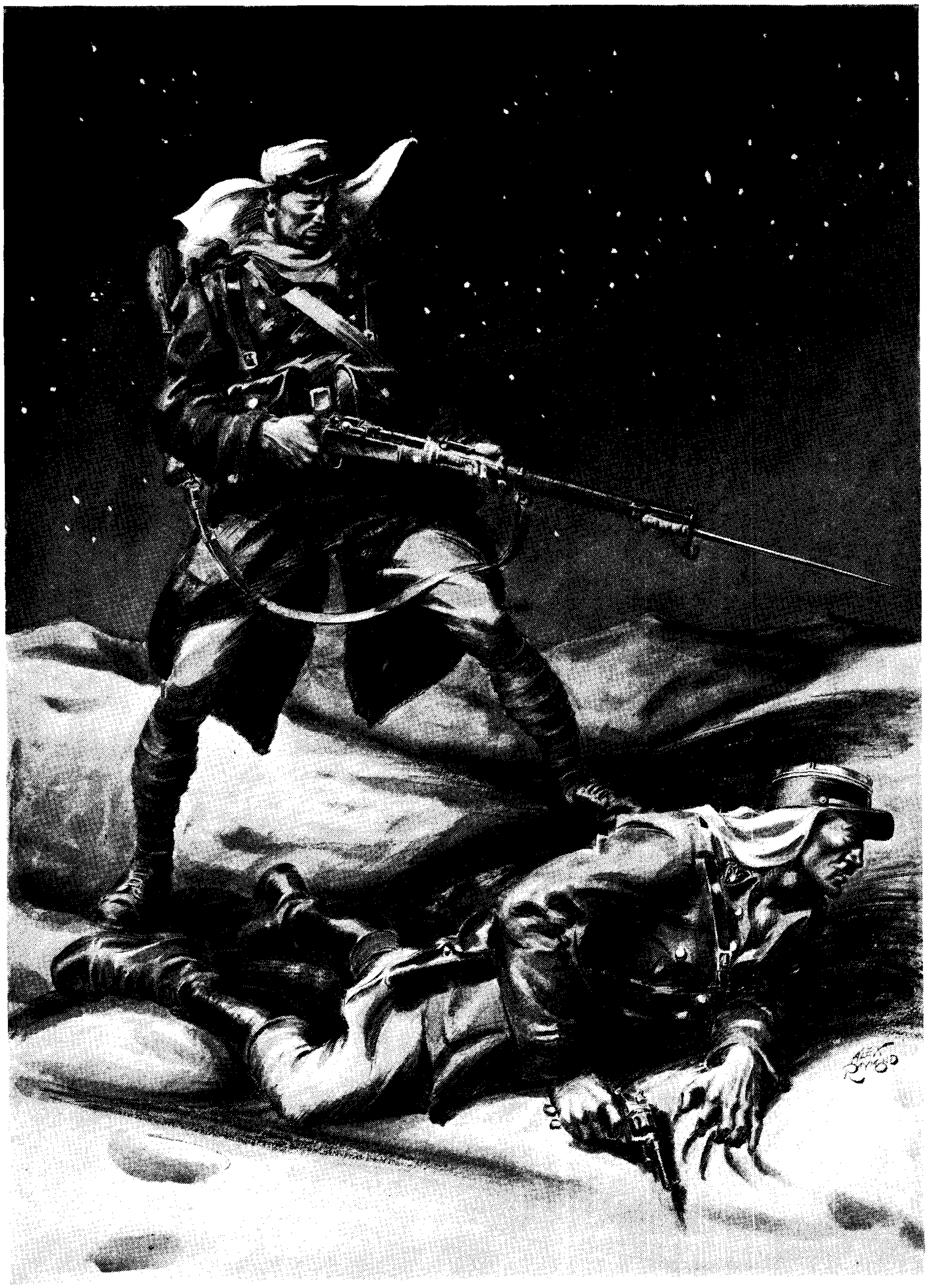
CHECK AND CLEAN SPARK PLUGS WHEN YOU CHANGE OIL

Legion Feud

By Georges Surdez

Episode in the lives of two Legionnaires. It is not only a stirring story—it is a reminder that you do not know the stubbornest man on earth, after all

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX RAYMOND



Maritz said softly, "They're close to us. I think they've located us"

WHENEVER Lieutenant Colonna spoke to Legionnaire Maritz, his sullen, lasting hatred flashed to the surface, to be met by a calm, almost amused tolerance. Oddly, the second-class private appeared to dominate the situation despite the odds against him, perhaps because he had control of his temper.

The whole Second Company, including Captain Dargelos, and probably the entire battalion of the Foreign Legion stationed at Dar-Gueliz, Morocco, knew that a tense game was being played, that Colonna was stalking Maritz. The captain, a kindly, middle-aged man who did not like trouble, once hinted to Maritz that he could have him transferred to another unit, where he might have an opportunity for promotion. The Legionnaire shook his head.

"*Mon Capitaine,*" he replied, smiling with his habitual irony, "I am perfectly contented here. I am not very ambitious, you know."

There was speculation as to Colonna's exact motive, for the lieutenant had the reputation of being fair. Why had he selected Maritz out of two hundred possible victims for his spite? The lieutenant alone knew what had fired the first spark. The Legionnaire had forgotten the incident.

Colonna was a Corsican, a matter-of-fact, square-shouldered, stocky officer, "without frills and without nonsense," as he said, a self-made man. Extraordinary physical courage had lifted him from the mass. He was a real Legionnaire, of the ancient type, quarrelsome, generous, hard-drinking. His swarthy face, the fierce half-crouch as he berated an unlucky trooper, were famous in the regiment.

But although those about him believed him satisfied with his lot, egotistical and vain, he was restless. He felt that he was a very capable officer, intelligent enough for promotion. And he felt he was unlucky: where another man gleaned an additional bit of braid, a high decoration, he was rewarded with a casual compliment. Why?

"Because I'm no actor, no mountebank," he thought. "I don't know how to foam up the least thing into a thick lather." He had tried, in a fumbling, rather pathetic fashion, to attract attention to himself. He had bought his uniforms at the best tailors. But once pulled over his thick torso, on his solid, short legs, tunic or riding breeches lost their style. He looked either overdressed or shabby.

Moreover, he could not write sensational reports. A queer sensation of exquisite shame gripped him when he sought to write in epic style, as successful officers wrote. Such words as abnegation, heroism, held something indecent

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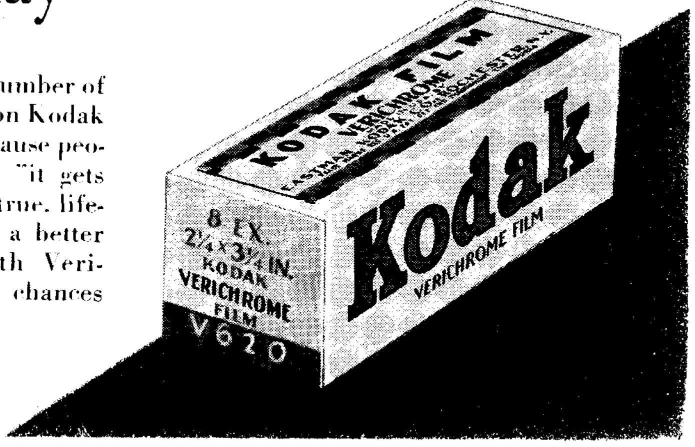

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when he put them down. On occasions, he had performed splendidly, contributed to telling victories. But some other chap, narrating a banal combat episode in exciting fashion, had won honors. Colonna felt that he needed an adviser, a confidant, a chap who could handle a pen. Had he known such words, he might have said *impresario* or publicity man.

He had met Maritz in routine fashion, when the private had reported to his platoon. He had appreciated him as a good-looking, intelligent fellow, with courage evident in his glance, and physical endurance showing plainly. He had thought: "Here's a lad for the corporals' list, and sooner or later, a good sergeant."

Then, in preparation for an informal battalion show, celebrating a Legion anniversary, Maritz had offered a short sketch, half humorous, half epic, in which Colonna was mentioned. There was the description of a counter-raiding combat in the Middle Atlas for which the lieutenant had been granted a meager citation. Presented by Maritz, it seemed worth the Cross of Honor.

Colonna had hesitated a while, then diffidently summoned the private. As was his way when embarrassed, he covered the passing awkwardness with brusk, soldierly language.

"Your name is Maritz, eh?" He touched the paper. "Nice little job, nice. Fancy yourself as a writer, eh, Maritz?"

"Yes, Lieutenant."

"You write French very well."

"And three other languages as well, Lieutenant."

MARITZ'S tone, the implied self-derision, would have been perceived by Captain Dargelos. A man able to write four languages correctly, a second-class private in the Legion. But Colonna misunderstood the smile, thought it conceit. His eyes squinted as he surveyed the man standing at attention before him.

Still young, certainly under thirty, Maritz, even in the cheap khaki, made a tall, slender silhouette, showed an undefinable dash, an unknown something reminiscent of de luxe trains, great steamships, fine hotels, dance music and ladies in evening gowns. The drooping lids, the lines around his mouth, showed weariness and skepticism.

"You must be a smart fellow, eh?" Colonna went on.

"Very, Lieutenant. Few smarter."

"Uh? Yes—" Colonna changed the subject, attacked brusquely: "You write neatly. Would you like to work as a clerk?"

"No, Lieutenant."

"Why not?"

"I did not enlist to do that sort of thing, Lieutenant."

"Why did you enlist?"

"Hard to remember, Lieutenant. But you understand. You have been through it yourself."

"You may go, Maritz."

Left alone, Colonna was disappointed. And he weighed and judged Maritz accordingly: A supercilious poseur, who loved to play the man of mystery, the gentleman. He had not passed up the chance to remind Colonna that he was a former enlisted man.

"Needs seasoning," the lieutenant decided.

TEN seconds later, Maritz, Joachim, had been struck off the corporals' list. Fifteen seconds later, and he was designated for special fatigue. He had not enlisted to write, eh? Well, he would get something harder, suited to his yearnings. Mortification of the flesh tempers the proud spirit. When he came around to complain, Colonna would propose clerical work again.

However, Maritz did not complain.

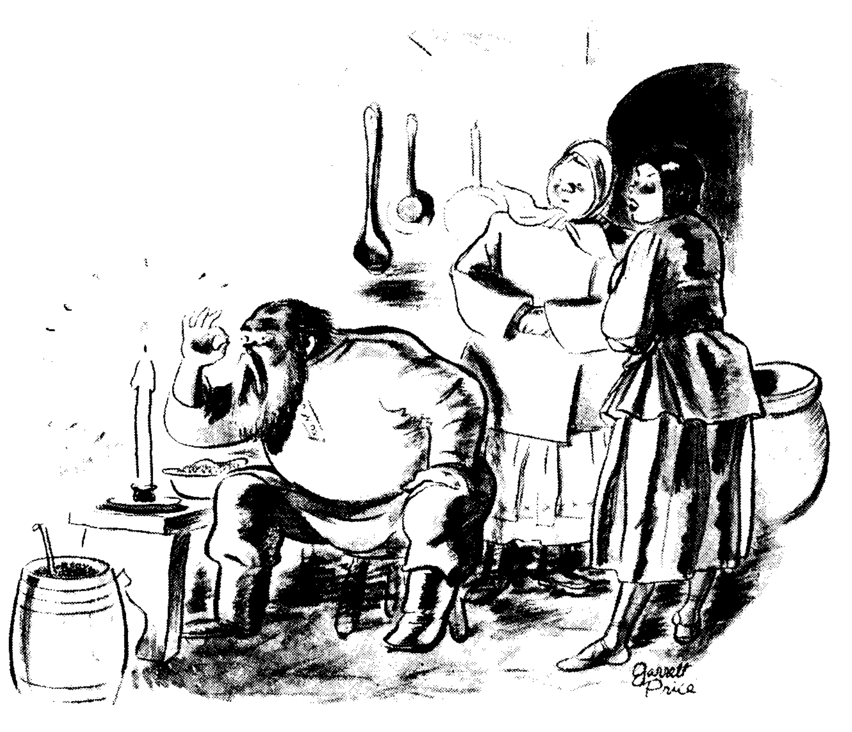
Naked to the waist under the broiling sun, he lifted rocks, pushed a wheelbarrow, handled pick or shovel. He was magnificently muscled; his wind was sound. But his palms and fingers blistered; the blisters burst; the flesh was raw. Colonna observed before long, during a drill, that he was handling his rifle gingerly.

"Legionnaire Maritz!" he called. "That is not a feather duster. It's a regulation Lebel, weight four and one half kilogs, which you need not be afraid to break. A little snap, eh? Step forward where we can see you. Now—attention—right shoulder arms—present —arms!"

"Better get a transfer somewhere," comrades urged Maritz that night, in the *café*. "Colonna's started to ride *you*. He isn't what you'd call mean in general, but once he goes after a man, goodby! Get out."

"Like hell!" Maritz's glass shattered against a wall. "I've run as far as I'll ever run!"

From that time on, Colonna rode Ma-



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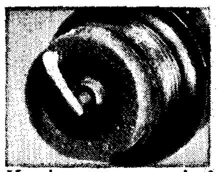

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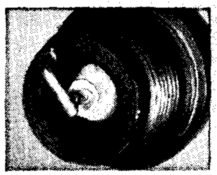

Here's how a spark plug looks after a thorough cleaning by the AC method. The gas-wasting, power-stealing Oxide and carbon coating is completely removed. (Unretouched.)

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ritz without mercy. But when they went into action, Maritz—a second-class private—still held his head high. He showed himself brave. As is frequently the case, he sought to make his comrades forget his education and his early manner. He was counted as a valuable soldier, but also numbered among the rowdies, the toughs.

Late one afternoon, Dargelos' company was hurled into action against the mountain tribes, to extricate less-seasoned troops on the verge of being surrounded. In military French, the operation is termed *décrochage*, unhooking, and is always a delicate, dangerous task against Moroccans.

THE enemy sensed success, victory, and the rounded, bushed crests, bathed in the glow of the late sun, seemed to swarm with leaping riflemen. The shrill cries of the triumphant warriors, pierced by the shrieks of women following behind, echoed in the ravines. As it broke marching formation and scattered into combat sections, the company appeared pathetically small, unequal to the undertaking. A handful of men in khaki thrown against the howling lines of natives. . . .

Yet, in the space of fifteen minutes, those one hundred and eighty men bucked into the advancing horde, gored in deeply at one spot, rooted themselves on the crest of a hill. Their automatic rifles raked the whole front with fierce, orderly fire: the Legion had taken charge.

There was a moment of stillness as the enemy recognized its new foes, then the shouting broke out afresh as they accepted the challenge. The retreating *Tirailleurs* were permitted to depart, and the attack centered on the mercenaries. For the better part of an hour, there was a hard combat, which seemed the prelude to an inevitable massacre. Fifteen to one, twenty to one, thirty to one as the action progressed and new elements were sucked in from other parts of the field, the mountain people stalked the Legionnaires. They were ready to lose four men to kill one.

But as the tips of the immense crescent formed by their onslaught closed in, whistles stabbed through the fusillade, and the soldiers withdrew slowly to another position. They bore away their wounded and most of their dead. This was a tradition almost a century old with the Legion, a rule rooted in prehistoric customs among fighting men, therefore more carefully observed than printed regulations.

Lieutenant Colonna dropped. And his entire platoon halted.

Colonna had felt little more than a smart impact against his thigh, like a stick blow. He tried to rise, calling to his men to carry on. Night was coming, the swift-falling Moroccan night in which a naked man with a knife is equal to the modern soldier, and there was no time to lose.

But his right leg was a dead weight; his fingers were smeared with blood. And the movement awoke pain, pain that fused through his whole body, circled his temples with flashing fire, gathered and burst in his brain, within his eyeballs. Chest and stomach seemed flooded with an icy, nauseating fluid. His groping fingers found a smashed belt buckle, entered a hole in the cloth.

"Belly wound," he surmised grimly. "That does for me. Well, it had to happen some time."

He propped himself on an elbow, motioned for his sections to retreat. He was doing his duty and obeying common sense: there was no military reason to jeopardize eighty-odd lives for one life, even his own. Perhaps he did feel a surge of gratitude and relief when he was not obeyed. But he refused to admit such emotion, even to himself.

The automatic rifles were installed and working, forming islets of resistance that held back the screen of skirmishers like tacks holding a sheet in a gale. Without orders, the steely glitter of bayonets showed at the tips of the rifles.

Two men of the liaison group trotted toward the lieutenant. He recognized Sergeant Neunecker and Legionnaire Maritz. The private had a dead cigarette stuck in the corner of his mouth, and exaggerated his attitude of unconcern.

"*Nom de dieu!*" the officer greeted them as they stooped over him. "Don't you slobs understand orders? Get the devil out of this. It'll be dark in a few minutes!"

Neunecker did not take the trouble to reply. His first move was to take away his chief's pistol, which he slid in the pocket of his greatcoat.

"You're not serious, *mon lieutenant*," Maritz remarked. "You know we have to bring you in. Going to hurt, but it can't be helped. I'm taking the upper end, Sergeant."

They lifted him and bore him off. Then he lost consciousness.

WHEN he came to, it was night. Maritz was squatting by his side. Colonna tried to speak, moaned.

"Tied up your leg, Lieutenant," he announced casually. "It would be a shame for you to bleed to death after all this trouble. We'll rest here a while."

"Neunecker?"

"Over there," Maritz gestured vaguely. "He was dead. So I thought a live officer was better than a dead sergeant. But you're heavier than you look."

"Near one hundred and seventy," Colonna said, and realized how foolish this detail could be. In the poor light, he saw Maritz wipe his face with his hands, saw that the fingers left bloody smears: his blood. And he sensed that the man was badly scared, that he held himself together through will alone. Then he also knew that it would be enough: Maritz would last. "There's another wound, higher up—" he said.

"Yes. Didn't try to bandage that one. Doesn't seem to bleed much, and maybe it's better to leave it alone until we get to the dressing station."

Colonna was then aware that there was no more firing. Yet, he and Maritz were still in the open.

"Where are the others?" he asked.

"Ah, there's the idea," Maritz said, softly. "Where are they? Neunecker and I had taken some advance, keeping to the gullies to avoid bullets. Somehow, I got turned around—lost may be the better word! We'll have to wait here and hide until a patrol comes for us—or we can see where we're going. By the way, I picked this up for you." He pressed a pistol into the officer's hand: "Got it from the sergeant—after. Never know when you'll need it."

"Thanks," Colonna murmured.

There was a long pause. So long that when Colonna opened his eyes again he saw Maritz's hunched body silhouetted in pale light and knew that the moon had risen.

"Give me some water."

"Canteen's empty, Lieutenant." The private's hand gripped Colonna's wrist: "Just take it easy. I think our fellows are looking for us. We'll get out of this, you'll see."

COLONNA felt the warmth of understanding and friendship offered him. He thought that Maritz was wrong, believed himself to be dying. And, having nothing to give in return for what the Legionnaire gave, he drifted into confidences.

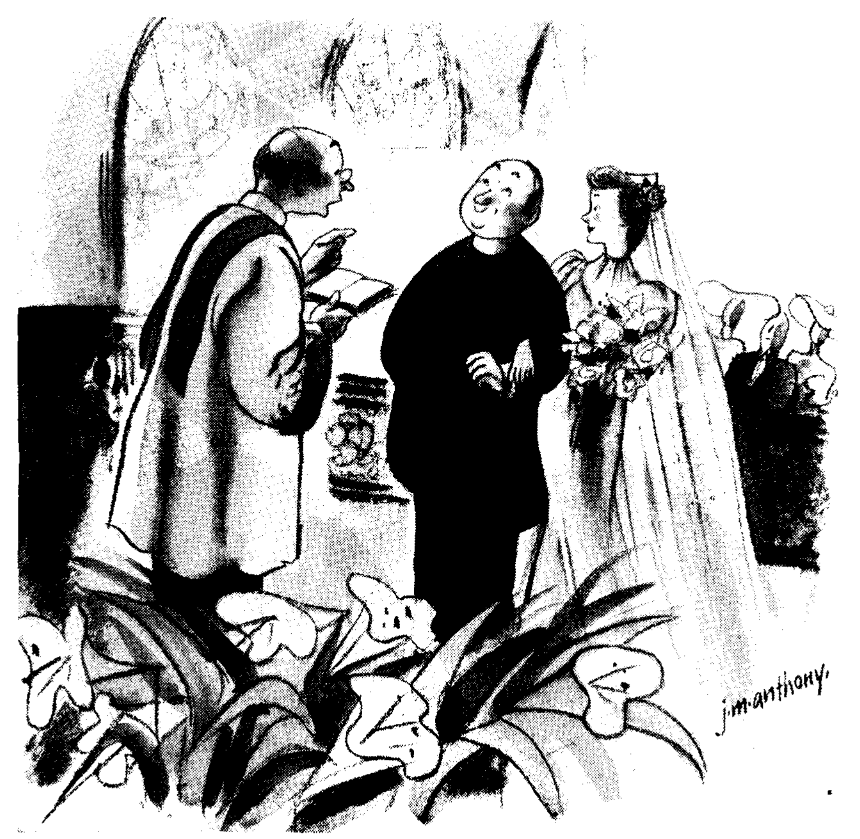
"Maritz, you must understand. I've had a hard life. You're young. I'm near forty. I should have had more sense. But a man can't be soft, not in our business. I'll tell you something nobody knows now. I told my old colonel, years ago, but he's dead. I'm an officer now, but I was in prison before. I enlisted when I was released. Then I was rehabilitated when I was given the Military Medal. Six months in prison, at Lyons. I had a job in the silk mills, and there was a strike. I hit a cop with a bottle."

Maritz laughed.

"As Neunecker might have said, let's hope that bottle was empty! Well, confidence for confidence: I enlisted when I came out of prison, too. You're nothing but a petty offender, Lieutenant. I am an assassin."

"You murdered?"

"That's what they tried to prove. They



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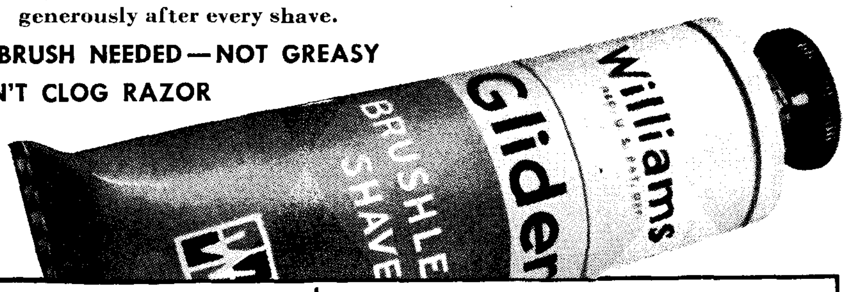
WON'T CLOG RAZOR



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couldn't." Maritz grew excited, forgot caution, spoke almost aloud. "They couldn't! They knew I had done it; they had the opportunity, the motive. But no proof. Eight months in Santé Prison, waiting for them to establish my guilt. Waiting for them to have enough proof to send me to the guillotine. They couldn't, so they let me go. But you can imagine how many friends I had after that."

"Did you do it?" Colonna asked.

"I must have—" Maritz stirred uneasily. "I must have! There was no one else with any motive. No one else. I had studied chemistry. Maybe you'll be glad you didn't get a drink from me, Lieutenant: I'm a poisoner!" His hand gripped Colonna's arm hard. "But I had good reason, even the examining magistrate agreed to that! See, I stood to inherit a lot of money. It was natural for a young man to grow impatient, with only a flicker of life in a very old man between him and wealth, freedom. It was scarcely murder, he told me, and I should confess and take twenty years. My lawyer was almost eager to have me tried. He said he could make the jury understand, that he'd get me off lightly. But I'm no fool, and I knew that until you confess they have to prove it."

HE PAUSED a while, as if expecting an answer. Colonna remained silent.

"So, you see, Lieutenant," Maritz resumed, "it was much better for me to get out of sight. To come here—and end somewhere. The sooner the better. I'm not fit to live. But—I didn't do it!"

The loud protestation did not convince Colonna. Through long experience, the lieutenant had learned that the police make fewer mistakes than is believed.

A twinge of pain shot through him as Maritz, rising, jostled against him. The Legionnaire was standing. Colonna heard the metallic rasping as he cocked his carbine. Then Maritz said very softly:

"They're close to us. I think they've located us."

They waited tensely, and both heard soft shuffling, the cautious approach of prowlers.

"Maritz—Maritz—"

The whisper slit through the quiet night. And Colonna knew that he was safe. The Legionnaire called back, then men slid down the incline, seven Legionnaires, specialists in night raiding.

"Hello, Sergeant—"

"Thought I couldn't mistake your sweet voice, smart guy! We found Neunecker three hours ago. He'd been stripped. Never expected to find you alive."

Colonna was motionless. The relief of this last minute's reprieve had knocked him out.

When the lieutenant was examined at the dressing station it was discovered that the wound which he had thought mortal was trifling. Unless infection started, Colonna was in no serious danger.

Conveyed to Hospital Louis in Meknes, he spent several weeks in the hospital. During that sojourn, he was kept informed of events in the company not only by letters from Captain Dargelos but also by short notes from friends among his subordinates. The campaign had ended, and the battalion was constructing blockhouses along the line of advance.

The officer had believed that during their few hours of frank conversation he had altered Maritz's outlook, removed some of the defiance and bitterness. Nevertheless, he was not altogether surprised by developments.

Maritz, who had "saved the life of a superior officer at the gravest risk to his own, refusing to seek safety even when ordered," had been awarded the Military Medal. The captain had promoted him to corporal and had assigned him as acting sergeant over a group formerly commanded by Neunecker.

He had behaved comparatively well for a fortnight. Then, when he commanded the detachment guarding the carts of the camp followers, temptation had been thrown his way. He had usurped power, forbidden non-Legionnaires from entering, allowed his men to become drunk, and he had replied to the remonstrances of a *Tirailleurs'* captain with insolence—and defiance!

Dargelos had saved him from a court-martial, but had been forced to cancel the citation for the medal and to reduce him to the ranks.

Colonna broke a very old rule, and sought to find out more about a Legionnaire than the man was ready to reveal. The truth was that he had grown skeptical and had decided that Maritz, succumbing to a known desire to appear picturesque, had invented the melodramatic yarn. As a former patient in the officers' ward had left behind a complete collection of crime magazines, investigation proved easy.

He had estimated the probable date from Maritz's own statement and the length of his stay in the corps. And almost at once he came upon a photograph of the Legionnaire, unmistakable although he wore fashionable civilian garb. He read the legend underneath:

A Child of Misfortune.

Maritz was of course an assumed name. He was mentioned in the magazine as Raoul Dangles. There was a complete and complicated biography: He was the son of a Hungarian violinist who had eloped with the daughter of a fine French couple. Until his parents had died, when he was twelve, he had wandered about Europe and South America with them. Forgetting his rancor against his daughter, old man Dangles had sent for the boy as soon as he had been informed the boy was orphaned. He had changed the boy's name to his own, legally, had given him a solid education.

Until Maritz had finished his studies, two years after his military service of eighteen months, all had gone well. Then the young man, who had become a chemist and had a good position with a Paris firm, had become dissatisfied. He wanted funds to start a business of his own. Dangles, who was almost ninety, had refused: it would be soon enough after he was dead; there would be plenty of time. But although he was ailing, confined in bed most of the time, he kept on living.

AT LAST, a stroke made constant medical attention necessary. Maritz left his position to be at the old man's side. Dangles, embittered by many things, would not see anyone else. So only three persons had access to his room: Maritz, the physician and a middle-aged nurse supplied by the doctor. Six months had passed, nine, a year. Maritz had had to resign his job. The grandfather would not let him out of his sight for more than a couple of hours. It was tyranny from the bed.

Suddenly the old man had died. And, acting on the information from other relatives who claimed they had been kept away from the patient by Maritz, who inherited everything, the police investigated. An autopsy proved that the old man had died from arsenic.

Maritz had been questioned, arrested.

He had signed a confession once, only to claim later that the policemen had kept him awake thirty-eight hours, without food, drink or comfort. And it could not be proved that he had purchased arsenic.

The doctor and the nurse had agreed that Maritz often prepared drinks, hot milk, orangeades, etc. Nevertheless, as part of the press believed in his possible innocence, as certain things brought out concerning old Dangles showed he had been a difficult chap to tolerate. Maritz had been released.

But the publicity given the case had lost him his fiancée. Cousins had started suit to prevent his inheriting—on the grounds that the code forbade a murderer inheriting from his victim. The last mention was that Raoul Dangles, the poisoner, had left France for South America. . . .

After a brief convalescence, Colonna was placed in command of the outpost of Bir-Dahab, in the Middle Atlas, on the fringe of the hostile zone. It was garrisoned by his old platoon. Maritz was there, and Colonna summoned him.

"I've never thanked you personally," he said. "I think I should."

"It was nothing, Lieutenant," Maritz said. He had grown older in appearance, seemed steadier. But he was drinking hard, when off duty.

"And I wish to make clear that anything said that night was confidential." Colonna's swarthy face flushed. "A man talks more than he thinks when—you understand!"

Maritz bristled, drew himself straighter. "Lieutenant, you need not worry. I've forgotten what you said."

"I was referring to what you mentioned, Legionnaire—" Colonna corrected.

"In that case, I wasn't worried. I knew it was not necessary to ask *your* silence, Lieutenant."

THREE months passed by.

One morning, in the long list of general orders forwarded to him by the principal post, the lieutenant found an item concerning his station:

"Legionnaire Maritz, Joachim, now in garrison at Bir-Dahab, is to be sent to Meknes with the next detachment leaving that outpost, there to be placed at the disposal of the civil authorities, by special decision of the General commanding the Division."

At first, Colonna was not startled. Then he realized the import of those few lines: something new had been discovered, probably sufficient proof to send Maritz before a jury.

Colonna consulted his record: The next detachment was leaving in four days, men on leave to Meknes and Casablanca. Six of them, enough to guard Maritz.

It was during the night that the lieutenant awoke, perspiring, breathing hard. In a nightmare, he had relived the strain of the gully, the waiting for the prowlers. He had dreamed of Maritz, who had saved him, who had not abandoned him, who was ready to die with him, as a Legionnaire should.

Could he, Colonna, let the poor chap down, look at him tending to his duties about the outpost as if nothing were pending? Look at him for four days? Didn't he owe him a warning, a few words of sympathy, an offer of help?

"There's nothing I can do," the lieutenant whispered aloud, "nothing I can do. But if I do nothing, I'm nothing but a hog—" he repeated several times: "*rien qu'un cochon!*"

Suddenly he smiled broadly into the darkness, settled back on his hard pillow, and went to sleep, calm as a child. But he was nervous and gloomy the following morning, because he had thought of the possible consequences to himself.

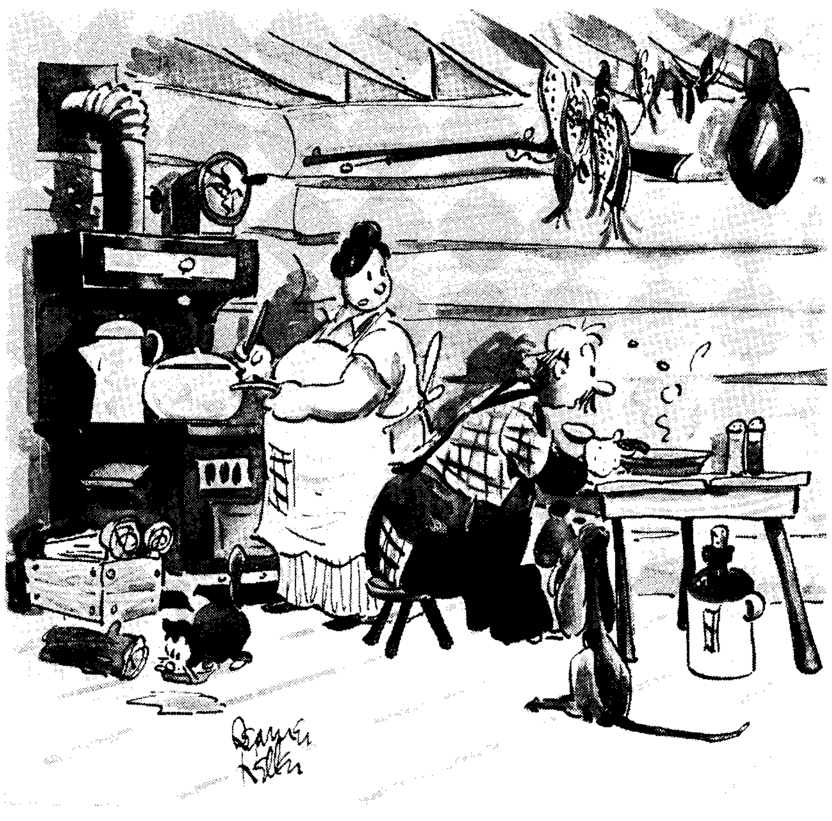
"Send Legionnaire Maritz here," he ordered. When the Legionnaire came to attention before his table, in the office, Colonna addressed him in brisk, military tone: "Equip yourself completely. Here's an order for one hundred cartridges, another for ten days' rations. Report here when you're ready."

Maritz gaped, but saluted and left without a question. In thirty minutes, he was back, carrying his pack, his rifle. His pouches were filled. He presented arms and waited for developments.

"At ease," Colonna said. "You may place your rifle against the wall. You will read this order concerning you with attention." He offered the typewritten slip, watched Maritz's face as he read, saw the flicker of the lids, the tension growing around the mouth: "You comprehend fully?"

"Yes, Lieutenant."

"Now!" Colonna beamed with hypocritical warmth: "No one is scheduled to go for several days. That order seems imperative. You will therefore form an independent detachment." He grinned widely: "You are its commander, obviously, being alone. I order you to pro-



"See if there's any beans in it, Kennesaw. I may have put the dishwater on the table by mistake" REAMER KELLER

The fiery Bull,
when he sees red, is quite a triple threat.
He rolls his eyes and paws the ground—
He is the **Toughest** yet.

A remarkable chap
is the **Fast-moving** Mink.
When he's in a hurry, he's off in a wink!

Now mix them both up, and mix them up well,
And there, sir, you have the **New Golden Shell!**

BULL-MINK

Like two oils in one, it's Tough and it's Fast,
It **Cuts Starting Wear** and how it does last!

Starting causes More Engine Wear than all the running . . . New Golden Shell Motor Oil is Fast-Flowing to reduce this wear . . . Tough so it stands the heat of steady driving.

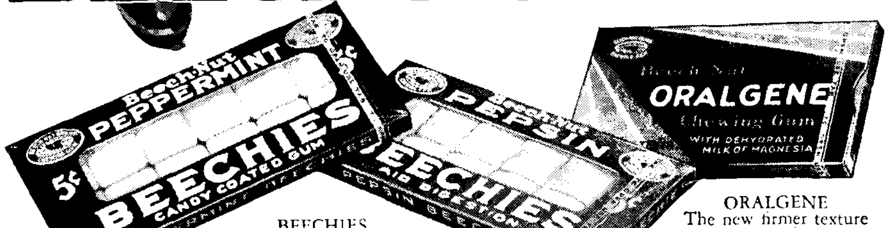
Golden Shell
The New Motor Oil
SHELL

"Always worth stopping for"

PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
BEECH-NUT BRAND CHEWING GUM
BEECH-NUT GUM PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
THE TAB ALWAYS REFRESHING
Beech-Nut SPEARMINT Gum

Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!

BEECH-NUT GUM


Beech-Nut PEPPERMINT BEECHIES CANDY COATED GUM 5¢
PEPSIN BEECHIES AIDS DIGESTION
Beech-Nut ORALGENE Chewing Gum WITH DEHYDRATED MILK OF MAGNESIA

BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating . . doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. "Chew with a purpose."

SPEARMINT BEECHIES

The Beech-Nut Circus

SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

You can taste the difference Quality makes

ceed to Meknes by what you consider the best route. To assist you, here are maps of the region. Naturally, I trust you not to lose your way and strike southwest. Putting together the fact that you have rifle and cartridges, which can be swapped for a measure of consideration from the dissident tribes, and the fact that you were alone, you might be accused of deserting. In that case, I'd have remorse, due to the cartridges.

"Another plausible course, if you lost your way, less logical of course, would be to strike southeast, use rifle and cartridges only for protection of your own person. That might be tempting, as it has often occurred to me that a man with a little money, having made his way to the Algerian border, could quietly throw rifle and remaining shells in some stream, and stroll into a town after purchasing civilian garments."

MARITZ'S eyes blazed; his hands shook slightly.

"You're a great kidder, Lieutenant."

"At times. But I'm certain you won't lose yourself, not with the maps. By the way, would you mind doing me a personal favor? I have an account with the *Crédit Algérien* in Oran. Would you mind dropping into their Meknes office, while in that city, and depositing the contents of this envelope? There are three thousand two hundred francs, my savings up here." Colonna smiled. "That's the best part of outpost service, one gets a chance to save. You may leave any time."

Colonna rose, circled the table and offered his hand. "Good luck. I shall allow a reasonable time, then expect to hear of your arrival."

He waited four days.

On the fifth, Colonna sat down to write. And for the first time, words flowed easily from his pen. He was writing to the colonel commanding the regiment whom he had known as a lieutenant, with the mounted company stationed in Beni-Unif years before.

"I know you'll understand that my conscience is somehow clear. So far as I was concerned, the man, no matter what he had done outside, deserved a chance from his officer in the Legion. *We* had nothing to reproach him with. At the first hint of trouble, use my resignation. I had hoped, naturally, for my pension. But if I remained an officer, the civil authorities might demand my trial. And that would make a very bad mess, and I would lose out in the end, anyway. I had dreams of retiring as a captain, of having an easy position on the prestige of that title. Eighteen years of service lost, just because I can't bear to be a slob. Not that I regret them, Colonel, the Legion has been my family—"

He wrote much more.

Then with the help of his orderly, he packed his small tin trunks in readiness. He boxed the long-barreled native guns he kept as souvenirs. He could sell them, sometime. As long as he resigned peacefully, the civilians would leave him alone, probably. He could get a job of some sort—with a gas or trolley company in Algeria, or perhaps as manager of a farm. For if a man could run a hundred or more Legionnaires, he could aspire to handle cows! . . .

The first news was a telegram from the Meknes Bank, acknowledging a deposit of three thousand two hundred francs, which were being transmitted to his Oran account!

He was puzzled over this still when a large official envelope reached him, containing his resignation and a letter from the colonel. The regimental commander stiffly explained in the first part that he did not understand the motive for the fuss, that Legionnaire Maritz, Joachim, had reached Meknes by bus, having boarded that conveyance at Arzou. He had reported immediately to the barracks, been turned over to the civil authorities. Lieutenant Colonna could see for himself the disposal of the case in the newspaper clippings which he, the colonel, was instructing his scribe to enclose.

Colonna, wiping his sweating fingers on his breeches, unfolded the clippings: Raoul Dangles, enlisted in the Foreign Legion as Legionnaire Maritz, Joachim, had been summoned to testify before the magistrates in a famous poisoning case. Police officials in Cette, France, investigating a sudden death, had recognized a middle-aged woman who had been the victim's housekeeper as the nurse in the Dangles' case.

A secret checking up of her past had revealed a number of rapid deaths in homes where she had been employed. And when faced with these facts, the woman, evidently a maniac, had confessed that she hated to see old persons suffer.

There was a review of Maritz's tribulations, closing with the announcement that the revelation would end a suit to prevent his inheriting. Upon being interviewed as to his plans for the future, the Legionnaire had said that he would wait until he had ended his remaining three years and four months in the Legion before planning further, and that he might even continue in the corps, provided his prospects then warranted such a course!

There was a manuscript note from the colonel, familiarly addressing Colonna as Dirty Corsican. He informed the lieutenant that in an effort to straighten matters, having taken it for granted that Maritz had deserted, he had gone to see the general commanding the division, who had once had a battalion of the Second Foreign Regiment, at Saida. The general had said that Colonna was just a cracked Legionnaire who had taken a long chance. Then he had asked if it could be the same Colonna who had been a sergeant in his battalion.

On learning that this was the fact, he had said: "Well, what's he doing as a lieutenant? Show me his record, and if he has done half the things he claims, I'll have him a captain or set fire to the War Department."

Colonna was discovering that he had been right all along, and that writing was important for a soldier. But he felt uneasy for a long time at the thought of his frank statements.

MARITZ'S return to Bir-Dahab was a triumphal procession. Prosperity had not gone to his head: he was still a Legionnaire. And he was soon very drunk. Colonna sent him to prison for four days.

When he had served his sentence, Colonna spoke with him.

"You understood what I meant?"

"Yes, Lieutenant."

"And you didn't know that—woman had confessed?"

"No, Lieutenant."

"Then why did you go to Meknes?"

Maritz's chin lifted; his eyes clashed with those of Colonna.

"I didn't want to give you the satisfaction, Lieutenant. You'd have said, 'Well, Maritz was a smart guy, but I had to get him out of trouble.' I didn't want you to say that."

"You'd sooner have taken twenty years in the jug, eh?"

"Yes, Lieutenant."

Colonna understood him perfectly well. Any Legionnaire would have understood. He shrugged, scanned Maritz with a swift glance.

"You're being insolent, Legionnaire. Dismissed."

Maritz saluted, left. Colonna looked after him, and the old irritation seeped back into his soul. He muttered a few words before resuming routine: "Mountebank, clown, show-off!"

New CHEVROLET 1937
COMMERCIAL CARS AND TRUCKS

New—MORE LOAD SPACE and IMPROVED LOAD DISTRIBUTION

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A Larger Load Platform, on the model pictured here, gives greater carrying capacity on every trip. Improved Weight and Load Distribution means added all-round efficiency. Perfected Hydraulic Brakes assure the quickest, safest, straight-line stops. And most important of all, Chevrolet's New High-Compression Valve-in-Head Engine has been made even more powerful, even more economical, than in the past.

This new Chevrolet engine has the greatest pulling power in the entire Chevrolet price range. It is the most economical engine for all-round duty—requiring less gas, less oil, less upkeep. And, of course, it is designed and built to serve dependably for many extra thousands of miles.

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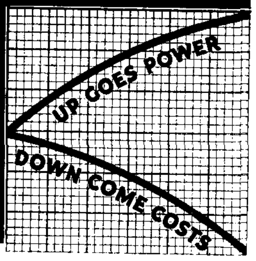
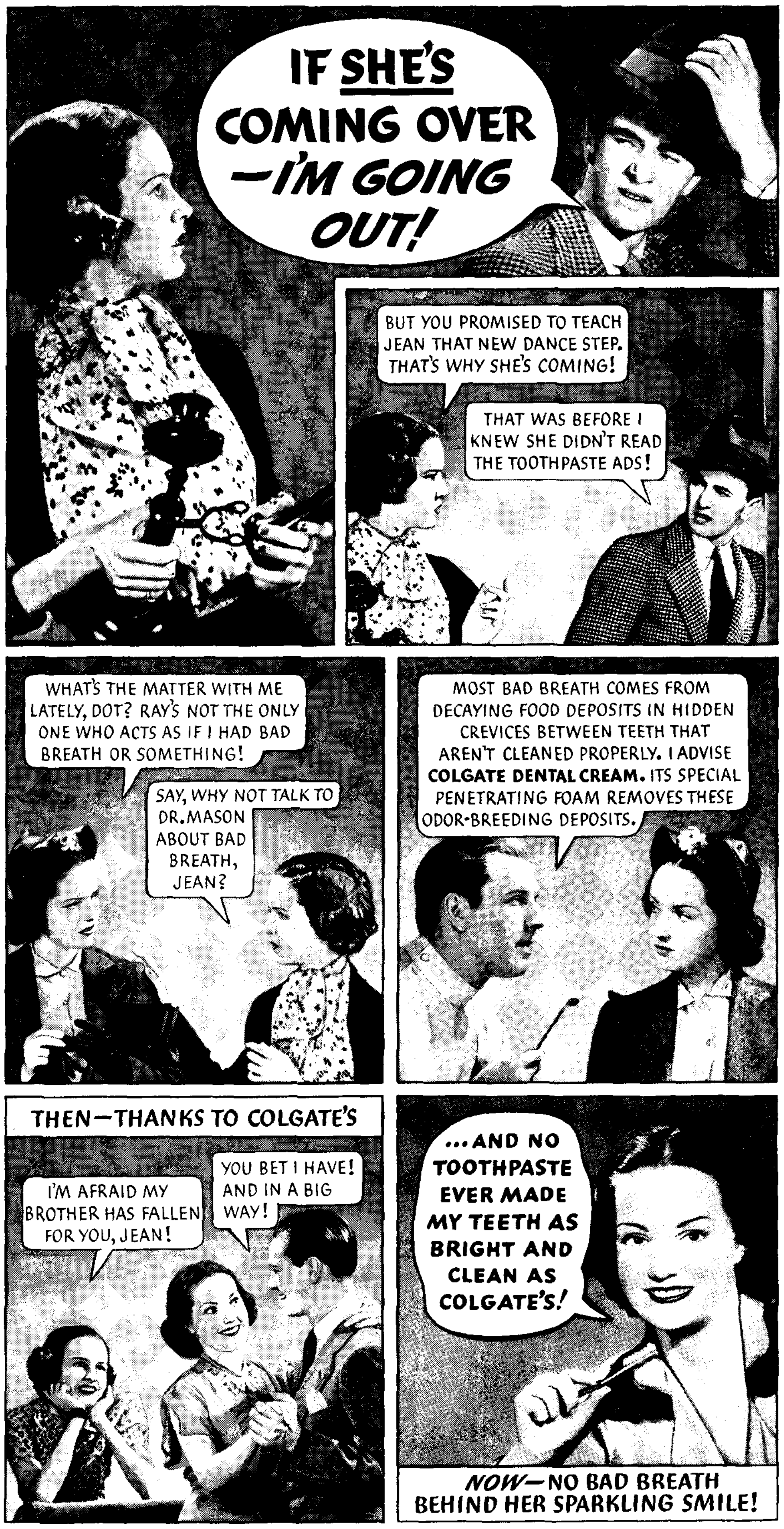
CHEVROLET PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES — NEW HIGH-COMPRESSION VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE — MORE LOAD SPACE — IMPROVED LOAD DISTRIBUTION — NEW STEELSTREAM STYLING — IMPROVED FULL-FLOATING REAR AXLE WITH NEW ONE-PIECE HOUSING (on 1½-Ton Models) — NEW ALL-STEEL CAB — PRESSURE STREAM LUBRICATION



"MORE POWER per gallon LOWER COST per load!"


IF SHE'S COMING OVER —I'M GOING OUT!
BUT YOU PROMISED TO TEACH JEAN THAT NEW DANCE STEP. THAT'S WHY SHE'S COMING!
THAT WAS BEFORE I KNEW SHE DIDN'T READ THE TOOTHPASTE ADS!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME LATELY, DOT? RAY'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO ACTS AS IF I HAD BAD BREATH OR SOMETHING!
SAY, WHY NOT TALK TO DR. MASON ABOUT BAD BREATH, JEAN?
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
THEN—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
I'M AFRAID MY BROTHER HAS FALLEN FOR YOU, JEAN!
YOU BET I HAVE! AND IN A BIG WAY!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

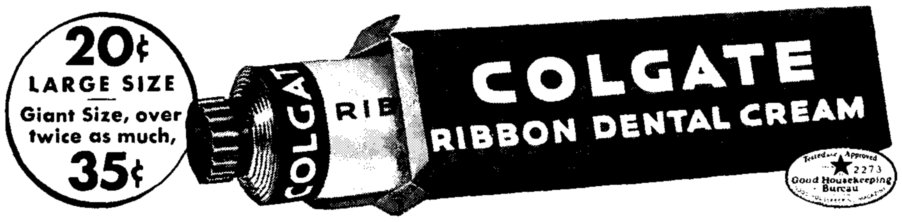
Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

TESTS show that 76% of all people over the age of 17 *have bad breath!* Tests also prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth!* Decaying food deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most bad breath . . . of dull, dingy teeth . . . and of much tooth decay.

Ordinary cleaning methods, which merely polish exposed surfaces, fail to *remove* these odor-breeding deposits. But Colgate Dental Cream, with its special *penetrating* foam, gets into every tiny crevice—emulsifies and washes away the food and acid deposits that cause bad breath.

And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives a new brilliance to your smile.

So brush your teeth, gums, tongue, with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!


20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much,
35¢
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Tested and Approved
2273
Good Housekeeping Bureau

Mixed Troubles

Continued from page 17

to her ears. Someone was practicing shots against the locker-house wall.

"Who's out there, Charles?" she asked, more from desire to hear another voice than from curiosity.

Charles pushed the register forward. He indicated a name with his thumb.

"Dr. Richard Siebold," read Pinky, "Berkeley, California."

"We've issued a two weeks' guest card," said the steward. "He's here at a medical convention. I was talking to him just before he went out back. I'd almost forgotten who he was. He was here in 1928. That was the year that Lott put the last leg on our trophy. Doctor Siebold was the runner-up."

"Really!"

"Yes. And he was considered the most promising youngster in tennis. Only he went to medical school and had to drop from tournament play."

"What's he like?" asked Pinky.

But just then Skipe and Maida Thompson came in. Skipe, at once, came toward her.

"What's this I hear," he asked, "about you canceling us out?"

Pinky looked at Maida.

"Grandmother, what big ears you have!" she murmured.

"Pinky!" Skipe was imperious.

Pinky gave him a grudging "Yes?"

"If I offended you out there, I'm really awfully sorry. I'd no idea you meant it. I mean, that you'd call things off." Skipe was doing better than he knew. Already there was a glow in Pinky's breast. An apology from Skipe! And right in front of Maida! But Skipe, the boob, muffed it: ruined it would be a better term. He added good-naturedly, with a shake of his close-cropped head: "You're such a hotheaded kid, Pinky."

"Oh, am I?" Pinky snapped, her emotional gear going full speed astern, and laboring. "Well, let me tell you, Skipe Albro, this decision was coolly made. And just as coolly does it stand."

"LISTEN," said Skipe, lines furrowing his ordinarily open brow, "I could get mad at you, Pinky. Really I could. I don't want to."

"Pinky," Maida offered austerely, "really isn't herself."

"You really mean this, Pinky?" Skipe asked.

"Utterly," Pinky said.

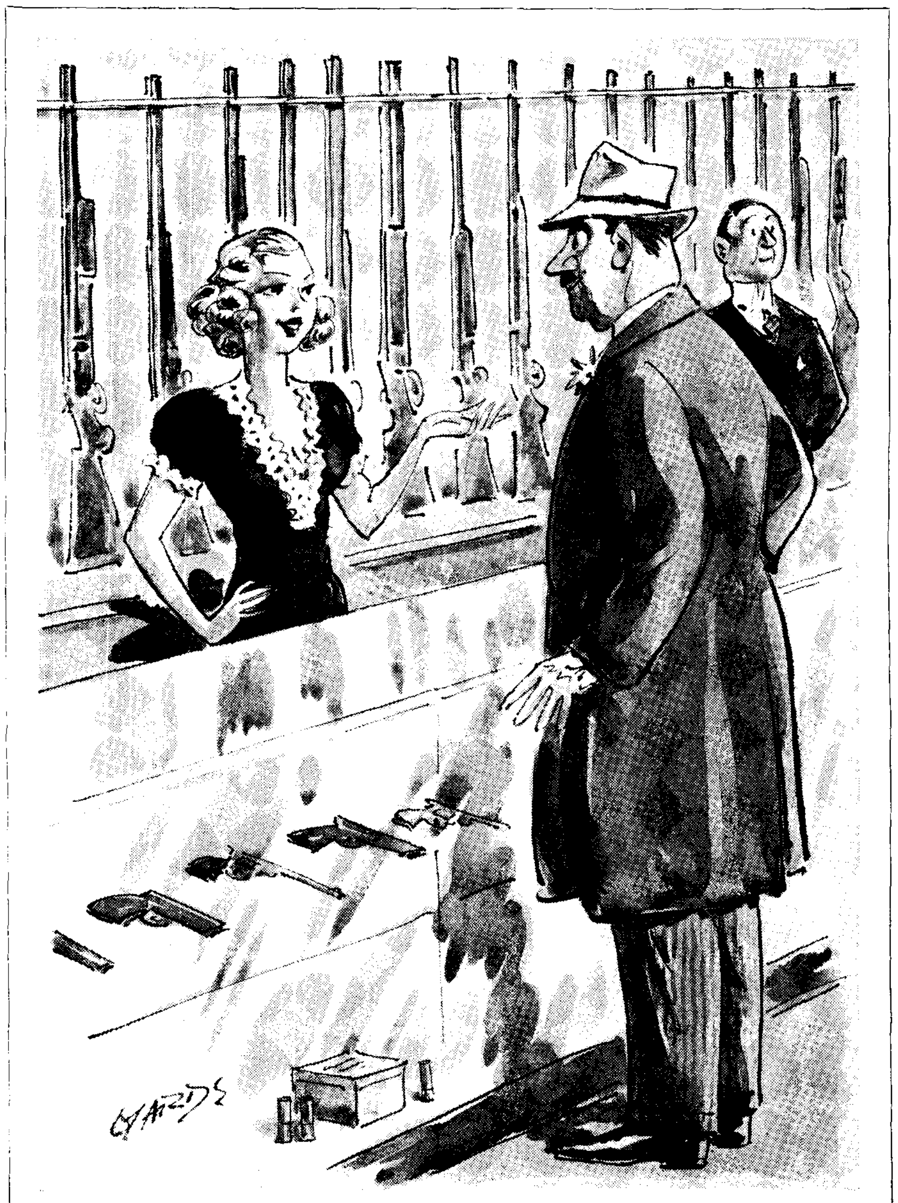
"Okay." Skipe turned to Maida. "It's a left-handed deal for you and I should have asked you in the first place, but how about it, Maida? Will you play as my partner next week?"

Maida appeared to be having a moment of considering hesitation.

"Don't let her kid you," said Pinky.

"All right, Skipe," Maida agreed. Then she turned again to Pinky and her smile held a full measure of condescension. "Of course, this means you're not playing. Very well, darling, I'll take your check."

"That," Pinky announced, and she



"Mr. Jones knows all about shotguns. I'm just a decoy"

CHESTER GARDE

"Hail to the President...1992"

Sleep on, young man. Your work's *ahead* . . . It's a new nation you will grow up to govern—but a nation that is being made finer today by the will of your parents to give you a happier, a safer, a richer life . . . They're pretty fine people—those parents of yours. But if you told them that they were the creators of a new standard of living for America they'd be surprised. They've never thought of it that way . . . Yet it is true. They, and the millions of other typical parents, have made possible, through their intelligent use of instalment buying, our system of low-cost production which benefits every American of today and *tomorrow*.

YOU—HIS PARENTS—AND MILLIONS OF OTHER AMERICANS—ENJOY FUTURE SAVINGS NOW BECAUSE OF GOOD CREDIT

Now, millions enjoy automatic heat that safeguards babies while they sleep—mechanical refrigeration that protects their milk and food—washing machines, ranges and other appliances that give mothers so many more leisure hours. A few years ago these were new, relatively unknown . . . the luxuries of the wealthy.

Today—immeasurably improved, they are *yours*. *Yours* because of the power of instalment buying to widen markets, lower costs and improve quality.

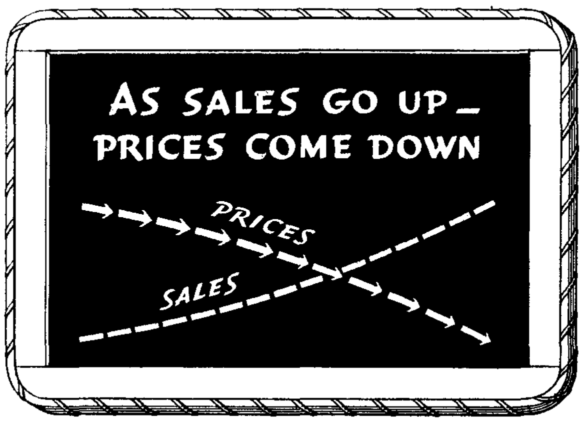
You will see further progress. You will see *new* industries born to prosper . . . and old industries find new life—because a powerful, active market is waiting and the financing machinery is ready to serve it.

You live in a generation that has had the wisdom to pay as it goes—*out of income*—the vision to grow.

Your children will see further progress in the art of planning better living.

BETTER LIVING—MORE JOBS

For more than 20 years C. I. T. has helped make life more worth while for millions. It has made it possible for many more families to buy automobiles, refrigerators, automatic heating, washing machines, radios and many other modern conveniences. This has led to thousands of jobs where only hundreds would be, were it not for instalment buying.



T*HERE is nothing complicated about the way instalment buying leads to lower costs and better products. Instalment buying increases sales. That increases production and lowers prices.*

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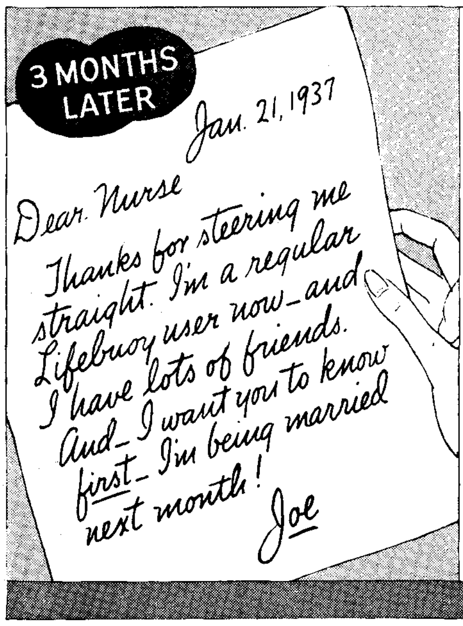
I'M GLAD I BROKE MY ANKLE!
I SEEM TO BE THE ONLY VISITOR! A NICE FELLOW LIKE JOE WOULD HAVE LOTS OF FRIENDS IF HE'D BEEN MORE PARTICULAR
YOU'D THINK EVERY GROWN MAN WOULD KNOW ABOUT AND USE LIFEBUOY.....
I HEARD YOU! TELL ME WHAT LIFEBUOY HAS TO DO WITH MY NOT HAVING MADE FRIENDS!
I'LL BE FRANK — LIFEBUOY STOPS "B.O." IT CONTAINS A SPECIAL PURIFYING INGREDIENT NOT IN OTHER WELL-KNOWN TOILET SOAPS


3 MONTHS LATER

Jan. 21, 1937

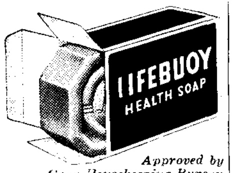
Dear Nurse

Thanks for steering me straight. I'm a regular Lifebuoy user now—and I have lots of friends. And—I want you to know first—I'm being married next month!

Joe

REALLY SMART GIRLS USE THIS 20% MILDER LATHER TO KEEP THEIR COMPLEXIONS LOVELY

AND wise girls bathe *regularly* with Lifebuoy...in fact, more American women —men and children, too—use Lifebuoy in the bath than any other soap...This fact was revealed when eight leading magazines questioned 120,000 women. Try Lifebuoy! Its invigorating lather penetrates the very depths of your pores, *purifies*, stops "B.O."... Yes! You can *depend* on Lifebuoy to give *lasting freshness.*


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

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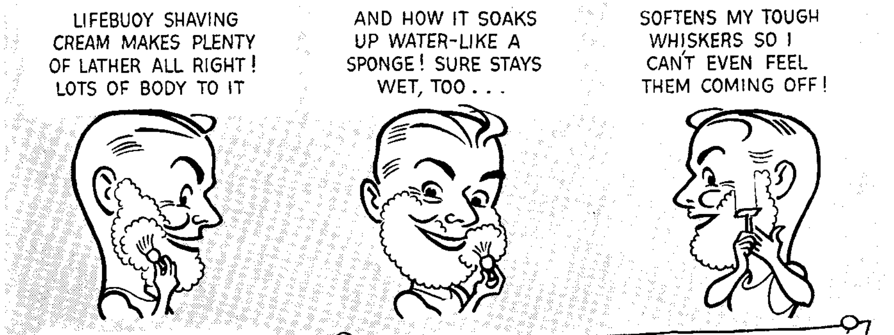
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SOFTENS MY TOUGH WHISKERS SO I CAN'T EVEN FEEL THEM COMING OFF!

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LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

knew full well what she was saying, "is just where you're wrong, Maida, my sweet, sweet child. I'm not only playing but I'll add five dollars more to the wager. I'll beat you and Skipe with the first man I meet when I walk out that door."

She nodded toward the door that led to the court by the locker house. The five-dollar gesture devastated next week's allowance.

"Whew!" Skipe whistled in amazement. "This thing is getting pretty hot. It isn't my business, ladies, but aren't you kind of plunging?"

"No!" snapped Maida. "She's crazy. Pinky, I'll take that bet."

Pinky marched for the door. Maida and Skipe followed.

"You stay inside," ordered Pinky, "and look through that window there. You've a right to see whom I meet, but you haven't any right to listen."

She closed the door behind her and started down the flight of steps. It was here that frustration almost had her. At the bottom Mr. Sturgis was coming up.

NOW Pinky had no dislike for Mr. Sturgis. But he played tennis to keep his waistline at forty-two. He was bald and genial and had three children. He looked up, and Pinky knew he verged on speech. It was imperious, just now, that they should not meet.

There was one thing to do: and she did it. She vaulted the rail like a wild thing pursued. It was a long drop down and Pinky's tummy did a couple of flip-flops. Doctor Siebold looked up to see slim legs, flying skirts, extended arms, and a red mouth held open in transfixation. Then, plop! the lady landed at his feet.

"Glad you dropped in," he told her. "I'm a doctor. Any broken legs?"

Pinky straightened up; the soles of her feet were stinging.

"No," she informed him quickly. "And please say hello!"

"All right. Hello," said the doctor.

"There," said Pinky. "We've met."

"We seem to have," he agreed. "You know, they wrote a song about you."

"Which one?" asked Pinky, principally engaged in shifting from one foot to another.

"'When Did You Leave Heaven?' Remember?"

Pinky began to smile. He was nice. He was spare and brown with that deep brown peculiar to a native Californian. And he didn't rush around trying to get her water and chairs and things.

"Look," she said, "you're Dick Siebold."

"Ah!" he said. "You have the divining power of angels, too."

"And I'm Pinky Batchelder. You're to call me Pinky," she said.

"Each time you descend?" he asked. "Good! Whenever I hear a plop I won't even have to look. I'll say: 'Hi, there, Pinky!' Right?"

"No," said Pinky. "I mean yes. I mean, listen for a minute, won't you? I've so much to say in a hurry. I know all about you."

"Well, that much is out of the way then."

"And it's stupid for you to have to shuttlecock a ball when there are vacant courts and me to play with you. So pick up your things and come with me."

"I'd love to," said Doctor Siebold, "but may I ask—"

"Yes. I'll tell you. Because you and I are going to play in a tournament together next week. And there isn't much time for practice."

Doctor Siebold became serious.

"Now, I'm sensible of the honor," he said. "But unfortunately I'm here on professional business. I've lectures to listen to each day and—"

"What time do they let out?"

"Oh, early afternoon. But, you see, I leave them all yawny and stuffy. I couldn't execute match play. I'm pretty positive of that."

"Nonsense!" said Pinky. "It would be good for you. Brighten you up for the following day."

"But—ah—Miss—"

"Pinky."

"Well, Pinky, the truth is I don't go in for tournament play these years. Too busy, and out of condition more or less. I just use the game for a bit of exercise. I—"

"Look," Pinky interrupted, "have you a girl?"

"I—uh—well, I did have at the moment of leaving California."

"Are you fond of her?"

"Rather!"

"And she of you?"

"I believe so."

"Well, listen then: She knows all about your career; doesn't she? I mean your tennis career when you were a top-flight player."

"I suppose I have spoken of it," Doctor Siebold conceded.

"And the black spot is right at this club. It was here in 1928 that you were a runner-up for the trophy." Pinky spoke as if being a runner-up was a most disgraceful thing. "Well, when you get back do you know what is going to happen? I'll tell you: 'Darling,' you're going to say, 'look what Papa brought home!' And then, kerplunk! you'll drop a cup from this club in her hands. She's going to adore you for it. You'll be her perfect man."

"Will I?" the doctor inquired, and Pinky knew she had his interest at last.

"Of course you will," said Pinky. "I know! I'm a girl myself."

"Well," said the doctor, "and I'm foolish. Lead on then. You've made a sale."

"This way," said Pinky, walking toward the stairs. "We'll go through the clubhouse and file our entry." Her heart was dancing within her. "Besides, there are friends of mine in there that I'd enjoy having you know."

"Do we have to walk?" complained Doctor Siebold. "I thought you'd just take my hand and sort of waft me right up."

Pinky turned and smiled. She liked him, she found, a lot. He opened the door for her.

"Come on in, Dick," she said.

"This," she announced a moment later, "is my dear friend Maida Thompson, Doctor Siebold. And my dear, dear friend Randolph Albro, who is the champion of our club. You might as well meet them now, for we're going to meet them in the finals next week."

PINKY, miraculously, proved correct. And it happened on a hot afternoon. A sticky April prelude to August. And the first two sets split even.

They lay on the grass now, she and Doctor Siebold, in the luxury of a ten-minute rest. Above them threatening black clouds patrolled an unsettled sky. But as yet they had not convened to launch a thunderous attack.

The small gallery chattered, laughed and smoked cigarettes.

Dick Siebold sighed.

"So far, so good," he said.

Pinky rolled to come up on one rounded elbow. Her brown cheeks were moist and flushed with the crimson of effort. She took a handkerchief from her belt and wiped the lids of her clear, dark eyes and blew futilely at a fallen golden wisp on her brow.

"Thanks to you, Dick," she stated.

"Oh, now!"

"It's true. You've taught me so much this week. Steadied me. Been awfully patient. I've learned more from you in a day than I could from—well, anyone else in a month."

"But we have the ideal relationship for such work. You see, where personal feelings are involved, instruction runs into a snag."

"Personal feelings?" said Pinky.

"Between you and the lad across the net."

"But—"

"Oh, I know you haven't told me anything. But, my dear, you don't have to."

"Oh!" said Pinky; then, "Oh!" again.

"See here," said Dick Siebold, smiling, "this means a lot to you; doesn't it?"

"An awful lot," said Pinky. "I want, terribly, to win."

"Then listen: This last set you did awfully well. That's how we were able to snatch it off the fire, believe it or not. But the first set you were tense. Flighty. Uncertain. Nervous. Whatever you do, Pinky, don't revert to that. The principal thing for you to remember when we go back out there is to keep yourself liquid—and relax."

"I'll try," Pinky promised.

"But that isn't all. As a matter of tactics they're going to lay into you with all they have."

"They would!" said Pinky bitterly.

Dick Siebold shook his head.

"You mustn't feel like that," he cautioned. "After all, it's tennis at its best. Strike the enemy on his weakest flank. So don't be bitter."

A SOFT roll of thunder rumbled beyond the horizon. Some air fanned at Pinky's damp hair.

"Miss Batchelder? Doctor Siebold?"

Pinky and her partner got up.

Dick Siebold winked.

"Just let yourself go," he told her.

They walked out on the court; Pinky down to the net. It was Dick's service. She could feel the gallery settling down.

There stood Maida, waiting: not a hair nor an emotion out of place. Maida, though young, was a veteran of tennis wars such as this.

And Skipe, angular and insouciant. Offhand efficiency at its best. Pinky thought he grinned at her. She sniffed softly, and crouched.

Dick took advantage of a psychological situation. Before pace could resume he whistled two aces across. Skipe came in to the third serve and drove it deep off his forehand. The circle of action widened. They deployed to defend and attack.

Dick had been right. Pinky found them coming her way. And coming hard and fast with a crafty and cutting drop. Some of her returns faulted. The majority went back across.

Dick Siebold was wonderful. And he was going all the way out. Many a point fell their way in answer to his slashing driving. Many another when his generalship forced his opponents wide. It was then that he'd race down court and drop a soft teaser between them. And be there to make a kill on a last-minute desperate lob.

Pinky lost her first service. That was to be expected. All that she had to offer was her version of a mild reverse twist. But they followed by gathering the next game with Maida serving. Dick won his own. Then, amazingly, Skipe dropped his.

Pinky would have given her soul to pull in the next game. But she tried to step up her speed, and managed, instead, double faults.

"It's okay, partner. Stout going. Four-three isn't bad at all."

"Thanks, Dick," said Pinky.

"You're batting a thousand," Dick said.

Pinky at base line, waiting, lifted her face to breathe deeply. A delicious coolness greeted it. Then came a sharp peal of thunder. Gently, it had begun to rain.

"Do you wish to continue?" asked the referee.

"Yes, please," Maida barked.

"Okay," said Skipe briefly.

Pinky and the doctor nodded.

But Maida, palpably, was off form. Maybe it was the recurring thunder. Or the increasing intensity of the rain. At any rate, she softened. Pinky and Dick drove through.

"Hey-hey!" said Dick Siebold, as the boy tossed him balls for service. "Do you know where we're sitting, partner? Right on top at five-three."

"Oh, Dick!" breathed Pinky. "Could we?"

"Get down at the net; we'll see!"

Some of the gallery were leaving. Elsewhere umbrellas went up. Pinky saw the referee turn up the collar of his jacket. She shouldn't have noticed all these things: Maida passed her with a slashing alley shot.

Pinky walked across court, fuming. A service whistled by.

"Fifteen all!"

Pinky looked back at Dick and tried to smile. He winked.

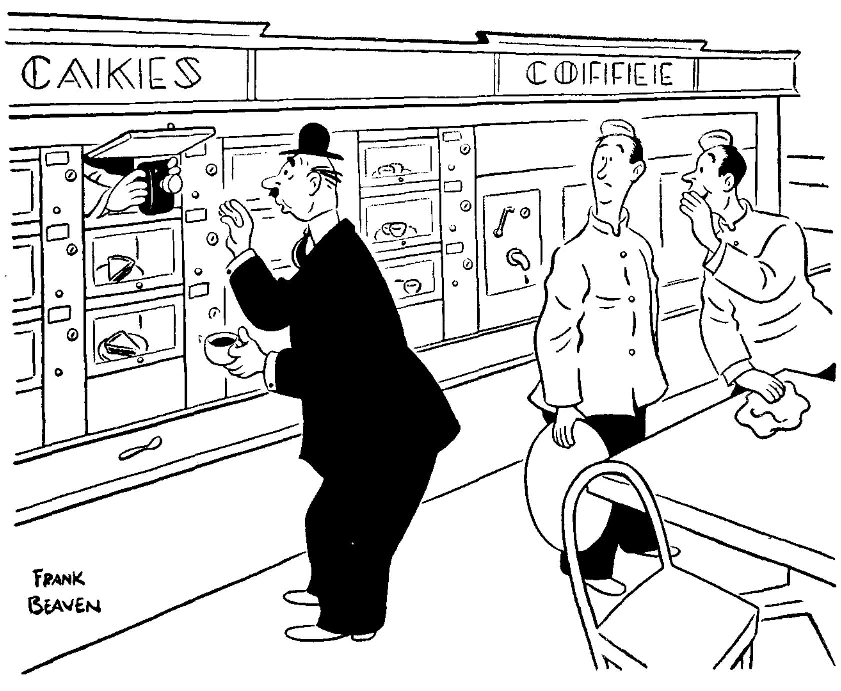
"Keep your chin up," he said.

Skipe let her have it next. They drove her back, always back; she had to lob.

It was a nice setup for Skipe He went up. Uncoiled. Killed it.

"That's okay," Dick Siebold said.

Then Maida. Maida was back in



"There goes Bergman with his candid camera again!"

FRANK BEAVEN

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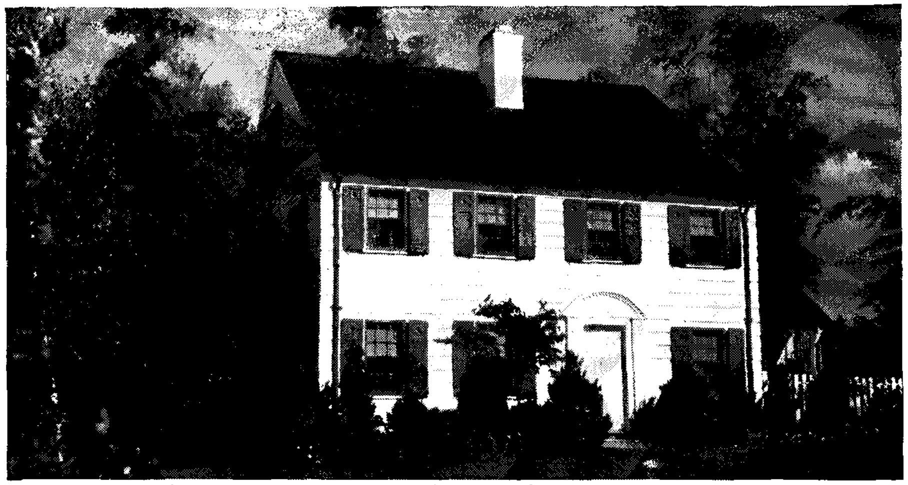

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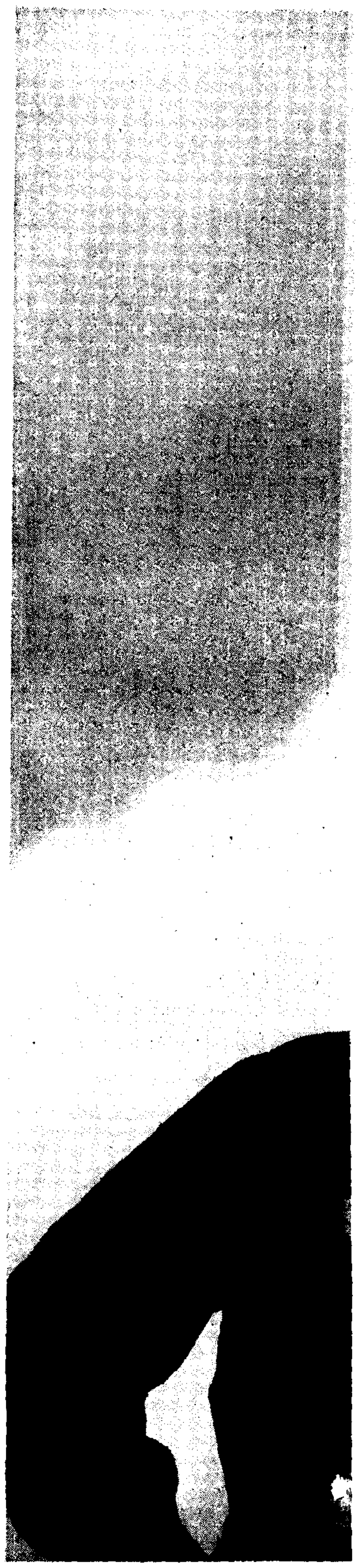

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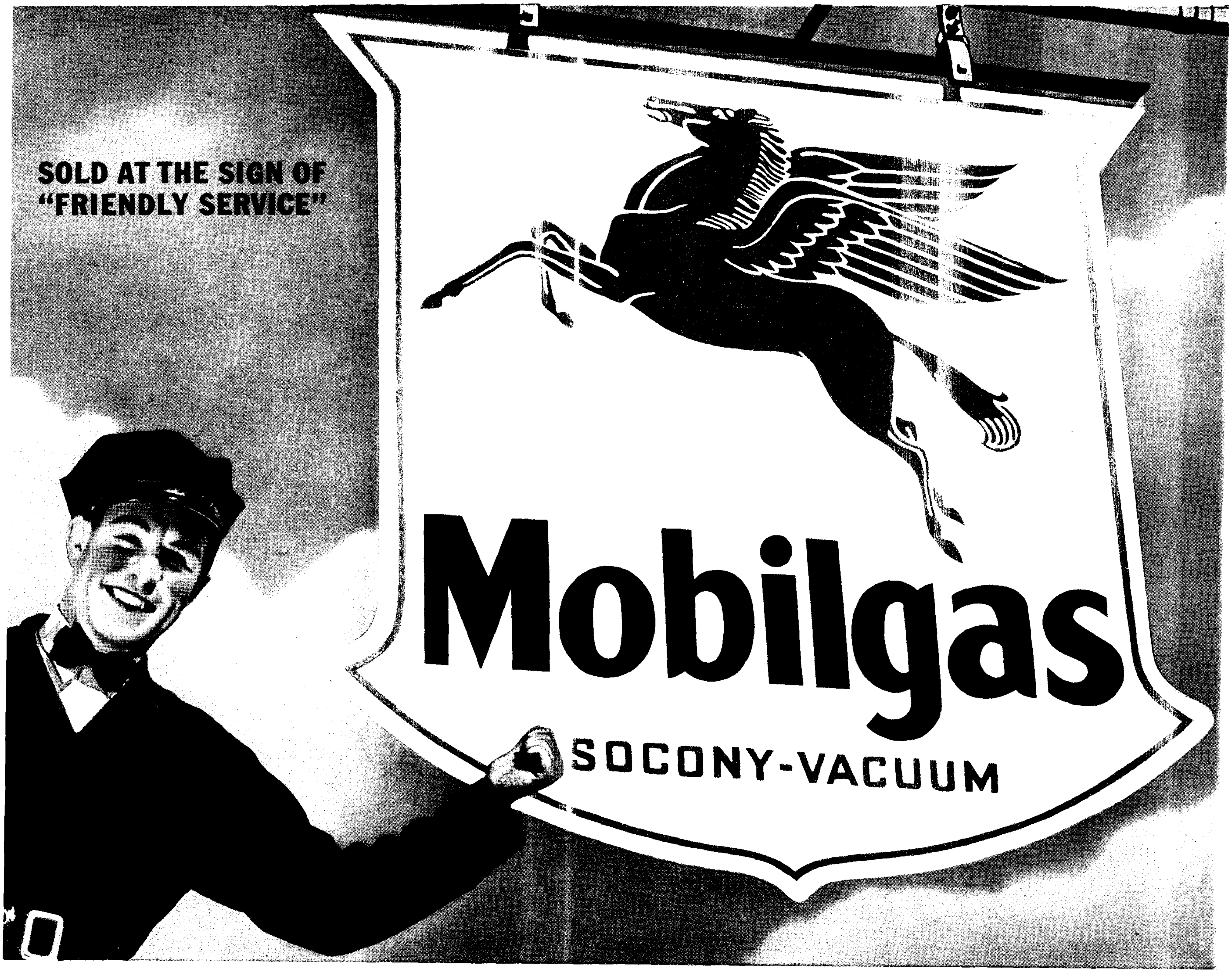
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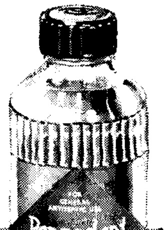

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LASTS 3 TIMES AS LONG..YOUR DOLLAR GOES 3 TIMES AS FAR!

form. She came in to meet them skillfully. Sheer grace and power in her drives. She and Skipe worked down to volley. Dick caught them with a cross-court that smoked.

"Keep your chin up," said Dick again. "We're even."

He walked back to the base line to serve. It was a beautiful thing, flicking the clay by a whisker where the white line crossed it. Maida went all the way out for it, but it passed her racket at the tip.

"Forty-thirty," intoned the referee.

IT WAS unbelievable; but here it was! This last point and they had it. They must have it. Play couldn't continue beyond this game. And never again, thought Pinky, could she recapture the purpose of this moment. The wild, hopping exaltation. The bottomless, swallowing fear.

She tightened; found herself trembling.

Dick Siebold, behind her, said: "Relax!"

There was enough authority in his voice to do it. Pinky let go a little; then steadied, waited and crouched.

It was a grand try for an ace. But Skipe was masterfully ready. The ball shot back at Pinky. She half volleyed to the base line and Skipe. He passed her on the next shot, but Dick got it. And then back to Pinky it came. Skipe was slashing them at her brutally. Letting go with everything he had. She got them back somehow—off her forehand and back and everywhere. But she was making the fatal mistake of retreating to the base line again.

Then Skipe angled; far, far to her right. Pinky raced, slim legs flying. Her only chance was a lob. Somehow she made it. But the thing floated short and soft. She could see, almost, a flashing grin on Skipe's face as he advanced. She fought for recovery and reverse and a swift flight back. Skipe was feet away from the net. Before him half the court was open. He had the point in his pocket. Pinky saw him go up.

Then came the shot. That shot that had caused the rift between them. Deliberately, it seemed, he crashed the ball to Pinky's flying feet.

She remembered sliding, halting, and swinging her racket in an arc. She remembered at just the last moment to pull her feet out of the way. It was a lovely thing to see, her slim body arched and suspended. All of her power went into that shot and the racket caught the ball just right.

Right enough to send it skimming with a feather to spare at the net. Right enough to catch Mr. Albro, who'd just landed, spang on the nose.

From his nose it dropped to his feet, bounced, dribbled and rolled. What was left of the gallery stood up. They'd won, and the match was over.

Contrition caught instantly at Pinky; that and a desire to laugh. Skipe did look so funny; so helpless; so utterly surprised.

She saw him take out a handkerchief and apply it tenderly to his nose. Tears ran down his cheeks to match the descending rain.

Pinky rushed to the net. She was genuinely and deeply sorry.

"Skipe!" she cried. "Skipe! Oh, darling, I really didn't mean to."

Skipe came down to meet her. She couldn't see his mouth, but his eyes seemed to smile.

"Listen, you!" he said to her. "If it wasn't for this nose, I'd kiss you!"

"Kiss me!"

"Sure! You're wonderful! Never saw a shot like it in my life!"

As it was, he reached across the net and embraced her slim shoulders in a frantic, bearlike hug.

"You're grown up, Pinky. You can take it. You're okay, kid!" he said.

PINKY gasped for a moment; then thrust her face into the dampness of his shirt. What did anything matter? People couldn't see in this rain.

Maida came out of the wet.

"Congratulations, Pinky," she bravely said.

"Maida," said Pinky humbly, "I've been little and stupid and mean."

Maida's hand touched hers in brief contact.

"Forgiven," she graciously said. "That is," she amended hastily, "if you'll team in the women's doubles with me."

"Done," laughed Pinky happily.

Maida tore for the club.

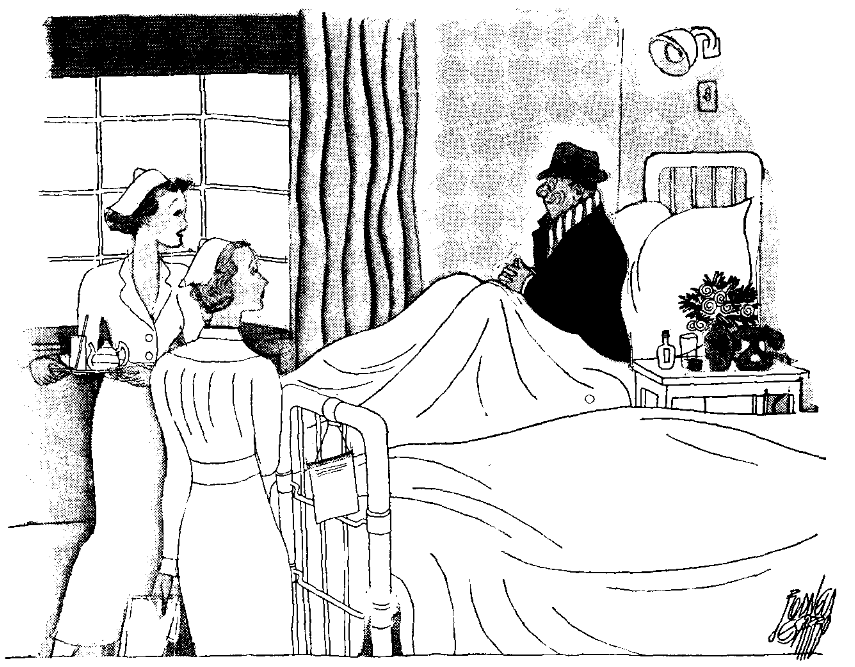
"I—uh—I—uh"—there was another voice at their elbow. "It's only your partner," said Dick Siebold. "So just go right ahead. See here, Albro, as a winner I feel that I'm due your felicitations. But something seems to tell me I'd better offer mine to you."

Skipe caught on. He grinned. Thrust forth a hand, wet and dripping.

"Thanks, Doctor Siebold," he said. "I agree with you. The lady's pretty swell. And by the way, old man, why not come east for the wedding?"

"Skipe!" gasped Pinky dumfounded.

"Nice idea," Doctor Siebold said.



"The doctor said he could go home tomorrow!" RODNEY DE SARRO

Sky Cruise

Continued from page 13

dining salon, which, between meals, serves for an observation lounge; also, the wholly electrified galley and the wine cellar. The lounge is completely windowed on its sea face, so that you can look down as you walk or loaf. In the wide counter, on which you lean to hang out the windows, there is set a relief map of the intercontinental routes.

Life in a Gas Bag

The "beam," that is the width from side to side, of Deck A is about the same as that on a ship like the Washington. To cross, you go through a foyer where you will find the familiar "ship bulletin," with radio news dispatches (in German) and a chart with a small flag marking your latest position. This miniature does not remain static, from noon to noon, like those on shipboard; but advances with miraculous leaps, from hour to hour. Off the foyer, along two corridors, are staterooms, all "inside." There are twenty-five, each with two berths. From the foyer a stairway leads down to B Deck. On the starboard of A Deck are the music room and reading lounge, library and writing room, and observation windows duplicating those of the port. If you want writing paper, you must buy it from the steward; and if you want a book (all in German) you must hunt for him to unlock the case.

B Deck, directly underneath A Deck, is not so commodious, due to the inflare of the great shell. Here, the observation windows are more deeply pitched; you don't have to bend over to look straight down. On the port side are the shower bath and cabins for officers and observers. On the starboard, the combined bar and smoking room; fireproofed and elaborately protected. Inside, the air is kept at a higher pressure in order to repel any stray hydrogen that might drift into the vicinity. There is a double entrance, and a steward in a kind of sentry box. You ring a bell; he admits you to the "lock," and closes the first door behind you before he opens the door to the smoking room proper. In there, an electric lighter is available; no matches. Indeed, when you came aboard you had to surrender all your matches; and your automatic lighter, too. The latter will be returned to you at Lakehurst. When you come out of the smoking room, you must close the door behind you, then stand in the lock for the scrutiny of the steward, who makes sure you are not carrying out lighted cigarettes.

A Long Walk

After breakfast, Captain Lehmann comes to show you around the Hindenburg. The first object you observe, as you step out of the dining lounge, is a bust of Hindenburg over the foyer staircase. Forgive your aging reporter a little gossip, but everybody should know that among the reasons stubborn Doctor Eckener—the ancient mariner of the skies—got into disfavor with the Nazis was his refusal to name this ship "Hitler" and to put Der Fuehrer's emplastered likeness where the marshal's now broods.

Down to B Deck, and then one more short descent and we step through a bulkhead door into the duralumin bowels of the cast ship. Through a ventilator slit in the outer shell at our feet we see the Atlantic, 800 feet directly below, and it has the appearance of diluted milk in the dawnish light. We step upon the extremely narrow catwalk which runs just inside the belly of the airship, from nose to rump. This is really a duralumin plank laid atop the keel girder, and though the ship be steady you need a sense of balance to negotiate it without fear or mishap. There is a guideline in some places; elsewhere, not a thing to hold to as you walk in a forest of bright metal girders. Along most of the shell, however, is a maze of wires that seem adequate to net you if you should topple. The Hindenburg is 811 feet long, so that when you have walked dangerously to her rear end—and descended into the great fin to inspect the duplicate emergency controls there—then forward to the very nose, and returned amidships, to the B deck gangway, you will have covered almost one third of a mile.

The walk is covered with rubber sheeting, and you must wear sneakers for the trip. You notice the officers and crewmen you pass, about their duties, all wear felt or rubber overshoes. These are precautions to avoid static or sparks; you can't fool with hydrogen, and the Germans don't. Those whose duties take them up to the topside of the ship, between the gas cells, are wholly clad in asbestos suits which have no buttons or metal that might give off the faintest spark; and the ladders are rubber-shod.

Making the Most of Hydrogen

The motors are Diesel; they require no ignition, and they use crude-oil fuel that won't burn even if you touch a match to it. The storage tanks are ranged on either side of this bottom catwalk; whereas any hydrogen gas that might leak from a cell—or "balloonette"—would collect at the top of the shell, 146 feet—or as high as a 15-floor skyscraper—above. The Germans use hydrogen because it has greater lifting power than helium, and makes the Hindenburg more profitable; moreover, the United States, owning all the practical supplies of helium in the world, although they do not use it themselves, won't let anybody else use it, either. The Germans are experimenting with a secret compound—some other gas added to hydrogen, which does not diminish the buoyancy value of the latter but does render it noninflammable. It is hoped this may be available soon. If so, the greatest factor of risk in Zeppelin travel will be licked; and the United States can have its helium, for all the rest of the world cares.

Meanwhile, a novel arrangement in the Hindenburg reduces hydrogen peril. Each of the sixteen huge cells that store the gas which lifts the Hindenburg are "double": composed, that is, of a balloon within a balloon. Each inner balloon is filled with hydrogen. The outer balloon would be filled with helium, if it could be obtained. Thus, the inflammable hydrogen would be insulated with noninflammable helium. For the present, the outer shell is gasless; and the insulating value is one of space only.

From the keel walk you now make a side journey, halfway up one side of the shell, between the bottoms of two huge gas cells which sag and billow like the paunches of very emaciated and very old elephants. You come to a big opening in the side, and look down into one of the motor gondolas, suspended far outside the main shell. One man is always on duty in a gondola, to which access is had by a scaling ladder across open space. Each of the four motors is a Mercedes-Benz, and capable of 1,100 horsepower. A spare motor is slung in

Get a
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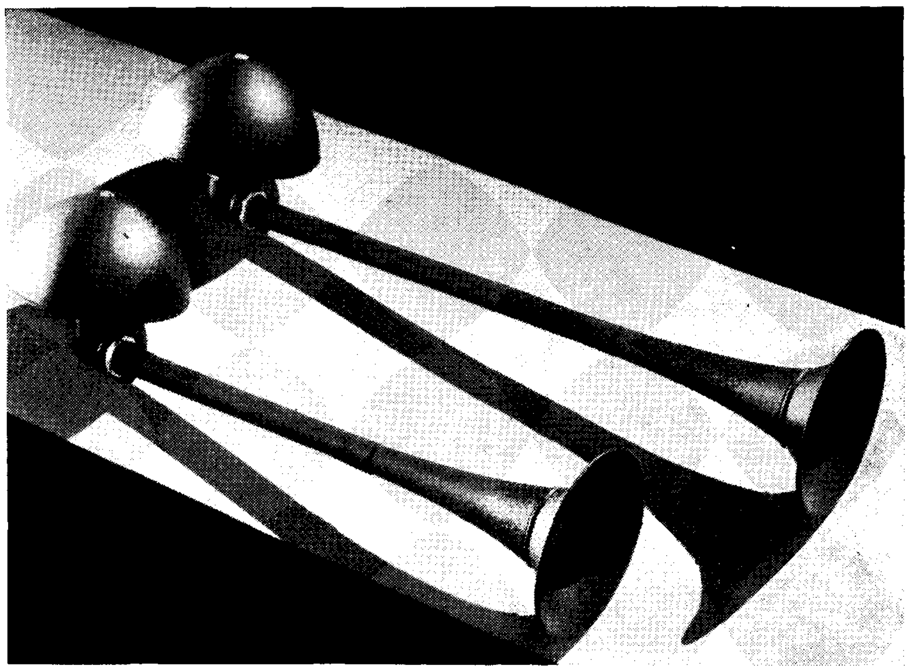


. . . the authoritative voice of the highway

If you would thoroughly enjoy spring and summer driving, safety demands a pair of matched Klaxon horns . . . the signal that *commands* instant respect and action on any highway. Many motorists prefer Klaxon Road Commanders, shown above. Their blended tone is pleasing to the ear, yet sufficiently powerful and penetrating to serve as a highly effective warning. Long projectors of different lengths, matched with harmoniously tuned power units, produce the distinctive, blended note. Mounting under the hood permits the use of the longer projectors, and still preserves the modern, streamlined appearance of your car. Besides the Road Commander, there are many other styles and models of Klaxon warning signals—all built to Delco-Remy standards of quality.

Delco-Remy

MANUFACTURER OF DELCO-REMY STARTING, LIGHTING, AND IGNITION KLAXON HORNS • DELCO BATTERIES AUTOMATIC CARBURETOR CONTROLS.

DELCO-REMY PRODUCTS AND GENUINE PARTS ARE AVAILABLE AT UNITED MOTORS SERVICE STATIONS EVERYWHERE . . WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN.

UNITED SERVICE MOTORS

World's Largest Manufacturer of Automotive Electrical Equipment

HELP WANTED

MAKE THIS SHAVE TEST

Men...if you want to be helped to a better shave...just realize this one important point: every man's skin (yours too!) tends to be either *oily* or *dry.* And Mennen has done something about it...by making two types of shave: one to *remove* excess oil from beard and skin...and the other to *conserve* oil. If your skin is *oily,* you need Mennen Lather Shave to wilt your oily whiskers...and to cleanse your pores. But if your skin is *dry,* then you need Mennen Brushless; not only does it wilt whiskers, but it also helps relieve the tightness, rawness and discomfort that go with dry skin. And it's a cream, not a grease.

You owe it to yourself to find out which Mennen Cream fits *your* face. Send 10c for the Mennen Skin Tester Kit, containing liberal demonstration sizes of 5 Mennen Products—including both Lather Shave and Brushless (as well as Skin Bracer, Skin Balm and Talcum for Men). Address Dept. C58, The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

the freight compartment within the shell; and two small fifty horsepower Diesel-electrics provide auxiliary power for cooking, lighting, refrigeration and radio.

You return to the keel, and see the freight, baggage, express and mail. Automobiles have been carried in here; while airplanes may be hooked on and drawn in through a great hatch, when a passenger service to way stations is inaugurated in the future.

Now your catwalk is going up, up, uphill—an arduous climb; until you come at last to the very nose. This is where the mechanism that hooks the dirigible to a portable mast is located and operated. There is a nook here, with ropes, gadgets, and telephones to the control gondola; also, an observation window, for the use of lookouts during flight. Nothing outside but the boundless sea and sky. Inside, a homesick German sailor boy with a mandolin. He puts it behind his back sheepishly, when you come up with the Captain. Then, at a word from Lehmann, he sits down again and when you turn away he resumes his playing of *lieder.*

Why Zeppelins Do Not Crash

"Student," explains Captain Lehmann, with a grin. "We have many in the crew. We Germans are breeding generations of airshipmen, just as the nations have bred generations of seafarers. Our chief steward has been with airships twenty-five years; your bedroom steward, twelve years." It is difficult to believe this small, frail, exceedingly shy Captain has been in the dirigible service himself since before the war; that he was one of the hardiest and most daring of the Zep commanders who dropped bombs on London, a holder of all of Germany's highest decorations for valor.

You gather this supply of trained airshipmen is one of the reasons Germany can fly dirigibles safely, and others—including the United States and England—cannot. Further, that German adherence to the wise old theory of one step at a time has been of major importance. The Hindenburg is known in the Zeppelin factories as "LZ-129." LZ stands for Luftschiff Zeppelin. The numeral is the serial number of her design, from the original Zeppelin: but only 119 Zeppelins have been actually constructed. Each Zeppelin has been merely a refinement over the preceding one; not a departure from it. The Hindenburg is merely a better Graf; and the L-130, now being built for the Atlantic trade, is an improved Hindenburg.

Our Shenandoah, Akron, and Macon, on the other hand, in the brash American way, set out to hack new design trails: these were to be "radical improvements" over the German ships, and many persons, more confident than experienced, contributed notions to them.

The First Zeppelin Pilot

If German success with dirigible operations has been due to prudence, the actual winning by lighter-than-air of a major place in that nation's air programs is a fine human story. Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin, sixty years old, and put away on the army shelf with the rank of general to gather dust in peace, startled and amused all Germany in the late 'nineties by constructing the first rigid "dirigible"—or steerable balloon. His first ships were downed, but the old Count wasn't; and with the new century official Germany quit laughing and began to contribute funds. Hugo Eckener, young writer on the Frankfurter Zeitung, remained unconvinced and denounced Zeppelin's experiments as gross wastage. The exasperated Count got into his coach-and-four and sought Eckener's home. Zeppelin's first irate gesture knocked the contents of a flower vase into his silk hat. Laughing, both firebrands sat down; became friends; and in 1906 the erstwhile critic became First Pilot of the new Zeppelin Company.

Count Zeppelin, who thus broke all precedents for generals by amounting to something after he retired, was practical, too; he began carrying passengers for money in his earliest models, long before the war and before airplanes did the same. *German dirigibles since have flown nearly one million passengers without a fatality.* And it is the firm conviction of this skeptical reporter, after close firsthand watching of their methods, that only a stroke of war or an unfathomable act of God will ever mar this German dirigible passenger safety record.

Halfway back from the nose toward the passenger quarters amidships Lehmann turns off the catwalk and lifts a small trapdoor; you go down a ladder, and you find yourself in what might pass for a sun porch. This is the control gondola, faired into the Hindenburg's abdomen. It is divided into three compartments, with glass between. First is the "bridge"; then a chartroom; last, a "weather" cubicle.

In the bridge room you might be on a ship. There are the usual watch officers, navigation facilities, full service radio, directional finders. Then you see a marked difference; two helmsmen instead of one. The first man stands looking ahead, and he keeps the airship on its course. The second, behind him, faces the side of the ship, with his right shoulder in the direction of travel. He is the "elevator" man. There is an inclinometer for him to watch, of course; but he keeps his feet wide apart, the idea being he can instantly feel the inclination of the long ship, rising or falling in the variable air currents, and correct for it in the controls, thus aiding the smoothness of the ride. It is well known that veteran helmsmen of surface vessels build up an instinct for easing their boat along, regardless of instrumental aid. The Germans are breeding a similar race of sidewise helmsmen.

Also different from ship bridges is the row of dials that give pressure conditions in each cell, and there are certain other distinctive features; but these are technical matters, which I don't understand, and could not explain to you if I did; so we shall pass back to the weather room, for here always there is something going on that laymen can grasp. Indeed, this might well be called the "game room," for in it is fascinating and continuous play and gamble with the elements.

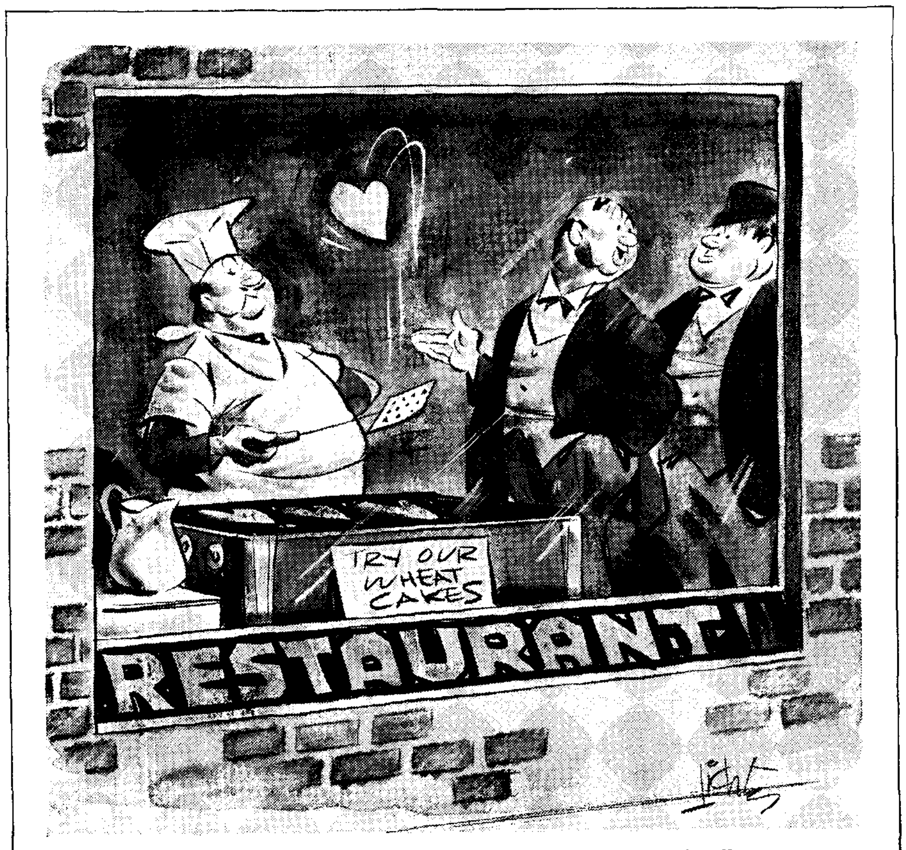
The Captain has on the partition in front of him a grand chart of the North Atlantic. On it are marked little circles with letters which represent the positions and radio calls of every ship at sea.

A Real Rider of Storms

The Hindenburg gets frequent weather reports from every one of those ships and from land stations. The captain may build up a graphic picture of the whole Atlantic. The fastest liners, on their best days, need only be immediately concerned with the 600 miles or so ahead; but the Hindenburg spans virtually *half the ocean* in twenty-four hours. Its weather chart must show not alone conditions ahead, but on each side, not only the present situation of the hour, but trends. On the Hindenburg's weather chart, therefore, the high and low pressure and storm areas, the wind velocities and directions of a third of the globe are posted; and kept refreshed.

The captain, plotting his run, stands in front of this map and plays it as he might a chessboard: shifting his course a trifle this way to avoid a fog patch, that way to escape adverse winds on the south rim of a low-pressure area—veering north to gain the counterclockwise side of a storm. This is one of the most important advantages of air travel: flexibility, due to its great reserve of cruising range. On the last westward trip of the Hindenburg before this one you are now on, she approached the North American continent while the vicious equinoctial hurricane of September beat upon New York and the whole eastern seaboard.

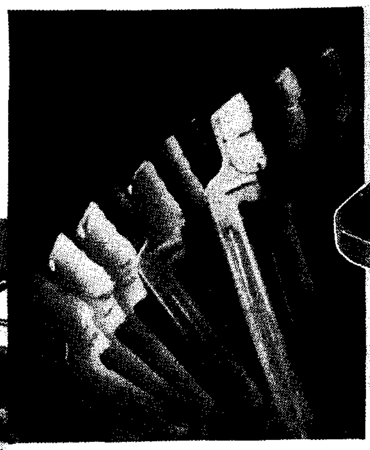
Weather areas move in circles, against the clock. Captain Lehmann's game board showed the northern edge of the hurricane mass, as it moved up the At-



"He always makes 'em that way in the spring" GEORGE LICHTY

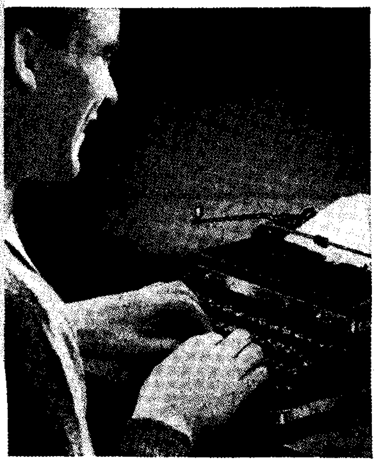
ONLY ROYAL GIVES YOU THESE AMAZING IMPROVEMENTS!

ROYAL ALONE has Touch Control, the sensational invention which enables you to adapt the key-tension, visibly and instantly to your individual "touch."



ROYAL'S famous Accelerating Type-bar Action increases your typing speed. You strike the keys of the Royal Portable naturally—ever so lightly—the response is instantaneous, the type-impression sharp, clear!

The **ROYAL PORTABLE** *De Luxe* has every feature of any portable *plus* exclusive Royal improvements . . . Touch Control, Finger Comfort Keys, Genuine Tabulator, Permanent Quiet—to list but a few. Price $64.50.* Other models, $54.50* and $39.50.* **FREE**—A smart, sturdy carrying case with each *at no extra cost!*



ROYAL'S Finger Comfort Keys are formed to fit the finger-tips. On a Royal, you type tirelessly, hours on end, comfortably and accurately.

"WHEN YOU OWN A ROYAL PORTABLE YOU OWN THE BEST!"

"**I KNOW**—I've been using one for months! You'll know, too, the moment you try a Royal. They're easier to use—actually, easier than writing by hand—*even if you've never typed before!* They're faster . . . they do better work . . . they're built to last a lifetime! And they're the best looking portables you ever laid eyes on! No wonder Royal is Student America's favorite!" Three models available. Try them at your nearest Royal dealer's. Or—use the coupon below. And remember—Royals cost no more than ordinary portables!

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BUY IT ON THE EASY-PAY PLAN

ROYAL

The only PORTABLE *with* TOUCH CONTROL

Trade-mark for key-tension device

*A SMALL DOWN PAYMENT and a Royal is yours! Pay the balance monthly, at the rate of 75¢ to $1.25 a week, depending upon model selected. Only a slight carrying charge.

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Please tell me how I can own a genuine Royal for as little as 75¢ a week. ☐ Quote liberal trade-in allowance on my ____________ Typewriter, Serial Number ____________

Name ____________ *Street* ____________

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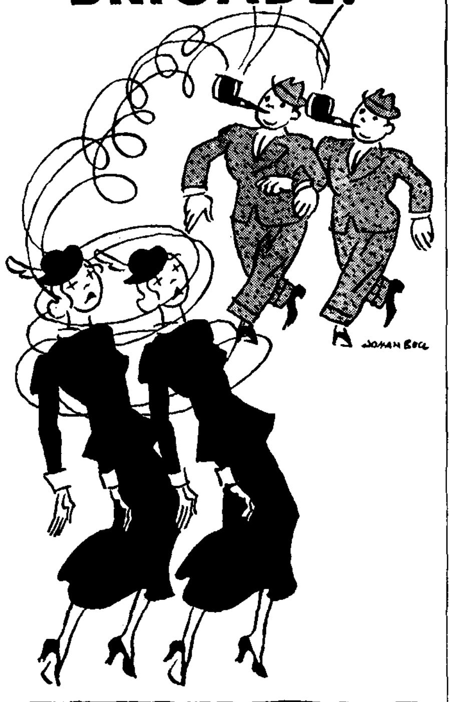
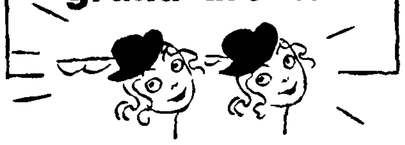
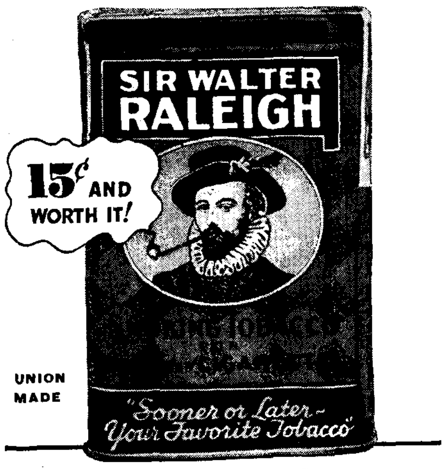
THE CHARGE OF THE PIPE BRIGADE!



...then they switched to the brand of grand aroma



SMOKY Joe and Cinder Pete took the hint! They invested in some pipe cleaners, and then bought a *mild* tobacco. And when we say *mild*, we mean Sir Walter Raleigh, the one smoking tobacco that really justifies that important adjective. Blended of selected Kentucky Burleys, Sir Walter spares you the misery of tongue bite. It has a sweet full-flavored aroma that is a positive delight. Try a tin!



UNION MADE

FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. C-75.

HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUNCHAUSEN) NBC BLUE NETWORK, NOW FRIDAYS 10:00 P. M., E.S.T.

lantic, was near Greenland. Owing to the complexities of Great Circle navigation, a route from Frankfurt to Lakehurst by way of Greenland is only about 200 miles longer than one along normal ship lanes. The Hindenburg's passengers, therefore, were presently thrilled to see the ice mountains of the arctic continent under their starboard observation windows. Here Captain Lehmann, exact in his calculations, picked up the counterclockwise movement of the hurricane that was causing untold damage on land and sea, and the Hindenburg went booming down the coast of North America, riding the fury of the storm at 200 knots per hour without quiver enough aboard to overslop full cocktail glasses in the bar.

You learn there is a possibility we may break the westbound—or "uphill," as flyers call it, because of the prevailing contrary winds—record of 52 hours *on this voyage*. Why is *year-round* Hindenburg service to New York not maintained? you ask. Because with present aeronautical knowledge, it is too risky to fly dirigibles into northern ports in winter on account of the danger of ice forming on the shell. An ice-encrusted Hindenburg would be as flyable as a three-for-a-quarter can of beans. Perhaps Miami will become the North American cold-season base.

Some of the American naval officers who are making this trip aboard join you. They are grand fellows, and you feel sorry for them—every American who crossed on the Hindenburg last summer felt sorry, and a bit ashamed, on account of the American officers who made each trip, in groups of three or more, as privileged guests of the German Zeppelin company. These fine, enthusiastic officers of the American Navy have no chance to gain practical lighter-than-air experience unless by the courtesy of Germany.

A Venture Financially Sound

The talk, naturally, turns on America's lighter-than-air policy; the United States Navy's disastrous experiences with dirigibles; the ability of the Hindenburg to "resell" dirigibles to America. Someone points out it cost eight million dollars to build the Akron and the Macon in America, and only about $1,250,000 to construct the larger and better Hindenburg in Germany. "The old excuse about the difference in living standards between American and European workmen doesn't cover that margin! Trouble is, there's *too much* politics and greed for quick profits in America, and too little thought of sound future possibilities. Too many patriots and too few practical men."

The old Graf Zeppelin, with her top speed of 73 miles, has done more than one million miles of passenger service since 1928; more than the average transatlantic liner does in its lifetime.

The Hindenburg's average crossing time, on ten westward flights to the United States from Germany, was under 64 hours; for the eastward trips, about 51 hours. The Normandie and the Queen Mary, with runs shorter by hundreds of miles, use about 100 hours. The Hindenburg's operating expenditure—fuel, gas replenishment, food, crew pay, everything—for each round trip, Germany to the United States, was approximately $80,000. The 1,000 passengers, at $400 a head, made up half the ten-trip outlay; excess baggage charges, hundreds of pounds of freight and express; and thousands of pounds of mail at 50 cents per half ounce, gave the Zeppelin Company better than an even break for the season, which in transportation is remarkable for one-unit operation.

So, your eyes fuzzy with staring at weather charts and pressure dials, your head buzzing from the airship versus plane debate, you climb out of the gondola and make your gingerly way along the catwalk back to the passenger rooms. You have seen everything about the Hindenburg, except how the passengers take it.

And you might as well be in an old folks' home late on this second afternoon over the Atlantic, as in the Hindenburg's lounge. The British captain is pulling the Jap diplomat's leg, and their laughter seems almost profane in the general drowsiness. "It is like this on every trip," says the Chief Steward: "I keep the windows open, but everybody goes to sleep. The ocean air—it is good enough on steamers, but up here!—you see!"

A shout from some heavy-eyed but persistent watcher at the observation panels will fetch all hands on the run. You are north of the steamer tracks, *and have not sighted a vessel since the* first night; but there are other matters of interest. New visions of cloudscape beauty, from this high point of view; and glimpses of ocean life that are impossible from a liner's deck. There is a pair of sharks; they must be thirty feet below the surface, and you realize how invaluable naval aircraft should be for spotting submarines. And now a huge jewfish, which at first you mistake for a whale; then another school of porpoises. Sea birds, maneuvering close to the water, catch the lance points of sunlight and glint momentarily like silvered raindrops.

A man from Texas plants himself in front of the foyer clock and growls: "What a gyp! You sit around and wait for mealtime, and just when you are starving, and the hands reach twelve o'clock somebody comes along and turns them back two hours! We lost four hours yesterday and my stomach is all mixed up!" The food, by the way, is good on board; but neither inspired, nor much varied. Weight is the problem, of course; and the Steward's Department has to figure closely for each trip.

"You must remember," says Captain Lehmann, "this is the first season; and great improvements will come. The L-130 will be more comfortable; and some changes will be made on the Hindenburg, things we have learned this summer from you good people who have traveled with us. And do not forget, we dirigible people can also 'build them larger!'

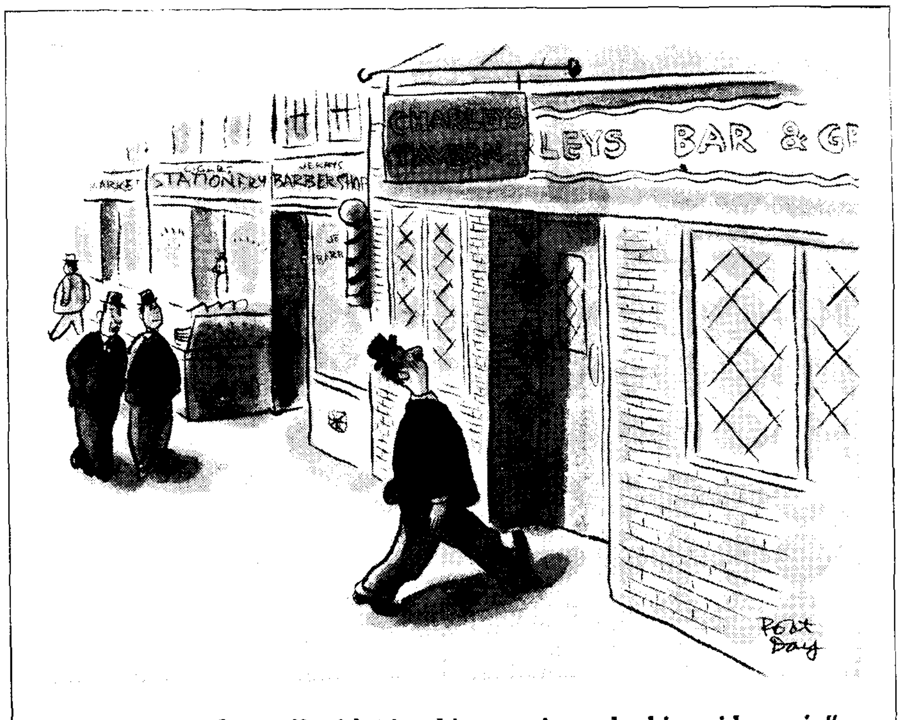
"The Hindenburg has a gas capacity of a little more than seven million cubic feet, and that is enough to bear up to safe altitudes her dead weight of 430,950 pounds—including fuel, equipment, structure, and the like—plus 15,740 pounds—the average weight of 50 passengers and 40 crewmen—plus again 26,520 pounds of mail and merchandise. But we know enough at present to build, and have enough experience to operate with safety, one *twice the size of the Hindenburg*.

"The size of future dirigibles will be limited only by the docking facilities available on the shores of the world's continents. Their speed, too, will increase with engineering progress. We shall make the Hindenburg faster next season, and there will be 18, perhaps more, round trips instead of 10. In the late summer, the L-130 will join her. Perhaps 3,000 or more persons will have the opportunity to cross the Atlantic by air in 1937."

Pioneers of a New Day

Left alone, you look down upon a vast bank off Nantucket. It is a graphic illustration of the dangers of marine navigation. You are crossing the steamer lanes; and you can hear the hopelessly blinded ships blowing their sirens in the wilderness below. Up here the day is still bright. An officer comes by and says you are not going to break the westbound record. You will miss it by two hours; but this will be the second fastest trip. You left Frankfurt at 7:30 Monday night, and you will be aground in Lakehurst, New Jersey, by nine o'clock this evening, Wednesday. Although it has not been perceptible to you, a strong head wind came up this afternoon and has slowed you down to a mere fifty miles.

Presently you leave the fog behind, and there, under you, is the Queen Mary, outward bound. She makes an inspiring picture; but her roots are in the past. Up here, you are helping to begin a new and greater era. In 1937, air travel across the Atlantic will be commonplace; with two dirigibles shuttling back and forth, with American and British planes making experimental and mail flights, with Bermuda scheduled by flying boats. You watch the beady lights of the Jersey coast rise like a careless necklace in the west, and you think how inured to wonders our day must be, for we scarcely lift our eyes to achievements that would have brought our grandfathers to their knees, full of praise, as for a miracle.



"There goes Joe Gallopi letting his conscience be his guide again"

ROBERT DAY

Sensational FREEZER Sets New Performance Standards!

HOTPOINT'S sensational 1937 Refrigerators set a new high in everything but price. Faster freezing at lower cost! Brilliant beauty! Features galore! Dependability! Amazing economy! You get them all in Hotpoint!

Hotpoint's amazing performance and economy are the result of two important engineering achievements—the Speed Freezer and the Vacuum-Sealed Thriftmaster. Almost like magic, freezing power is stepped up—current consumption reduced. Three cents worth of electricity now makes twice as much cold as formerly! The mechanism is permanently vacuum-sealed for longer life, dependability and attention-free operation.

See Hotpoint now! Lifetime all-steel cabinets are styled for enduring beauty. Rustless, gliding shelves give instant access to all food. A tip-up shelf admits taller-than-average bottles. These and a host of other features set Hotpoint far ahead of the field—make it America's No. 1 refrigerator buy!

There's a friendly Hotpoint dealer near you. Let him show you the model you need. Choose from three complete lines. Easy terms if you prefer. Edison General Electric Appliance Co., Inc., 5663 W. Taylor St., Chicago, Ill.

The Deluxe Tudor 8 Cu. Ft. Capacity. Porcelain Interior. Brilliant Glyptal Exterior.

Hotpoint
SPEED FREEZER

Speed Freezer powered by the Thriftmaster sets new standards of convenience and economy. Ice and desserts are frozen faster than ever at new low cost!

[illegible] EASY TERMS

You can pay for a Hotpoint out of savings. Prices are low—payments moderate. See your dealer today.

5 YEARS PERFORMANCE PROTECTION on the Thriftmaster is backed by Hotpoint—one of the greatest names in electricity.

QUIET, TROUBLE-FREE operation. Three moving parts glide smoothly in oil that never wears out.

THRIFTMASTER and SPEED FREEZER standard equipment on all lines of Hotpoint Refrigerators.

Hotpoint

ELECTRIC RANGES • WATER HEATERS • DISHWASHERS
HOME LAUNDRY EQUIPMENT

D. A. TURNER, WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON

"IMAGINE," *said Mr. Turner...*

A TRUE, UNSOLICITED STORY
OF A SCHICK SHAVER

"Imagine a little gadget, no bigger than the palm of my hand, clicking along day after day, month after month, year after year—never failing to give the same cool, smooth, comfortable shave. And never a repair or replacement of parts necessary. That's the miracle of it, especially to a man who knows electric motors.

"This is an anniversary of mine. Just three years ago I stepped into a San Francisco store—Schwabacher Frey Co.—and purchased my Schick Shaver . . . it has never once faltered.

". . . I shall, in all probability, be using the same old shaver for many a long year yet. It's your own fault for building such a long-lived instrument . . ."

IS THIS MAN'S EXPERIENCE GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU?

Three years of quick, close shaves in the tropical heat of Panama and the cold of Northern America. Three years of painless, comfortable shaves with never a cut nor a scrape—and the shaver as good as new today! Only the Schick has made such a record—*and even much better records.*

ASK A DEALER TODAY

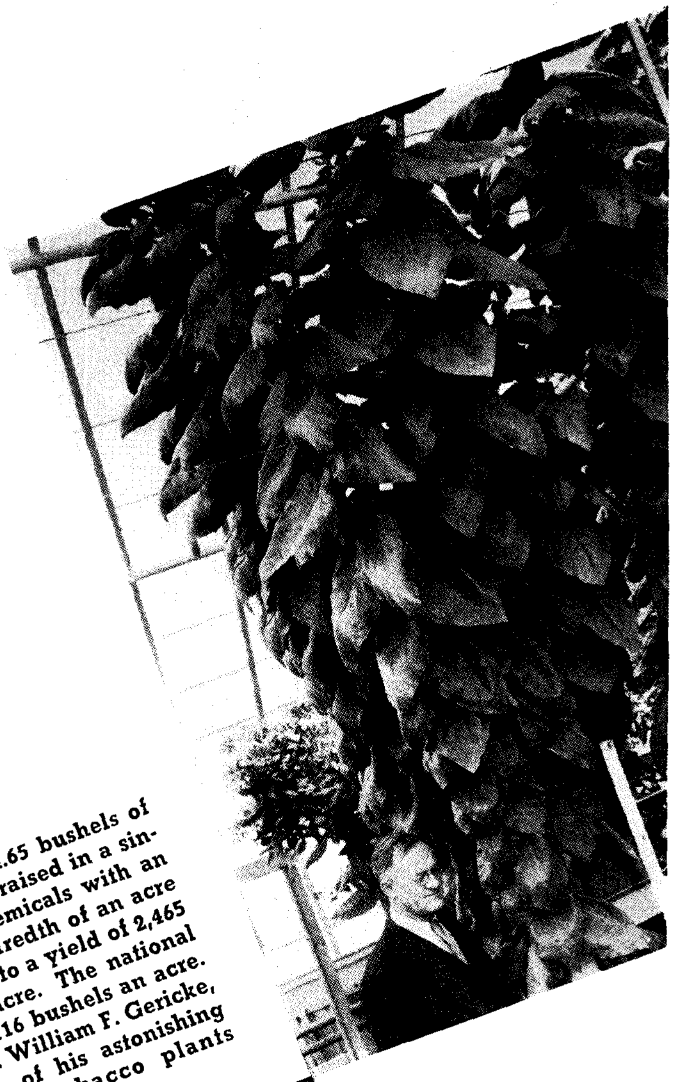
Let one of our dealers demonstrate a Schick Shaver to you. He will tell you why the Schick gives you a new skin, why its double-stroke shaves quickly and *how it saves you money,* for you no longer need blades, soap, creams, brush, lotions.

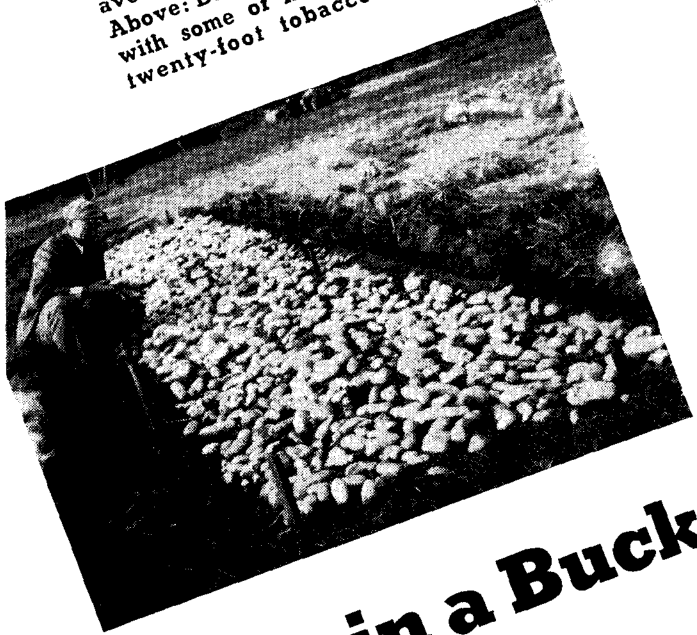
$15

AC and DC

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco
In Canada, Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores. (Canadian price, $16.50.)

SCHICK SHAVER



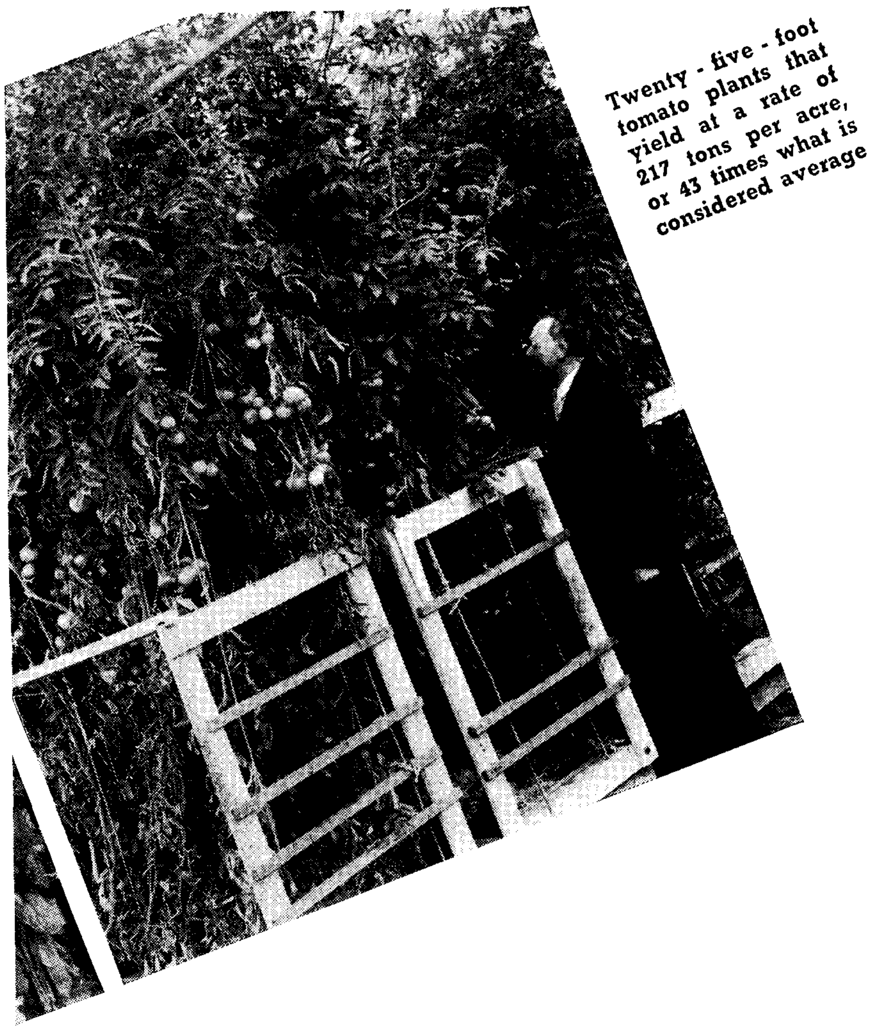


Below: Part of 24.65 bushels of choice potatoes raised in a single tank of chemicals with an area of a hundredth of an acre —equivalent to a yield of 2,465 bushels an acre. The national average is 116 bushels an acre. Above: Dr. William F. Gericke, with some of his astonishing twenty-foot tobacco plants

Farm in a Bucket

By J. D. Ratcliff

Tomato plants twenty-five feet tall, yielding 217 tons to the acre; tobacco twenty feet tall that has never touched the earth. These are only two of the miracles from the laboratory of Dr. Gericke, who is well on the way to making an exact science of dirtless farming



Twenty-five-foot tomato plants that yield at a rate of 217 tons per acre, or 43 times what is considered average

DRIVE out Scenic Avenue, one of the roadways carved out of the hills that rise sharply out of San Francisco Bay, and you'll decide that it's appropriately named. It's one of the residential streets on the Berkeley side.

Near by you can see the new San Francisco-Oakland Bridge; in the distance the hazy gossamer of the Golden Gate Bridge. And you can see something rising out of the Bay that looks like a fairy castle. That's Alcatraz Island, home of as murderous a gang of public enemies as you can find anywhere. All in all, it's a fine bit of scenery.

It's so fine in fact that you're apt to miss a flat-roofed, pink plaster house, set well back from Scenic Avenue. It looks just like a thousand other California houses, so possibly we'd best be specific. We're talking about No. 1555. It's likely that one day it will be pointed out as a historical monument—the house of the world's first hydroponicist.

If you don't mind making a nuisance of yourself poke around the garden of No. 1555 and you'll see some pretty amazing sights. If the season is right there will be dahlias five feet high, and sweet peas that seem to have inherited sap from Jack's beanstalk. There will be patches of extra-green, extra-luxurious grass.

Inquire from a passer-by about these Bunyans of the plant world, and he'll explain that you've been looking at Dr. William Frederick Gericke's garden. He will go on to explain that those plants you are looking at aren't growing from the earth at all—that they sprouted from nicely concealed wooden tubs. And that those tubs don't have earth in them—they are filled with evil-smelling liquid chemicals. It all appears to be against God and nature, your informer will likely add, but it seems to be working.

Gericke, it will develop, teaches at the University of California, down the road a piece. He has been working with the idea of growing plants in liquids for a long time. And he has developed things you'd swear couldn't exist, even after you'd seen them—tomato plants bigger than apple trees in any commercial orchard, tobacco twenty feet high and things like that.

Hang around in front of the house for a while and possibly you'll get a glimpse of the man surely destined for agriculture's hall of fame. If you're of the type that expects geniuses to have long hair, whiskers and wear Windsor ties you'll be disappointed. For Gericke's individuality ends with his bulk. He's six feet, one inch tall and weighs a little over 200 pounds.

An Agricultural Artist

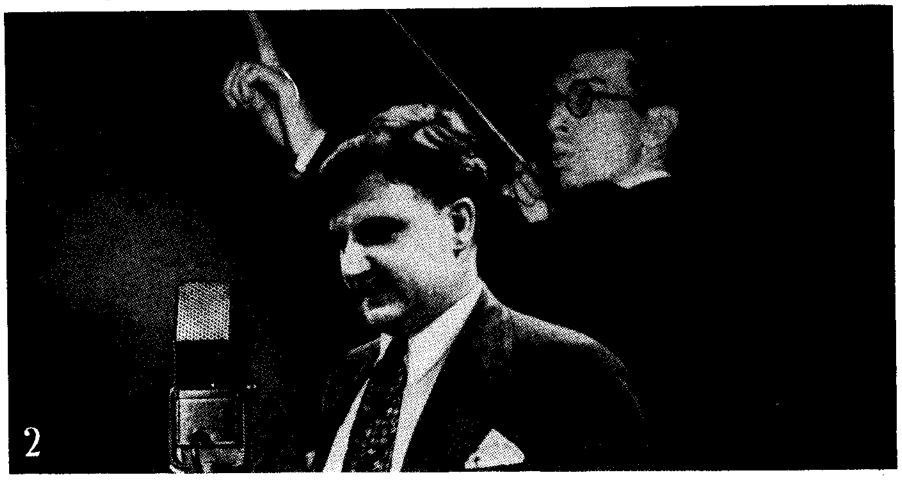
He has a massive head and deeply furrowed wrinkles around his eyes and mouth. His short, gray hair has a wiry, terrier quality. You might say that he looks a little like Senator Bill Borah. More likely you'll decide that he looks like a farmer—any farmer—dressed up and in town for Sunday.

His clothes bag on him and look as if they were pressed about the time of Roosevelt's first inauguration. You get the idea, and it's correct, that he doesn't give a hang about that sort of thing. This notion is further strengthened if you wait around and see him into his car.

It's a 1927 sedan that has faded, like a pair of old yellow shoes, many shades from its original color. The back seat is sure to be piled high with an assortment of old bags and baskets, hoes, rakes, cultivators. And there is sure to be a collection of long-necked bottles filled with chemicals.

This is William Frederick Gericke, bachelor of science from Iowa State College, master of science from California and doctor of science from Johns Hopkins; associate professor in that new wonderland science, plant physiology; and father of hydroponics, the

Babe Ruth inspects one of the handsome 1937 Nash Ambassador Eight sedans which Sinclair is giving away every week absolutely free in its Babe Ruth Baseball Contest. Other prizes each week include . . .



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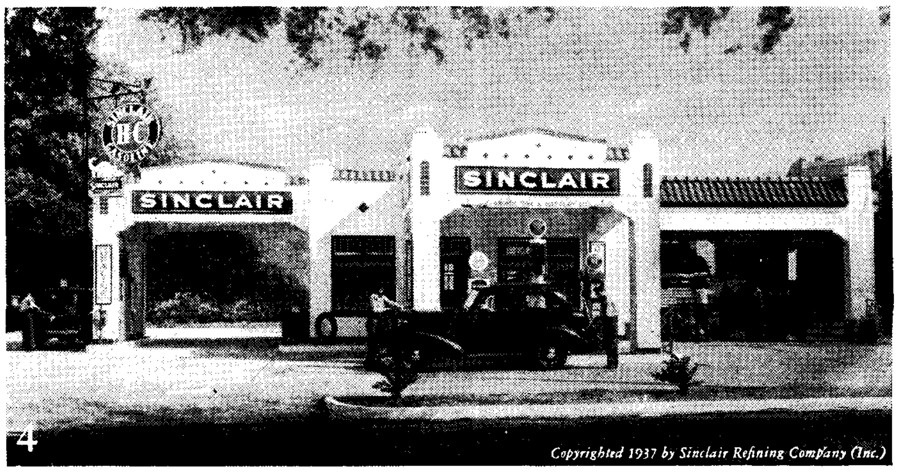

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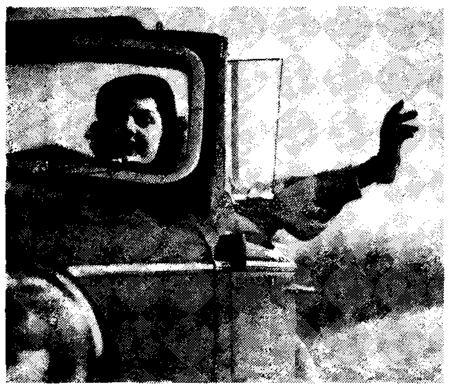

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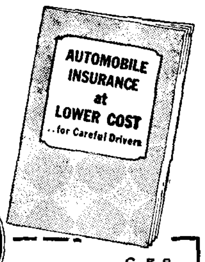
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new agricultural art that is taking the dirt out of farming.

Trail after the complaining old sedan as it wheezes along the eucalyptus-shaded streets. More likely than not it will head for the university greenhouses. Step inside and it looks for all the world like a set for a goofy, King Kong type of movie.

The tomato plants strike you first and hardest. They stand twenty-five feet high and drape themselves over scaffolding. From bottom to top, ripe tomatoes hang like great clusters of red grapes. Men on ladders that would reach to a third-story window harvest those on the top branches. Yields are huge—217 tons to the acre. You get the full impact of this figure when you recall that it's 43 times what the average farmer considers a good acre yield.

Other metal vats are growing potatoes. The roots dip down through a screen and feed from the magic fluid in the tanks. Results? Figured on an acre basis the tanks produce 2,465 bushels. The national average is 116 bushels per acre.

Let's forget these figures for a few minutes. To get the full meaning of what this big, rugged man named Gericke has accomplished, it's a good idea to see how pitifully little hundreds of previous generations of smart men produced. Agriculture has always been gawky, awkward and backward. Examine the facts.

Everyone knows man was born to this earth a meat eater. Agriculture probably came as an accident when someone observed that a fruit pit dropped in the ground would produce a tree which would bear more fruit.

Botany Grows Up

As recently as the Middle Ages, botanists, if you could call them that, had only the crudest picture of how a plant got nourishment. Roots, the professors decreed, were equipped with thousands of little mouths. These mouths literally ate dirt, and the plant somehow converted it into green matter, fruits and vegetables.

In the middle of the 17th century a chemist named Van Helmont knocked this pretty idea into a cocked hat. He weighed out 200 pounds of soil, put it into a tub and planted a willow shoot in it. Then he sat back to wait five years and see how all that dirt-eating business worked out.

When he finally pulled his tree up it weighed 169 pounds. Then he weighed the dirt it had feasted on. It had lost only two ounces! The experiment would have been very neat if Van Helmont hadn't arrived at a conclusion just about as wrong as possible. He announced that plants were a form of solid water.

A little over one hundred years passed before that great British investigator of natural phenomena, Joseph Priestly, discovered that vegetable matter took nourishment from the air. But not until the middle of last century did an American investigator, Julian Von Sachs, find the exact role that soil plays in plant culture.

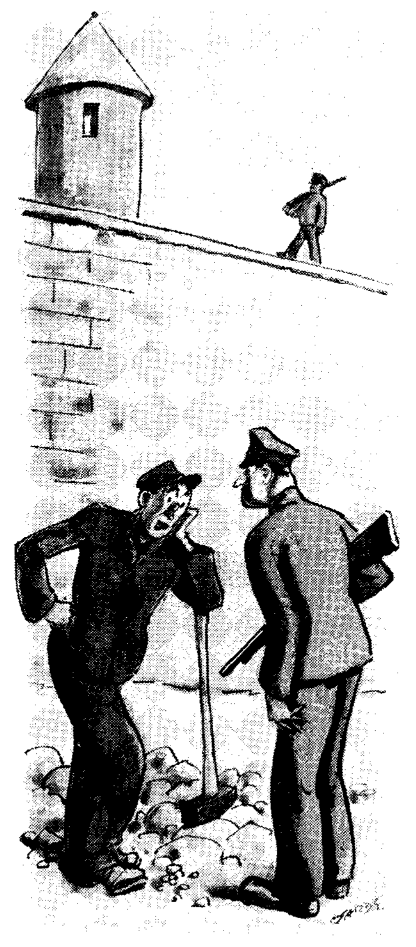
First he analyzed soils and found the chief mineral-salt elements they contained. He stirred up these salts, and set plants to growing in them. Results weren't spectacular because bad analytical methods made him miss some vital soil components. But he at least staked out lines for future work when he announced that the basic plant foods were potassium, calcium, iron, magnesium, phosphorus, sulphur and nitrogen.

Not much beyond this was known when William Gericke was born at Fremont, Nebraska, in the middle of the rich Platte River farm belt, on a sweltering hot August day in 1884. As William grew up he heard farmers around the valley talking about how science was going to be an increasingly important item in agriculture. Then he went off to Iowa State College to learn something about that science he had heard so much about. He went on to California to take a master's degree, and decided to stay on and take a teaching job.

In his bare and rather bleak laboratory in California's huge Life Science Building he puttered about and did all kinds of unorthodox thinking. He tried, for example, to find what made hard wheat hard. Things like that.

Gericke was a plodder—slow, meticulous, exact. One day troubling thoughts began to disturb him. There was, he decided, no reason why you couldn't feed plants exactly what they needed to grow, and let it go at that. Feed them the things Von Sachs had fed them three quarters of a century before and whatever else they needed. But what else did they need?

Gericke weighed out fractions of a gram of this chemical and spoonfuls of that. Then he stirred them all together, dissolved them in water and stuck a seedling plant in that soup. He had dozens of different ones working at the same time.



"I told the judge I wouldn't be any use here. I'm in love"

CHESTER GARDE

Sometimes the seedlings would grow for a while, then wither and die. Shortly before the stock market crash, big things began to happen.

Seedlings came along, sucked nourishment out of the bottle, and seemed to have no inclination to stop growing. They climbed up and up and Gericke had to build scaffolding to hold them.

When it looked as if Gericke's freaks were going to grow out of the lab, university officials moved the work over to the Gill Tract—the big expanse of greenhouses bought from a nurseryman.

Gericke hammered redwood tanks together and sealed the joints so they wouldn't leak. He stirred up chemicals in tank lots instead of bottle lots.

Over the tanks he stretched wire and on this piled a six-inch layer of excelsior and shavings. This stuff, when dampened, would sprout the seeds. Roots would drop down and guzzle the tank liquids.

They drank long and hard of that life elixir and gave good enough results to satisfy almost anyone. Not Gericke. He began to have more ideas. What would happen if you heated the tanks in wintertime?

Hothouse Magic

He strung electric heating cables through the tanks and hooked on delicate thermostats to maintain constant temperatures. In two of them he kept temperatures between 65 and 70 for six weeks, then raised the heat to 75-80 degrees Fahrenheit.

On the basis of those heated tank figures Gericke thinks—knows—he can produce a ton of tomatoes per 100 square feet of tank per year. In other words, he can produce as many tomatoes in a space the size of a living room as a whole acre of ground usually produces. And he can grow them in season and out of season. Furthermore, at any time of the year his produce tastes like the finest garden-ripened varieties.

Just what chemicals he uses, and how expensive they are, Gericke will not divulge. Obviously his mixture, say for potatoes, contains the seven basic elements we have mentioned. It also includes smaller quantities of rarer elements.

He, like everyone else, must have noted the great importance of tiny amounts of rare elements. If boron, for example, is absent, a pasture is no good. This element is necessary to make red blood cells. Hence you can pasture cattle in belly-high clover and if boron isn't present in the soil they'll become anemic.

The fact that the chemicals are cheap is vouched for by the fact that the process is already being used commercially. In the commercial applications, concrete tanks have replaced the researcher's original redwood tubs. Thousands of square feet of these are in operation today.

Such food factories are working at Capitola and Mentebello, both supplying—profitably—tomatoes for the San Francisco market. Aquaculture is operating at Richmond, California, to make bigger, better and cheaper sweet peas; and strawberries are being grown at Watsonville. Seattle has one of these setups atop a garage.

Gericke watches over this brood of projects like an old hen. He chugs about in his car, gases with the proprietors, and supplies them with fresh chemicals. And he pumps them endlessly for more precious figures.

When he has satisfied himself that all loopholes are filled in, what will happen then? One man's guess is as good as another's. Germany might solve her potato shortage this way, and Russia might get the cheap green vegetables she needs in the long Northern winters.

We may be sure that the tanks will have little effect on wheat, corn, rye or barley farmers. It's not likely that wheat even at $5 a bushel could be grown profitably in the tanks—even though it does grow ten feet high and is free from rusts and other diseases. But beans at 10 cents a pound, and strawberries at 25 cents a box present quite another picture.

If everything works as well as preliminary tests indicate, the truck farmer is going to have to revise his methods radically. It seems more than conceivable that he simply will not be able to afford that ancient and honorable label of "dirt farmer." To survive, to help supply out-of-season vegetables, he will have to become an aquaculturist. Or, to be more accurate, and to use Gericke's new word, a hydroponicist.

"Let's have it Now —

and another g
for Breakfast

Just the way thousands feel about Del Monte Pineapple Juice, sir! They want it bright 'n' early — and they want it *often.* Can't get enough of it!

That's the great thing about *this* juice. Each sip is even better than the last.

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Enjoy this kind yourself — Del Monte Pineapple Juice! Make it a breakfast habit — and see how *gladly* the family gets up and at it!

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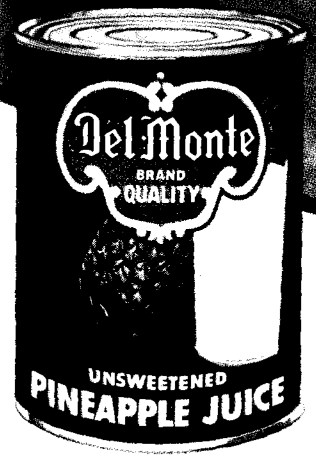

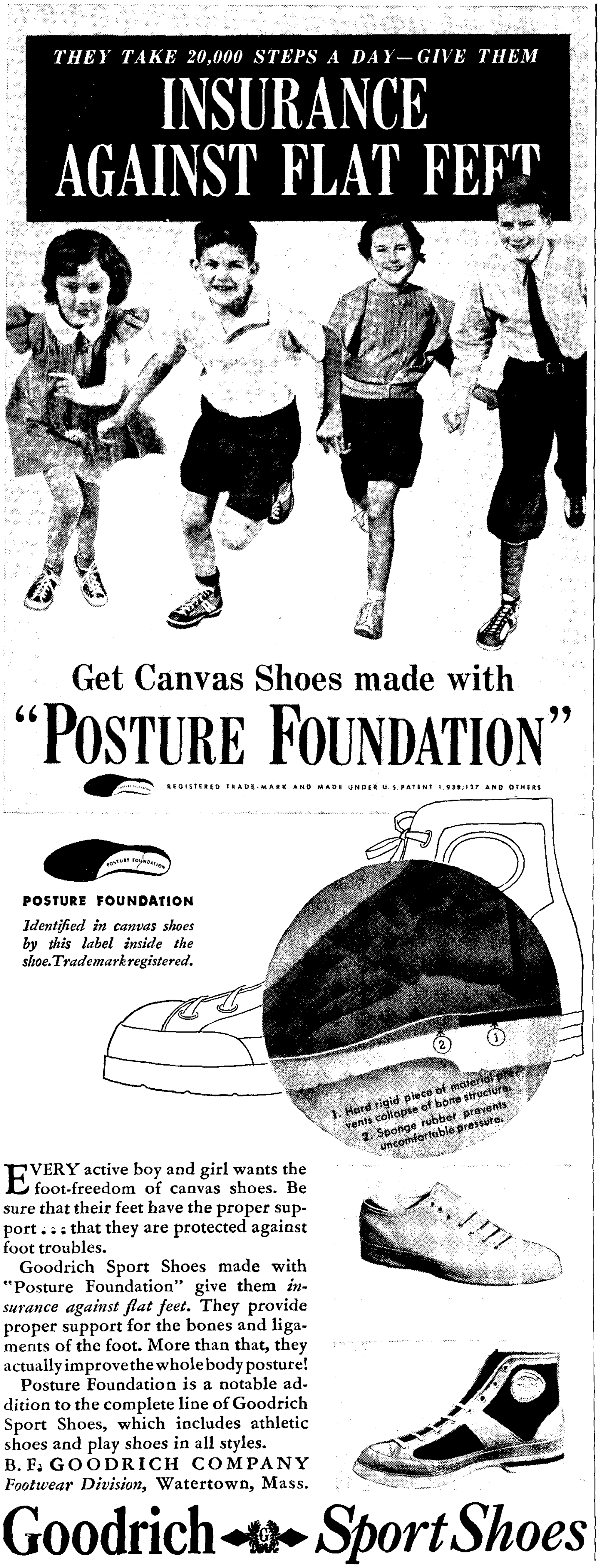

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INSURANCE AGAINST FLAT FEET

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Goodrich Sport Shoes made with "Posture Foundation" give them *insurance against flat feet*. They provide proper support for the bones and ligaments of the foot. More than that, they actually improve the whole body posture!

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Goodrich Sport Shoes

The Real Thing

Continued from page 15

opened the door. But I beat her out.

On the sidewalk, she said, "Thank you so much, Mr. Miller. I—I suppose I ought to tell you my name. It's—"

"Helen. I know. Helen Cosgrove. Horner told me." I reached down and grabbed her hand. "Listen, Helen, don't be scared of me, will you? I'm a right guy. Honest."

But if she still wasn't scared, she was uneasy. I let her hand go. She ran up a flight of wooden steps to the vestibule of a three-storied yellow house. I watched her until she disappeared inside. And I didn't feel bad. Because I could see the lay of the cards, I knew this was my girl—maybe not today or tomorrow but some day, and then for all the time.

WHEN I got around to the precinct house Hank Leon, my partner, said, "Well, baby, what you been doing around the Miles Standish?"

"What's Horner got the jitters about?"

"Wasn't Horner. Phillips, the assistant manager. He phoned the skipper. Said, 'We have a competent house officer here, to take care of minor unpleasantnesses in the lobby.' "

I nodded. "Yeah, I made a mistake."

"I told the skipper I'd tell you. Listen, baby, I been twenty years on the force, twelve of them in plain clothes. Leave lobby stews alone. Punks, yes; sock 'em. But the stews—uh-uh. Sock all the others, when they're wrong guys. Sap 'em and never count the stitches. You make a lot of mistakes but you save a lot of days in the hospital. But give a drunk a break—because, you know, there but for the grace of God, and so forth."

"I said I made a mistake, Hank."

"Sure, sure, baby. You'll go a whole lot further than I will in the department—but in the meantime, you got to learn one thing: leave the small fry, the bums and stews, alone. They're only pennies from heaven for the harness-bull on post."

His face, big and pink above his blue silk collar, unwrapped in a grin. He was a grand guy and took a lot of things in his easygoing stride. He reached out and slapped me on the arm. "Forget it, now. It's water under the bridge." He looked at his watch. "We got a buzz through from central office to pick up a guy that's on the town. Larry McLennan. He does things like getting guys from Kokomo into crap and card games. No steady spot. He's a creeper. Here one day, there the next. They want him out in Cleveland."

He knuckled a circular lying on his desk and I looked over his shoulder and the guy in the photograph looked familiar. It took me only a second.

Hank was saying, "It might be long-drawn-out. He uses so many names and shifts so fast."

"This is a break," I said. "I saw him half an hour ago in the Miles Standish lobby. I knew then I'd seen him before. Must have been in the mug files downstairs."

"Living there?"

"I don't know. But he was in the lobby. I think he spotted me for a cop."

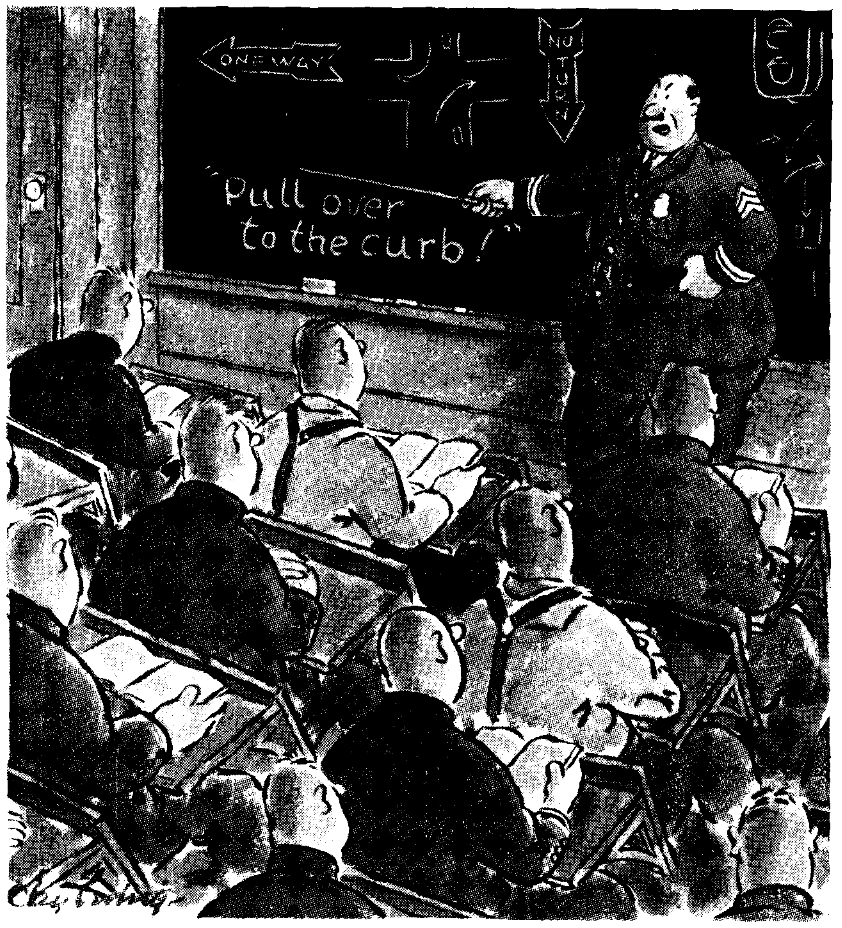
We went over to the Miles Standish and found Horner in his office at the back of the lobby. He said right away, "Now listen, Charley, I didn't phone your skipper. It was Phillips; he piped the act from the mezzanine and asked me who you were. I said—"

"Leeve it in limbo, Abe," Hank cut in good-naturedly. "We're looking for a guy named Larry McLennan."

"You remember," I said. "The guy I asked you who he was."

Horner turned up his palms and made his eyes wide open. "I said I didn't know."

"Well," I said, "did you see him



ONE WAY
NO TURN
"Pull over to the curb!"

"All together now . . . with feeling, this time! 'PULL OVER TO THE CURB!' "

JAY IRVING

around before, or after? Does he live here?"

"I never seen him before. There's maybe a thousand people living here."

"We'll just take a look at the register," Hank said.

We didn't find any name like Larry McLennan or the aliases he was known to use.

On the way out I said to Hank Leon, "How about Abe Horner? Can he be had?"

"Any guy, almost, can be had, baby—but it's a bad premise to go on. McLennan's probably using the Miles Standish lobby to meet people. His spot'd be somewhere else. Well, you saw him there once. Won't hurt to keep an eye on the place."

"I'll do that."

That gave me an excuse to stop by the cigar counter more than once or twice a day. I said to Helen, next morning, "We're looking for a guy I saw here."

"Oh," she said.

"Do you mind if I stop by here? You know, and talk?"

SHE gave a little laugh. "Of course not."

"A guy can't talk much. That is, with people around all the time."

"Yes, we're very busy."

"I probably oughtn't to. You can't talk to me and make change and things like that. You might make a mistake—get rattled. You know."

"Well, I'm pretty used to it. Sometimes I make a mistake. But I'm pretty used to it."

"You worried about something?"

"Worried? Oh, no. No." She gave that uneasy little laugh again. "I guess I've got a little headache."

"Do you like the country?"

"Oh, I love it," she said with a sudden earnestness that surprised me.

"I've got a little car. Can't we drive out somewhere sometime? I'm not off on Sundays right now, but a Sunday off will come around in about three weeks."

"Well— Oh, I don't think I could."

There was still that strangeness, that shying away from me; and yet I had an idea she liked me. I had an idea she was lonely, too. I felt very close to her and there was no reason I could lay my finger on. And I didn't try to hurry things. I didn't because I felt that things would turn out all right, that she was my girl, would be my girl, even though she didn't realize it then.

For three days I was in and out of the lobby and it was on the fourth day, when I went home with her, that she asked me if I'd like to take potluck. I was not surprised. It was all working out; it had been in the wind a long time. Her mother said:

"Well, I've heard a lot about you, Mr. Miller."

And that was the first time I really saw Helen smile. There was some embarrassment in it, but that only made it more beautiful.

Eddie came into the room on his way out and his mother said, "Eddie, this is Mr. Miller. This is my son."

I grinned at him and held out my hand. His mouth screwed down at one corner and he shook my hand as if it were a hot poker and said, "Hello. Well, I got a date."

"But I made your favorite dinner, Eddie," his mother said. "Meat loaf."

"I got a date, Ma," he grunted, and went out.

She didn't bat an eyelash. She said to me, "There's some stuff here for cocktails, Mr. Miller, if you would make them. Make mine light. One goes to my head."

We sat around for a while after dinner and then I took Helen and her mother to a movie.

I saw Helen next day, and that night she went to a movie with me and afterward we dropped in Carlotti's for beer and a sandwich.

About eleven I saw Eddie come in with a long-legged girl and stand up at the bar. She looked older than Eddie.

Helen looked worried. I got up and went over to the bar and said, "Hello, Eddie. Come on and join us."

He looked around at me, and there was no friendliness, and then he saw Helen. He said, "We're on our way." And to the girl, "Drink up, Vi." They went out and left me standing there and for a second I felt like going after him, big as he was, and knocking his teeth out. But I went back to the table and made believe I was laughing it off.

"They've got a date," I said.

"Sometimes Eddie can be so kind," she said, her eyes preoccupied. "But he's all mixed up—he's all mixed up. It's the times, I guess. There's nothing for just a boy—just an ordinary boy. He's just twenty-one and—" She let her voice trail off, and shrugged.

"He hasn't stopped being a kid yet," I said.

Helen looked at me gratefully and I changed the subject.

In the next couple of days I did things I never did before. I sent Helen flowers, the first flowers I ever sent to any girl. And when she told me that her mother wasn't feeling well, I stopped by to see the old lady—and before that, mothers of girls were just so much excess baggage to me. I took Helen for a ride in the country, when she had an afternoon off, and we picked wildflowers and ate at a roadside place by a brook. And when we got home, in the dark, standing downstairs in the hall, I kissed her. It was the first time and it just happened, we just turned toward each other and there it was, casual and then in a second all warm and beautiful, like music. It was the real thing. It was no game, no playing. She was my girl and I was her guy and I knew, there in that minute, that she knew it as well as I did.

So when she phoned me next afternoon at the station house and broke a date for that night, I didn't know what to make of it. She was short on the phone; she said she had a headache and was going to stay in. I said, well, couldn't I come around, and she said no. So I hung up and put in a couple of bad hours. And then I suppose I did a rotten thing. At eight that night I phoned the house and her mother said she wasn't in. On top of that, I went around and leaned against a pole across the street.

SHE came home at eleven, walking the block from the bus line. I crossed the street and stopped her as she was heading up the steps.

"So you were sick," I said.

I couldn't see her face clearly, for the darkness, and she didn't make a sound.

"Listen," I said. "You don't ever have to kid me, Helen. If there's another guy, or a number of guys, tell me. Because I'm nuts about you. But, get this, I'm not playing the field. I've been around a lot but you're the first girl I've gone overboard about. It's got to be the works or nothing, because I'm that kind of a guy. I was going to ask you to marry me—I was going to ask it tonight. I'm asking it now."

She was poised there on the step where I'd stopped her. Her voice seemed to come from somewhere down around her feet. "I can't marry you, Charley."

"You kissed me last night."

"You kissed me."

"But you kissed me back and the way you did it—"

"Let me go! Don't be an idiot!"

That cut me. I let her go and she ran up the stairs and the door banged shut after me and I walked away. I walked around the block a couple of times and then I headed up the avenue and stopped in a bar and drank three quick

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Then you'll understand why Barbasol is favored by millions of men—why Barbasol is America's fastest-selling shaving cream. Large tube, 25¢; giant size, 50¢; family jar, 75¢. And for 15¢, five scalpel-sharp Barbasol Blades. At all drug stores.

For modern shaving
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Are you good at guessing? If you are you may win any one of the valuable prizes given away every week—a new automobile, big money prizes, hundreds of $3 Barbasol Razors. Absolutely free to enter, takes only a few seconds to do. Simply guess a number, that's all. For details, tune in Singin' Sam (NBC Blue Network) every Friday evening. See your paper for time.

highballs. They hit me like a ton of brick and afterward I walked about a mile to clear my head.

I didn't stop by the Miles Standish next day. I didn't stop by all week. It was on a Saturday that I got a phone call from Mrs. Cosgrove. She wanted to see me and there was something in her voice that made me ask no questions. I went out of the precinct house and hopped a cab.

She was alone and there was a gray, grave look on her face. "I didn't know who else to turn to, Charley," she said. "It's about Eddie."

It's tough when you've got to face a mother about her kid. "What's wrong, Mrs. Cosgrove?" I said. "Anything I can do—"

"Eddie's left home," she said slowly.

"He get a job?"

"That's what I'm afraid about." She shook her head. "I don't think so. You know, for a while he was a bellhop at the Morton Arms Hotel, but it didn't last. Then for months he didn't do anything, except odd jobs. Relief elevator operator or bellhop, here and there—but only relief jobs. If one of the boys was sick. Then three days ago, Thursday, he left home. Packed his grip and left. I was out and when I came in there was a note. 'I'm leaving home,' he wrote. He didn't say where he was going." She gripped my arm. "Don't tell Helen I told you. She'd die."

"I'll find him," I said. "Don't you worry." And then I left.

SHE needed a friend. Well, I needed one too, and I had one. Hank Leon. I went to him and put my cards on the table. About Helen and her mother and about the kid.

I said, "I saw him in Carlotti's one night with a frill I wouldn't trust any further than I could throw a safe."

"Woman trouble?"

"Maybe. Which means money trouble."

"Which means—trouble." He slapped my knee. "Okay, baby. We'll collect him if he's in circulation. He was a bellhop. Well, he knew bellhops. They talk among themselves. Let's go."

We did the town. We went first to the Morton Arms Hotel and from a couple of bellhops there we learned the other hotels he'd worked at occasionally. We went to those, and we found bellhops who knew him, but that's all we found. None of them had seen him during the past week. We went to Carlotti's and I quizzed Carlotti himself and the barmen about the long-legged girl I'd seen Eddie there with. They didn't know anything about the girl except that she'd been there maybe half a dozen times with him. It was while we were having a beer there that I said to Hank Leon:

"Look. You remember I asked you once about Abe Horner."

"I remember."

"Well, Larry McLennan never showed up again in the Miles Standish lobby after that day he spotted me for a cop. If he spotted me."

"What do you mean, if he spotted you?"

"I was just thinking maybe Horner can be had and that maybe he tipped McLennan off."

"We could try."

I said, "Let me try. If there's a kickback, I don't want you on the receiving end too. Now don't argue, Hank."

He didn't argue. He laughed and slapped my arm and said, "Go ahead, baby. You'd do it, anyhow."

I found Horner in the lobby of the Miles Standish sitting in a big leather divan, with his hat on, and reading a newspaper like any guest.

"Out back, Abe. I want to talk to you."

He folded his newspaper, got up, and we went down the lobby and into his office. He sat on the desk, took off his hat and gave me his cagey look.

I said, "Think back to the day I was going to rough up Eddie Cosgrove."

"Go on."

"Larry McLennan was in the lobby at the time. I didn't know who he was then—but he took a hell of an interest in what I was doing. I asked you who he was. You gave me a dead pan."

"I gave you a dead pan. Go on."

"You knew who he was, Abe."

"You're kind of rough around the edges, like a bad corn, kid."

I said, "You can cut out the cheap cracks, too. Now listen, Abe. Don't try to kid me. Eddie Cosgrove's taken a runout powder. I want him. It's no pinch. I just happen to like his old lady. Get me, I'm not looking for Larry McLennan. I'm looking for Eddie Cosgrove."

His eyes got very steady. "You're on the level?"

"As your lobby floor."

"He's living at the Adams Hotel. Room ten-o-six."

"How'd you find out?"

"I was over sitting around talking to Zimmerman, the house dick yesterday. I saw him."

GARRETT PRICE

"How can he afford it?"

Horner kept looking right at me. "I don't know. You guess. That day you were going to rough him—he was talking to Larry McLennan five minutes before. What could I do? Helen's a grand gal, she's a million. Could I tell her? Could I tell the cops? I told McLennan to stay out of the lobby. But what else could I do?"

"Abe," I said, "I guess I had you wrong."

"I figured if you picked up McLennan you'd pick up the kid too. I wasn't going to be the cause of busting Helen's heart. That part," he said, taking a drag at his cigar, "is up to you."

I WALKED to the Adams. It was a long walk, twelve or fifteen blocks, and by the time I got there my mind wasn't any clearer. I didn't know what I would do, whether I'd put the cuffs on him right away or take my sap and lay it over his head. I went upstairs in the elevator and when I got in front of 1006 I felt like turning right around and leaving. But I knew that if I didn't pick him up some other cop would eventually. So I rang the bell.

He opened the door and I didn't say anything, I just looked at him. He didn't try to slam it in my face. His jaw fell and he swallowed and I kept looking at him, straight at him, and then I walked in past him to the middle of the room.

"All right, close the door."

I turned around and saw him standing there, his feet spread, his fists clenched.

"Well, Eddie?"

"Well?" he blurted.

"How deep are you in this, Eddie? How deep are you in with Larry McLennan?"

HIS jaw was quivering and his voice was harsh, unsteady, when he said, "If you think I'm a squealer—!"

"Who said you were a squealer? I know you're in with Larry McLennan, so what've you got to squeal about? I know all about him. His record. What he does. I can figure the setup here. You rent this room and that keeps him clean. He brings suckers here. You're his husky—his strong-arm guy."

His face was very red, grim, sweaty. "You ain't getting me to say a word."

"Listen," I said, "I'm not after McLennan. If I wanted him I'd camp right here and take him when he comes in. But I don't care about him, kid. I care about you. Well, about your sister. About Helen. I love her, if you know what that means. Forget I'm a cop. Right now, I'm no cop but a guy that's nuts about your sister. The girl's the thing—and if you'd be a right guy I'd like you too. I could do things for you."

All at once his eyes began to look harried. He cried out thickly, "Ain't I been thinking about her? And Mom? Do you think I wanted to land up this way? But no work, nothing steady, and living off them all the time!"

"How deep are you in this?"

He choked. "I ain't done—well—anything yet. I moved in here the other night and—" He stopped and his jaw hardened again and he shook his head. "I ain't asking you for anything!" he blurted out. "I ain't a squealer and I ain't asking you for anything!" He held his hands out. "So go ahead, go ahead and put the cuffs on me."

I didn't move but I said, "What about the girl you were with in Carlotti's that night?"

"She's McLen—" He closed his mouth tight and kept holding his hands out. "Go ahead, put 'em on."

"She's McLennan's girl," I finished for him. "You wanted dough to take her around. They knew it, Eddie—both of them. And then what? Then you didn't find out till afterwards that she was McLennan's girl."

His hands fell back to his sides and he dropped his head and for a second I thought he was going to bust out crying.

"You got a bag?" I said. "Get it."

There was a clicking sound and the instant I realized that it was the door a voice said, "Not so fast, Shamus. Skip the bag, Eddie."

I turned around, my hand going toward my gun, but when I saw McLennan standing inside the door and holding an automatic I knew I was behind the eight ball.

"Get your hat and coat, Eddie," he said. "We'll blow." He kept his gun trained on me. I was maybe a dozen feet away from him and didn't stand a chance in the world. "Make a move," he told me quietly, "and you'll get plenty. Okay, Eddie, step on it."

More than anything else, I felt sick. I said, "Listen, you bum, leave this kid alone. He's only a kid."

"Why, so you can waltz him over to the station house and give him a shellacking? Don't ever trust a copper, Eddie. Get your hat and coat."

Eddie turned and walked past McLennan to the closet. There was a fog in his eyes. Putting on his hat and coat, he looked first at me and then at McLennan, his lips working tight against his teeth, the sweat shining on his face.

McLennan said, "Crack him behind the ear, Eddie. Go up back of him and crack him behind the ear. Make it stick."

EDDIE came down the room, walking heavily, his big head down between his shoulders. I thought, "This is going to be tough on Helen and the old lady." And then all at once he was alongside McLennan and his hand closed over McLennan's wrist and forced the gun down and he choked out, "Larry, it's—"

Shocks and dismay and anger seemed to crack McLennan's face wide open and his whole body heaved violently against Eddie. "You lousy fool!" he screamed.

"Larry, listen now. I—I—"

"Let me go! Look out!"

Eddie twisted McLennan's wrist till the gun fell to the floor. He let McLennan go and stepped back, turning half away, dazed and still foggy-eyed. McLennan jumped for the door and that was where I got him and slammed him against it. I held him there, my hand full of his gray silk muffler.

"You got an hour to get out of town," I said. I opened the door with one hand and threw him out with the other and turned and said to Eddie, "Now get your bag. You're going home."

He looked at me stupidly and mumbled, "Home?"

"Sure." I took hold of his arm and shook it. "Come on, kid."

I was sitting in the precinct house a couple of nights later when the phone rang and Helen said, "Charley . . . Charley . . ."

I could tell by her voice that she couldn't say any more, so I said, "I'll be right over."

She met me in the downstairs hall and there was nothing to say. She was there all at once in my arms, half crying and half laughing, and holding me tight the way I was holding her.

"Oh, Charley, you saved him—you saved everything!"

"Give the kid some credit too. In the pinch, he showed he was a right guy. I talked to my father. He's getting him a job on the railroad. Something steady."

"I know," she cried against my shoulder. "And he's so happy, Charley. All at once he's grown up. And, darling, I—I didn't have a date that night. And I couldn't have married you, with things like that. I saw ahead, away ahead—Eddie getting in trouble and you a cop. I'd have hated myself, always asking you to get him out of scrapes."

All I could say was, "Whatever I did, I did for you, honey."

"Hold me tight, darling!"

That was the way it was. That was the way I'd known it was going to be some day.

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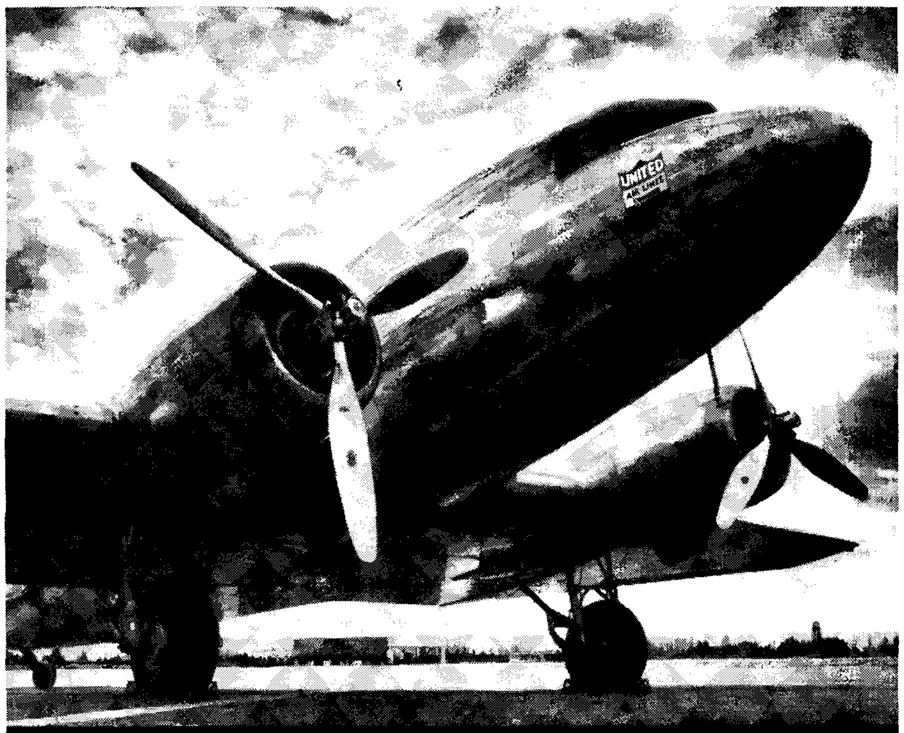

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Emergency Wife

Continued from page 11

up at every opportunity all day, and missing you everywhere. You didn't imagine I'd let your birthday go by!"

She reached his side and took out her latchkey. "Nice of you, Hero," she answered crisply, desolated all over again, because he was not Kenneth. Having only just parted from him with that painful finality in the street below, yet she would not have been surprised if he had rushed after her, overthrowing all their resolutions; or if at least he had walked straight to a near-by telephone booth to call her. Perhaps he was doing that now? Perhaps in a moment her telephone would ring.

HERO WINTER followed her closely into the flat. No hesitation about him, she thought. She was in no mood for him and his overbearing importunities tonight. "You mustn't stay long," she told him.

"Why not, since you've come home a lot earlier than I'd have let you if you'd been dining with me? And why weren't you?"

"Did you ask me?" she countered.

He said, laughing his frank, slightly brutal laugh: "Oh, don't spoil it. I would have asked you if I'd had the ready money for a really nice show. I'd hate not to do you proud on your birthday. As it was, flowers were all I could do. And why were you out so early this morning that I couldn't get you to wish you luck?"

"I was not out specially early; you just forgot my birthday till too late! And why not?"

"Now, now," he said, "don't be so cruel, calling a poor fellow's bluff like that! Why not, indeed! Every reason, and you know it! Anyway, dear, I tried to call you a dozen times today—well, half a dozen—well, twice anyway; and then I called you early this evening, but you were evidently out. To dinner, I suppose?"

They were together in her sitting room now; he had thrown down his light overcoat and hat in the hall, in the way he was establishing of making himself persistently at home here. She was already uneasy about that way; never quite sure of how to deal with him, this rather picturesque but queer marauder into her life.

"Yes. Out to dinner."

"Where?"

"The Hayden."

"Hayden? Where's that? Oh, I know. *That* little joint. I wouldn't take a woman there for *festa*."

"I rather liked it."

He derided this with his look.

"I suppose Kenneth Basil took you then?"

"Yes."

She glanced round and saw the flowers which Winter had sent, tucked by the morning charwoman into a jug, ready for her own arrangement.

"Oh, thank you, Hero. Angel. Really you shouldn't."

"Women like to have flowers," he said, eagerly watching her.

"They're simply grand, Hero. I love them."

"Not as much as I love you."

"Now . . . please not!"

"Do you like me, Linnet? *Like* me, anyway? A real liking is often good enough if you only knew it. The rest comes."

"I like you fairly well, Hero."

"You're an ambitious girl, aren't you? I wish you'd see that you and I together could make a fine thing of life. Directly I saw you first—remember when I was doing publicity for Cyclamen—that's how you got 'em—and came into your office—and then all the rest of it?"

"What's all the rest of it, Hero? Not much."

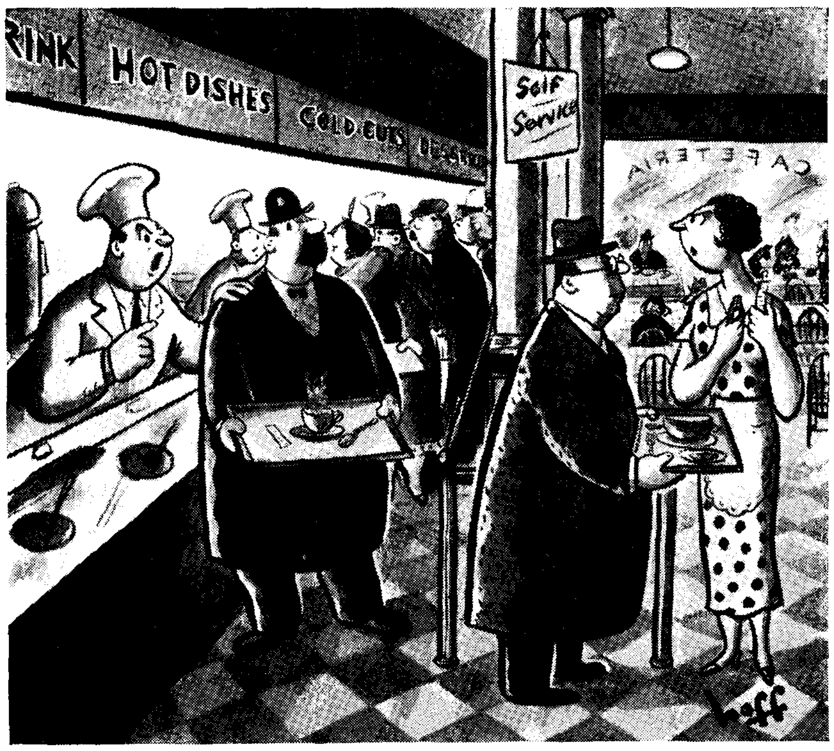
"You asked me to one of your Sunday suppers."

"Business. Entertainment. Pelham and Penley's allow me something."

"How well you did it, I said to myself. And I thought straightaway that I wanted you. Just the girl for me! What couldn't I do if I'd got you!"

"Fill up these vases with water," she said, smiling, and he obeyed, going to and fro from the bathroom with his intimate air.

Greed was a word that symbolized him, she thought. Yet she divined in his passion for her something better



"Check this gentleman for a hamburger. He ate one coming up the line"

SYDNEY HOFF

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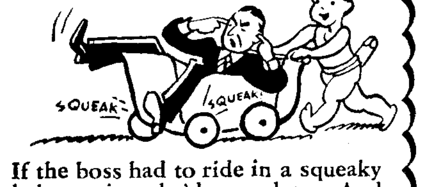
SUPPOSE PAPA HAD TO RIDE IN IT?



If the boss had to ride in a squeaky baby carriage, he'd squawk too. And soon go over the vehicle with *Gulf Penetrating Oil.* This oil is death to squeaks. Loosens rusted nuts and bolts. 10¢ & 25¢ cans at your dealers . . . or write Gulf Petroleum Specialties, 541 Gulf Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE SQUEAK KILLER

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than he usually showed; as if, somehow, it lit the best in him.

"Would you ever marry me?" he asked suddenly.

"No, Hero," she said.

"You will, one day," he said forcefully. She knew that he would try, either now or some other time, to force her will by any means in his power. And she was tired and wanted him gone.

"Go now, Hero, please."

Unexpectedly he went, without argument, kissing her hand.

She sat by her fire, thinking; and listening for the sound of the telephone call which did not come. Why should it come? Why should Kenneth slip into the nearest telephone booth, as she had imagined him doing, and call her up to say . . . what? And she, who had not shed a tear for years, wept now, to her own confusion. Always the cross-purposes; always the tangled barriers that looked small and yet were unmanageable! Always the man a woman didn't want!

"MISS MARCH is not in yet," her secretary, Clare Lent, said over and over again in her smooth little voice, speaking through the office telephone on her desk, down to the *commissionaire* at the imposing doors.

"I don't expect her until midday, if then. Perhaps not till after lunch." And she looked at half a dozen red roses—a love offering?—in a vase on Linnet's desk. At nine o'clock she had found them there, wrapped; and had put them in water. Her high-colored soft face looked intent on an idea that had come to her with the roses and her scrutiny of the writing on the envelope which presumably enclosed a card: "Miss March has a lot of outside appointments this morning. Don't send anyone up. Except . . . if Mr. Basil wishes to come up and leave any message, I can spare him a minute. Only Mr. Basil."

A minute? she thought fiercely. He can have my life.

But she was very composed, neat, busy, directly she had replaced the receiver; the perfect, competent secretary personally chosen by the perfect, competent Miss March; sleek in office frock with its white collar; her brown hair well waved and her little fat hands well manicured; her high color delicately powdered down—a satisfactory assistant for a selective business woman.

She thought that of herself queerly, this morning, as illogically expectant of Kenneth and disappointed in him, quivering with her expectancy and disappointment, she sat there methodically dealing with correspondence—this pile here, that pile there. Just her secretary, she thought, paid to do what she says. And yet we're two girls, two women together; and there's the one man.

She could—in fact, must—go out to lunch herself at twelve-thirty. It would not do to wait any longer. And though, every time the telephone rang, her heart jumped, it was never the voice she wanted to hear, asking for Miss March; or even, reasonably enough, if the roses had been delivered. Or . . . oh, on any of the excuses with which he would, suddenly and humbly, break into a busy morning. If only he would telephone, she would inveigle him up here somehow, on this opportune occasion of Linnet's all-morning absence. But the time went by.

Opportunity! If I could just have an opportunity to make him look at me, hear my voice, realize I'm alive too, she thought, I'd show her!

She dined with him last night—it was in her engagement book, Clare thought. Now, next morning, early as he could get them—flowers! What had she said?

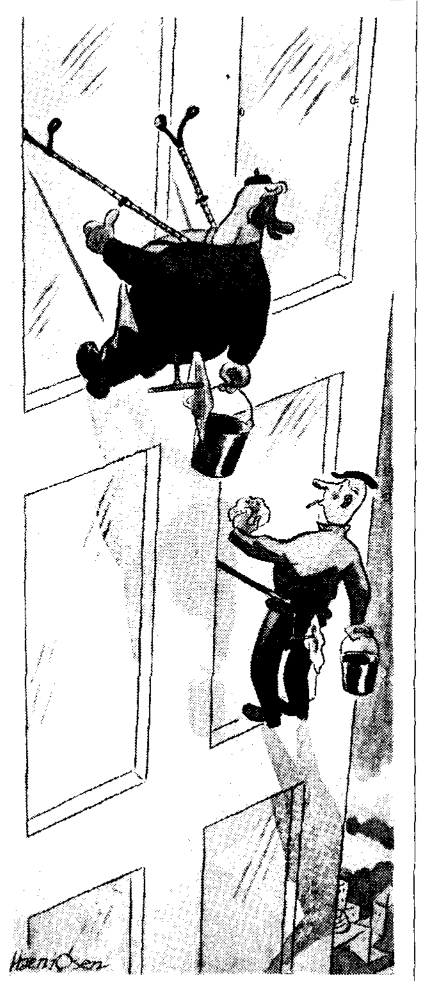
And then she decided, very deliberately, to lunch at the Hayden Restaurant, herself, today. It was rather beyond her usual range of malted milk and sandwich, or tea and poached egg, or coffee and salad. But she wanted to see the place. "Hayden Restaurant, seven o'clock" had told her about last night. Besides . . . why Hayden Restaurant particularly? Because it was a place where Kenneth Basil often went? Often, no doubt! For this was not the only Hayden Restaurant entry that had found its way into Linnet March's engagement list.

CLARE powdered her face and rouged her mouth very carefully; and, wrapped in her last winter's coat, went on what she knew to be a quest; and was rewarded.

As she neared the restaurant, pleased with her carefully "done" face, though lamenting the old coat . . . if I had what *she* has! . . . there he was, swinging from the opposite direction toward her.

His high head and his far-roving eyes, and his air of dreams and his quiet physical strength—she adored all. There was no gainsaying the fact that she coveted him.

"Hallo. Good morning, Miss Lent."



"These suspenders are guaranteed"

HARRY HAENIGSEN

He remembers my name only because I'm in touch with her!

"Good morning, Mr. Basil! What a surprise! I was just going to the Hayden for one of those good lunches which girls are never supposed to give themselves!"

She laughed a gay laugh.

"So was I going to the Hayden." He paused, her association with Linnet rankling in him and yet tempting him. "Let's at least eat at the same table—unless you're engaged."

He could say no less.

"Oh, no, I'm not engaged. Dutch treat; mind?"

Good sort of little thing.

And near Linnet. Every day with Linnet. So, endowed with a certain desirability and charm.

"I'm afraid it's a Dutch treat all right," he smiled.

There was something rather nice, though, in escorting her into the Hayden, helping her off with her coat, getting a table she liked. She made him feel contented with himself; was so contented, sympathetic and sweet herself. She made a man feel so very easily her superior in all things.

When they were seated, he asked suddenly: "Are you ambitious?"

"Why, no." She paused, her mind jumping quickly. "Not anyway, for myself. Not like Miss March."

She took care to speak Linnet's name admiringly, enviously, with a little sigh.

"Do you wish you were, then?" he asked brusquely.

"Well, in some ways. Why?"

"I wondered if all women were alike, nowadays."

"*All* women are *never* alike."

"I suppose not. It was a fool of a surmise." He picked up the *menu* and handed it to her, rather wishing he could give her lunch—this small young woman in the shabby coat. But last night's *festa* certainly prohibited that!

She considered the menu very prudently. "A chop and a baked potato, please, waiter." "Same for me," he said. Now they could talk, which he wished poignantly to do, though by no means a young man of easy confidences.

But he had had a shattering morning; a morning so unexpected that his world seemed to revolve completely in about sixty seconds, and to show him a new face. A face with a smile and a sneer on it.

HE WANTED—intangibly but no less strongly—to tell someone what had happened, and this little Miss Lent was rather a bit of good luck as confidante. She was shrewd, he thought, and quiet, and sensible; and seemed understanding—had her problems too, no doubt.

But first, in all decency, he must let her make a few remarks about herself.

"What do you want most to do, then?" he asked.

"To marry, I suppose, and have a home and husband and—" she paused. Was he domestically minded?—"perhaps a baby. There! nothing ambitious about that for you!"

"I wonder how many modern girls would be contented with just that?"

"Oh, all of them, I expect." She knew enough to speak generously of her sex. "Given, of course, the conditions they wanted."

"What conditions, mainly?"

"Oh, well. . . . Take Miss March. *She'd* have to marry money, wouldn't she?"

"What about the man?"

"Oh, well, of course every girl *wants* the right man."

"Ah, that's the rub, isn't it? The right man! And a man only wants the right woman. Second bests won't do, will they?"

"I've heard quite nice people say that they do very well indeed in many cases," she said.

The excellent chops were brought and served; and the big potatoes in their jackets. As they approved them together, the transitory intimacy grew. Taking advantage of it, she said softly, "You're worried? You're . . . angry? Something's happened?"

"Something *has* happened."

"Oh," she exclaimed. "I hope it's something good!"

"Fine. And pretty useless."

"Tell me," she begged quickly, with sympathy.

"I don't know why I should bore you."

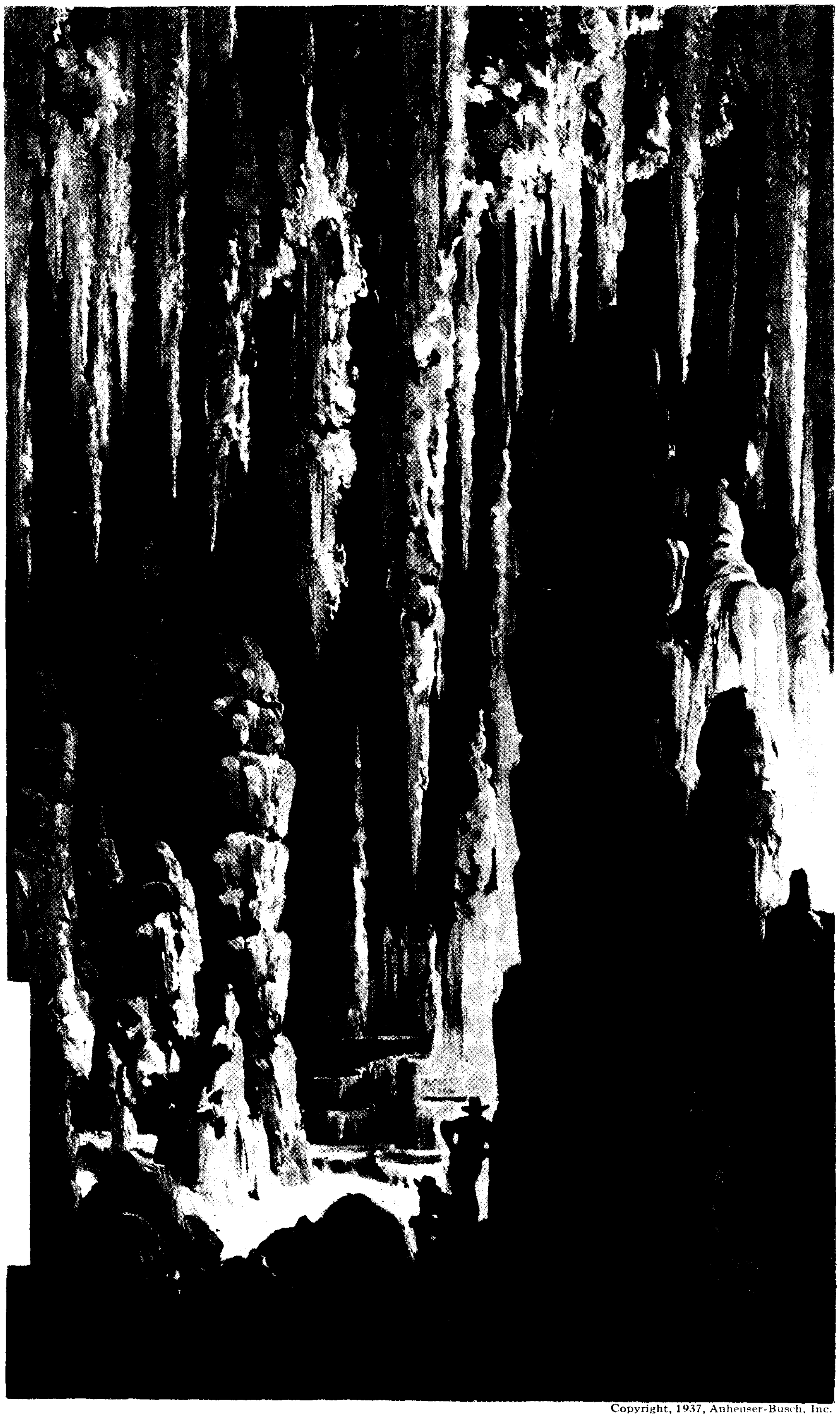
"It's unkind to say that!"

"I'm sorry," he said. "I feel you'd be pretty good to talk to—if you don't mind listening. Well, then, I was sent for to the managing director's room this morning; it simply came out of the blue; I hadn't an idea they'd *really* had an eye on me—"

"Of *course* they had!"

Aged a Million Years

A split second to make a raindrop . . . a summer to grow a barley grain . . . but a million years to form a stalactite. Why does Mother Nature take so long to produce her wonders in caves? Because to do each thing right, she finds a certain measure of skill is needed —a certain amount of time is required. . . . And so it is in producing fine beer. Choicest hops, finest barley are not alone responsible—months of careful ageing cannot be given full credit—nor is all the skill of 80 years' brewing experience the sole factor. But the three combined give you BUDWEISER—a beer matchless in bouquet, distinctive in flavor, always sparkling in golden richness.



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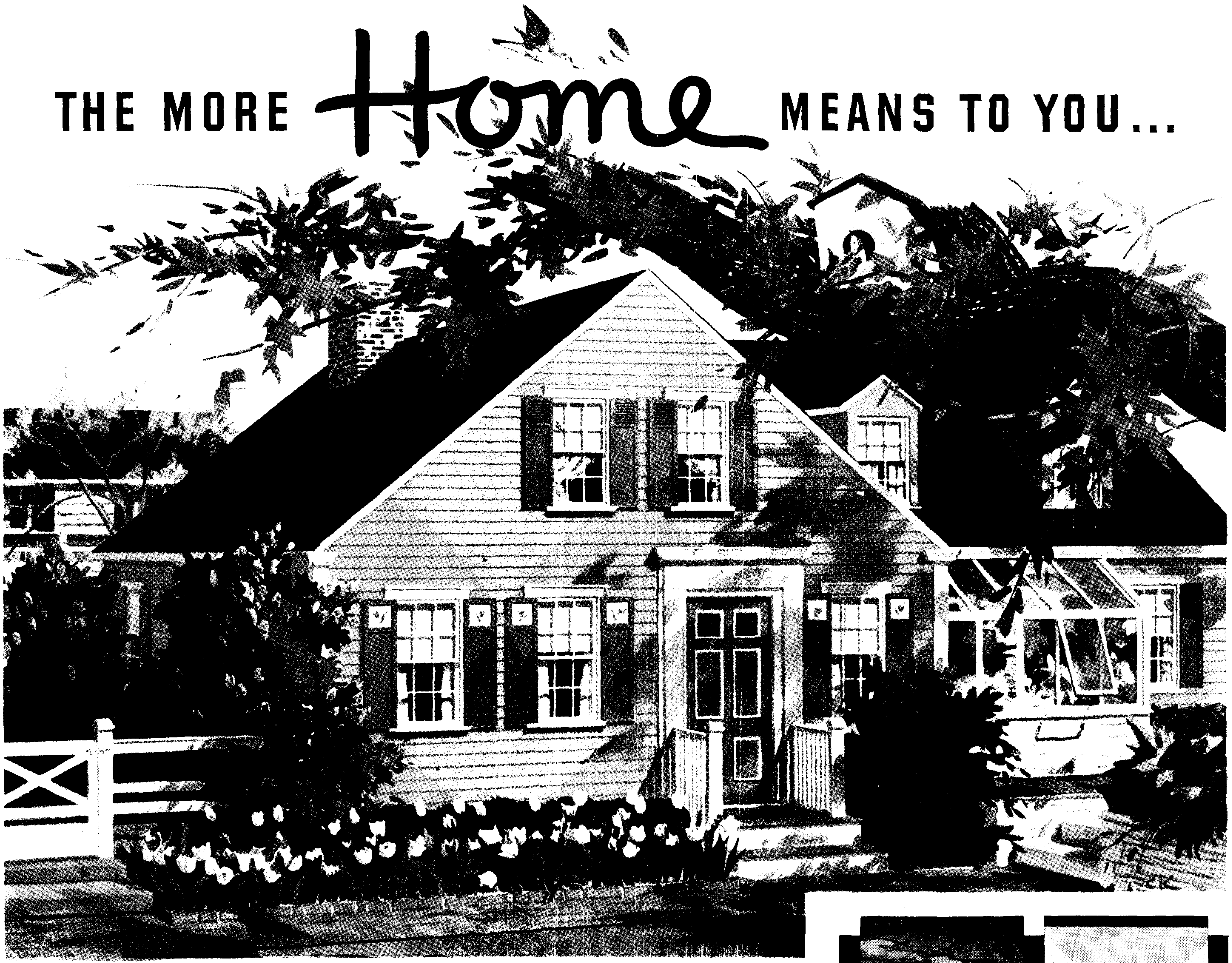

THE MORE YOU'LL APPRECIATE DUTCH BOY PROTECTION

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Your painter will be glad to work out any new color combination you wish. But when it comes to the paint itself, he's not interested in "something different." He sticks to a time-tried formula. He gives you the *proven protection* of Dutch Boy.

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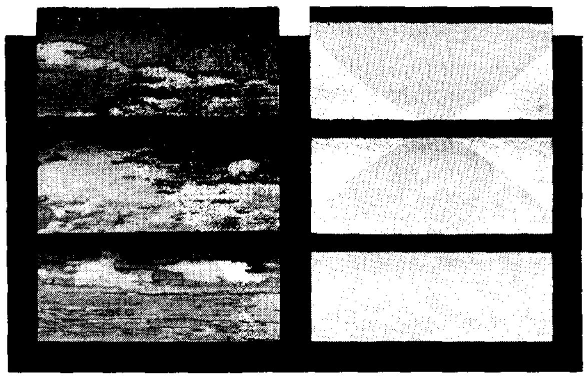
Don't be fooled by the *fake economy* of "cheap" paint. The left-hand photograph above shows what you really get. First cracks. Then paint scaling off. Then unexpected expense — for burning off the worthless paint and completely repainting, the latter including a new priming coat.

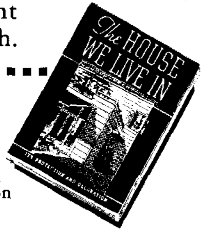
Avoid all this extra expense—by using Dutch Boy White-Lead. This paint does not crack and scale. Instead, it wears down by slow, gradual chalking — leaving a smooth unbroken surface—an ideal foundation for new paint. So, when your painter recommends Dutch Boy, he gives you additional proof that he is a conscientious craftsman determined to give you full value for your money. No one knows paint like a painter.

Easy to pay the Dutch Boy way. Why put off the pleasure of seeing your home sparkling with color once again? Take advantage of the Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan. No down payment. Two years to pay in surprisingly small monthly installments. The coupon below will bring you full information. But regardless of whether you are interested in this plan, send the coupon anyway for a free copy of the booklet, "The House We Live In". Shows 28 new and attractive color schemes. Tells how to get your biggest money's worth when you buy a paint job. Write Department 262, in care of the nearest branch.



"CHEAP" PAINT—*"Quitting" already—after only a short period of service. Right after this picture was taken, the paint had to be burned off at a cost of $60. There was also the additional expense of repainting which included a new priming coat.*

DUTCH BOY—*Four years old and still in excellent condition. House in same section as "cheap" paint job. Not a sign of cracking and scaling. And when repaint time finally does come, there will be no expensive extras to pay for.*



NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Dept. 262, (*See list of branches at left*)

Please send me your free booklet, "The House We Live In", containing color scheme suggestions and practical advice on interior and exterior painting. ☐ Please include description of Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan.

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DUTCH BOY WHITE LEAD

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"That's nice of you, Miss Lent. But really there hadn't been a serious sign, till Sir Andrew Porter this morning told me there's been a tragedy—a road accident—one of their best consultants—a chap called Somers—was killed late last night. Awful."

"*Terrible*. But you're going to tell me that it gives *you* a chance?"

"To my surprise."

"Life's like that, isn't it? So tragic; and yet . . ." she murmured.

He continued: "Somers was just going out to look at an iron mine in Roumania—the firm's considering a concession. It was a good job—Somers'. They've thought of offering it to me. . . ."

His voice came low and bitter.

"Well, isn't that fine?" she managed to say, though his news gripped and frightened her with a sense of loss. "Don't you want to go? I suppose you have to decide quickly?"

"They'll decide quickly. Naturally, *I'd* jump at it if I could get it—"

"But if it's offered you *will* take it?"

"Shall I? But there's a condition. They'll only have a married man in Somers' job. It's their rule—all the men in the biggest jobs to be married—steadied, anchored down. That's their policy." He sketched a gesture.

"Well! Well!" she said thoughtfully.

"Sir Andrew said he believed I wasn't married. I owned to that. He said perhaps I was thinking of marrying. I said I'd *thought*. . . . We were interrupted just then; he was very pressed; and upset about poor Somers. He said: 'We'll speak of this again today, then.' I heard after that I'm probably to see Faverel—he's another director and settles all this sort of thing for the firm, choosing the executives and so on."

CLARE felt breathless. "Coffee," she said to the hovering waiter, "And you, Mr. Basil?" "Oh, yes. Coffee."

She waved the waiter away and asked: "Well?"

"I shan't have the job, of course. You see, there's only one girl in the world I want to marry."

"Won't she . . .?" Clare asked, looking down.

"She won't."

"Dozens of girls—nice girls—*would*."

"I don't know one!"

She let her slight feline smile steal round her mouth. "Don't know one!"

He shook his head.

"I'm a one-woman man," he said.

She said quietly: "You are very blind." Adding: "Blinded by love!"

"Perhaps. But I doubt a cure. Anyway, I shan't get the job. The rule about married men's immutable."

"Kenneth." She touched his hand for a fleeting second with her little fat fingers. "Think it over."

"There's nothing to think over—just something to curse over—that's all."

"No. No. I meant—think of what I suggested. Not of turning down the job. That's *unthinkable*."

She looked at him fully and significantly, compelling his straying, distracted eyes to meet hers, and saw puzzlement, a half-enlightenment, an amazed doubt, conflict in his gaze. She repeated: "Think it over; a marriage of convenience which might easily turn out something better. Between two nice people—wanting to do their best for each other—love can come. Consider what I have said, and try to recollect if you don't know . . . just *one* girl . . . who isn't too much of a stranger to listen to that sort of proposal. Not such a dreadful proposal after all. A girl wouldn't mind it, I assure you."

She rose then, afraid for herself and her tremulous emotion. "I must go. Miss March will be back from lunch before me, and that would never do! But . . ."

He stood up too; still distracted; yet more—she could swear it—prepared to give attention.

"Telephone me early tomorrow morning, after you've slept on it. I'll be in the office earlier, in case you want to ring me. I've no phone in my bed-sitting-room. And don't give this Mr. Faverel your answer till you've thought over what I've said."

"You amazing little person," he answered. "But it couldn't ever be."

Had she shaken him? She did not know. Did he guess her meaning? She did not know. His eyes were interested but unembarrassed.

"*Think*."

"You're a good friend, anyway," he said. "I'm glad I was able to talk to you. Silence can be the devil. Thank you, Clare."

"And thank you, Kenneth," she paused on his name, "for trusting me."

She laid two shillings on the table, her exact share of chops and coffee and waiter's tip, and was gone, with just a flick of her finger, just a quick backward look from the doorway. He sat down and sent for another cup of coffee, and, at last, lighted the cigarette he had taken from her case, and which—like most cigarettes from cases which lie in women's vanity bags—was disagreeable to him with a faint perfume. But the perfume reminded him of her even after he had got back to the office; while he thought continually of her idea without so much as an argument in its favor; while messages came for him that Sir Andrew Porter was called away for the rest of the day; that Mr. Faverel was busy but would like his private telephone number.

Chelsea 003. But it was all of no use.

Clare Lent's impossible idea had been rejected finally, and his first grand chance with it, when at five-thirty he left, deciding to walk home to his rooms in Chelsea, along the Embankment, beside the black beauty of the river, as he had walked with Linnet only last night.

AT THREE o'clock Linnet came into her office from a prolonged discussion over luncheon, with an artist whom Pelham and Penley hoped to tempt into their occasional special employment. So graceful, so well-tailored, so in love with life she looked, with a smile left over from her amusing luncheon.

The successful woman.

"There's a note on your desk, Miss March," Clare said, "that Mr. Pelham and Mr. Penley want to see you together."

The successful Miss March went into the small cloakroom allotted to her sole use, left her hat and furs, lightly powdered her already perfect face. She gave her secretary a smile as she passed her desk on the way to Mr. Pelham's room. Damned gracious! Clare thought. She can keep her smiles! And she wondered agonizedly: Is he thinking things over? Will he see . . . understand? And if he does, what will he say? And when?

She smiled back at Miss March.

In Mr. Pelham's room both partners waited to receive Linnet, with the jovial promising air of men about to offer gifts. Rich in the psychology of how to handle worth-while women—so necessary in modern business—they were, as Clare Lent had told herself, always ready with the flattering word, the subtle thanks, the generous congratulation, to this precious and commendable young woman. But they had, this afternoon, more than that to bestow.

"Hallo, Miss March. A nice lunch party?"

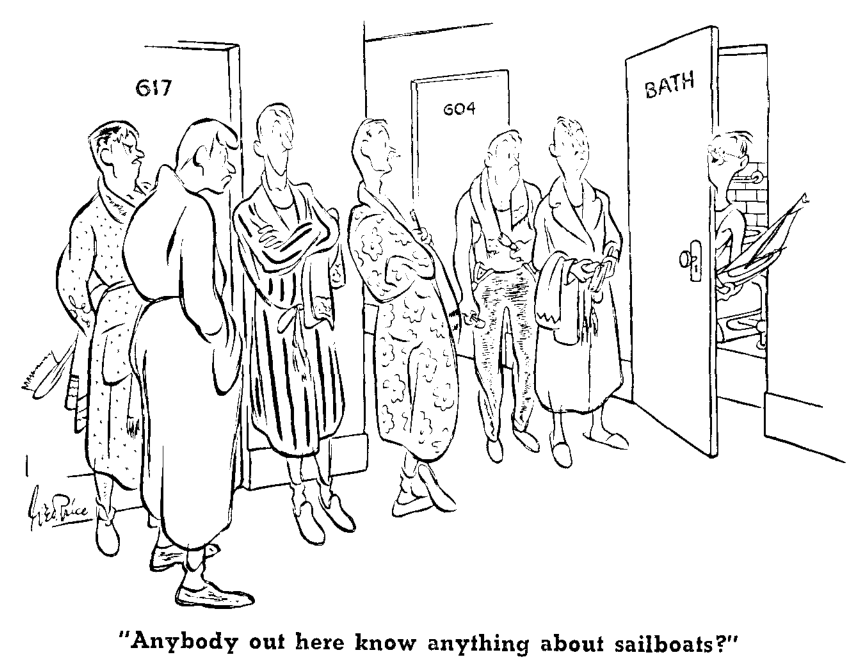
"Nice enough. I've got him for the Cyclamen Silks."

"Knew you would! Knew he wouldn't resist you! Well, that's extremely satisfactory. Sit here, Miss March." She seated herself assuredly in the big chair by the log fire in Mr. Pelham's Adam grate. Cigarettes were handed; complimentary looks rested on her. "We have a rather important proposition to put to you this afternoon; something we hope you'll like."

"I like all my work with you."

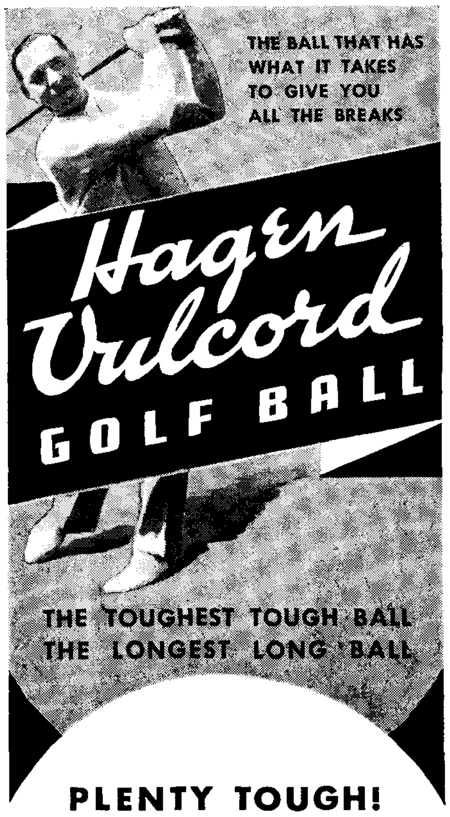
"There's a charming young lady to say so! We hope you do! Now, Mr. Penley and I remember your contract is shortly due for renewal—we suggest renewing it as from today on very much—er—higher terms. As you know, we have been thinking of combining the art and copy under one general manager; the question being; shall it be a man or a woman?"

MR. PELHAM paused, and his words sank in. They can't be going to offer me a job like that! Linnet thought, in awe and ecstasy and triumph. But she knew, of course, at once, that they were going to offer her the excellent post; the splendid prize. As happens to any sensitive person, in big moments, a hundred considerations flashed in and out of her brain. She felt ambition, and pleasure, and security; and an inherent deep-rooted confusion, as a flashlight in her mind illumined and compared the disappointing fortunes of a splendid young man. She saw other things—music lessons for a child, and school fees, and her sister's anxious face; and an old, old lady far away, bedridden, rejoicing for her. She looked at the partners quietly, with an anticipatory smile that dimpled



"Anybody out here know anything about sailboats?"

GEORGE PRICE



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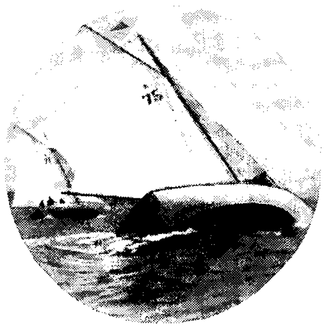
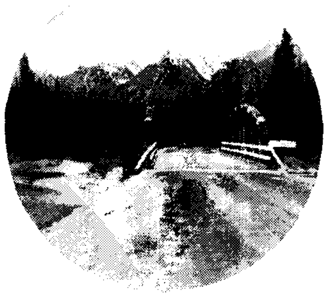


Sail, cruise, paddle or pole . . . you'll never forget the sheer, blue beauty of Canada's holiday waterways.



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her left cheek in the way that all men loved, and which somehow, airily and subtly, took from her all the businesswoman air, leaving her just an adorable female creature.

"Will you take it?" Mr. Pelham asked slyly.

"If I can have it!"

"It's yours," they nodded. But Penley added: "With an important clause, mind you. To be stringently kept. No marrying."

" 'No marrying,' " she repeated.

"That's only fair. We shall need all your strength and time. We believe that marriage is too much of a tax; a claim upon a woman."

She looked from them, into the fire; aware that they watched her. She must not show the least sign of regret—if she wanted this magnificent prospect.

"I quite understand," she said. "And I haven't thought of marrying."

"Good!" Mr. Pelham exclaimed. Penley applauded too. "And there's plenty of time for *that*, anyway. Isn't there? A clever girl can marry if she's ninety—and you're not ninety yet!"

THE thought came: But *whom* will a clever girl marry when she's ninety? Not Kenneth Basil. He would have got his wife and his children and his grandchildren and all his kingdom. . . .

Fifteen hundred pounds a year—and perquisites such as luncheons at the Savoy, dancing in pleasant clubs, the general life and movement connected with intelligent commerce—these appeared before her like the writing on the wall. The sign, pointing her future. *She must take this way.* "I know what she's thinking of," said Pelham in a stage aside to Penley, while all the while they watched her face, "she's begun to refurnish that nice flat of hers and we're forgotten."

"She's buying a new car," Penley answered. "She's bought it! . . . What make is your new car, Miss March?"

So, to the tune of mutual laughter, satisfaction, congratulations, the contract—awaiting her on Mr. Pelham's desk—was signed and sealed. Strength had flowed back to her. "Your copy, Miss March Our copy. All in order now. We must improve your accommodation too. You'll have your room to yourself entirely, of course, with any new carpets and curtains and so on that you—er—may wish. We're fixing up a cubicle for Miss Lent, quite cozy, just outside your door, to be a kind of anteroom. You'll need guarding, we think!"

To the tune of this laughter and satisfaction, she left the partners, the new contract sealed in its long envelope, in her hand.

A fifteen-hundred-a-year woman; with many privileges! She would have only to ask, to be accorded any reasonable thing.

"Letters ready, Miss Lent?"

"Waiting, Miss March."

Linnet put her signature, delicately decisive as herself, below each letter. "There's nothing else, I think, thank you. Cyclamen Silk will probably telephone about five-thirty. By the way, who sent the roses?"

"Mr. Basil's card came with them—I'm sorry. I forgot to put it on your table." She brought the envelope containing the florist's card from her own desk, and laid it before Linnet. Kenneth had written on the card simply: "So . . . Goodby to all that. K." The kind of radical anger that can be fostered by the warring personalities of two women—and yet she had selected this secretary herself—vexed Linnet and showed in her rising flush. "How do you know that is from Mr. Basil?"

"I recognize his writing, Miss March," the other answered, rather too carelessly. "Besides . . ."

That pause was intentional.

" 'Besides' . . .?"

"We lunched together today." Then instantly Clare knew it to be wiser to amend the implication, in case Kenneth himself should have occasion to do it—humiliatingly—for her. Never had he yet sought her company, and he had not sought it this morning. The maneuver was hers. "We happened to meet in the street; I was going into that little restaurant rather near his office—the Hayden, and he was going there too."

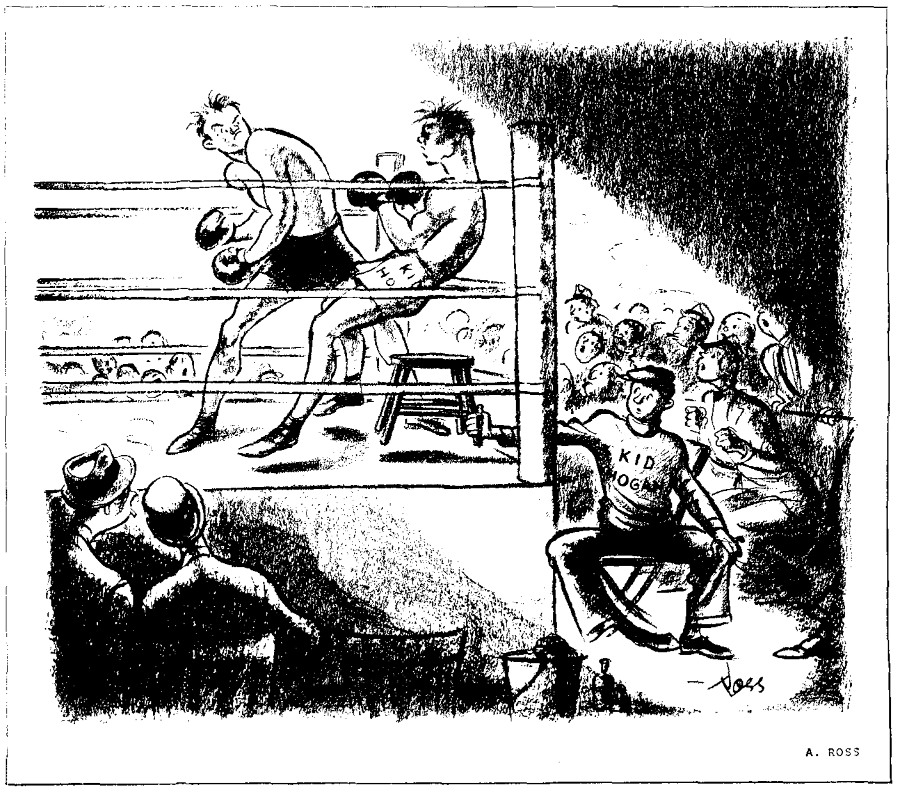
"Out of your way, I should have thought."

"I enjoy a change—like other people."

And now she could not resist talking of him to the other girl whom he loved; could not keep back the carefully envenomed things she was literally suffering to say.

"I think Mr. Basil was quite glad to have someone to talk to. To pour out his woes to, you know, Miss March."

She hazarded this ingenuously, carefully guileless, and had the gratification of seeing in Linnet's flustered look that she was mortified; that she disliked the thought of her adorer—oh yes, her adorer!—pouring out his woes to another. Woes? What woes? Linnet March would be thinking. Can he ac-



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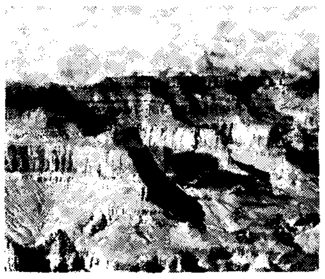

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tually have confided in my secretary? She would wonder.

"Is that so?" Linnet murmured.

"That's how he seemed to feel. Of course I wanted to help if I could. He's so *awfully* idealistic, isn't he, Miss March?"

"I think he may be."

"It's a handicap, isn't it?"

"You think so, Miss Lent?"

"Well, it seems so, sometimes. He was telling me at lunch that he'd got such a good offer—but I expect he telephoned you about it, himself, *much* earlier than he told me. After all, it's the first thing he would think of—to tell you all about it."

SHE knows he didn't, Linnet thought. She knows I am in the dark. Difficult to preserve authority, dignity, like this, with a war drum beating distantly, foolishly, between them! This must stop, she thought, knowing the other girl's behavior for the bitter impertinence it was. But, looking past Clare uncertainly, she saw them both reflected in the big mirror on the wall opposite her table; just two young women together, and Clare Lent the older of the two by three years. Those three years, with the sharp difference in attainment, must gall. Was it surprising that there should come a clash between them?

"I was out early, Miss Lent, seeing the Cyclamen advertising manager—I've heard nothing of Mr. Basil's news. It seems good."

"Oh, well, it might be just wonderful, of course; and that's why it must be awfully hard to have to refuse the offer, mustn't it, Miss March?"

"If Mr. Basil refuses it, I suppose he has his reasons."

"Oh, well, that's the trouble. He has his reasons. But I expect you'd rather hear it all from Mr. Basil himself."

"Perhaps that would be better."

Though you shall have it from *me,* all the same, Clare thought. She went on in a delicate way: "It's a terrible pity for a man like that to throw away everything for some girl who doesn't care what happens to him."

"That seems like a riddle," Linnet said, trying to achieve indifference.

"Oh, how stupid of me! I should have *told* you: the job is for a *married* man. To go out inspecting some iron mine in Roumania. But it's one of the highly paid posts, and it's permanent. I mean it *would* be. I explain so badly. . . . I was so sorry for him. . . . His firm like their *important* men to be married, you see. The right wife is so *useful,* isn't she? So he has to refuse."

"He hasn't refused yet, then?" Linnet asked sharply, in spite of herself.

"He's going to refuse—if they really insist on a married man—when he sees the director who picks the—the—applicants, you know. A Mr. Faverel, I think is his name. I expect you know all about him, Miss March?"

I know nothing, and you are perfectly aware of it, Linnet thought. She rose, putting the new contract into her private drawer with deliberation; locking the drawer; making an affect of departure.

Clare Lent accepted this hint ostentatiously, taking up the sheaf of signed letters. "I told Mr. Basil he should marry—a marriage of convenience, Miss March. Tell this director he's engaged; and then get married at once. It might turn out to be love, after all. I told him."

"You told Mr. Basil that?"

"I don't think his own sister could have given him more *sensible* advice, Miss March."

"He hasn't got a sister."

"Oh, Miss March, I didn't mean you to take me so literally!"

The secretary had an excuse for a little laughter at that. She laughed—at Linnet; and went trimly to her own desk in the corner. She became busy with typing addresses.

"Good afternoon, Miss Lent."

"Oh, you're leaving early, Miss March? Good afternoon."

In her cloakroom, putting on her hat and furs, Linnet was shocked at herself, at the turbulence of her breast, and the heat of her resentment against her secretary. Nothing that Clare Lent had said or looked or done logically warranted such extremity of resentment. Ah! but she had lunched with Kenneth; offered him her sympathy, tried to persuade him to marry and have done with it.

Marry whom? Not her, Linnet thought in a hurry. Not her! Had she meant to put that into his dear, rebellious, idealistic, one-woman head? Yes. That is just what she did mean, Linnet said to herself. And she may have done it. Why not? That soft, trim, shy, plain-faced little figure in the corner might very easily suggest itself as a comforting, untroublesome wife to a man.

And, in love, how muddleheaded a man can be!

Crossing the room again, Linnet nearly pulled one of the red roses from the vase, to tuck into her coat lapel; but refrained. Her hot heart wished all the roses withered and gone in the morning.

Was this the mood in which a triumphant young woman, endowed with success, seeing all dreams come true, faced her enhanced future?

She whispered to herself, so that she heard her own voice: "Oh, this has been a *terrible* day!" *The clear decisions of* last night faded; were blurred.

She swung herself on an omnibus, making for Kenneth's rooms in Chelsea, only a few streets away from her own flat. She wanted to see him and talk to him, and tell him what he must do.

She couldn't be behind Clare Lent.

He must marry. Yes. He must!

But if only it could be me!

It couldn't?

No, she thought, even now it couldn't be me. Last night I convinced him.

Whom then should he marry in a hurry?

It was not like her to leave issues so ragged, so torn in her mind. She had trained herself to make logical and unregretted decisions. This issue was so big. Too big. She had told him plainly that she did not love him, making him, for his own sake, believe it; and he had written on a card: "So . . . Goodby to all that," confirming last night's parting.

THE omnibus was in the King's Road before she had disentangled her thoughts, and she alighted and went through the comparative quiet of Wellington Square to the shabby street where he lodged.

She knew he would be out, as yet. He would be, as a matter of fact, on the way home, if he were returning. And if he were not returning—if he were seeking Clare? If he had surveyed and considered the thought which she had put into his head? . . . But his landlady said: "Yes, miss. He's coming home for his supper. He always does if he says so. You could step in and wait." So, for the first time, Linnet was in one of Kenneth's two pokey and very shabby rooms, looking about her at his few personal possessions: the cricket photographs on the wall; Kenneth as captain of the eleven. A fishing rod in a corner; some boxing gloves flung on a chair; some books; two pipes on the mantelpiece. A battered mirror, in which she saw herself as an incongruously smart young woman; very black and white, her fair sleek hair and red lips and smoky eyes striking the only color note.

A cover was laid on the table for his supper; one plate; one tankard with some sort of arms upon it—a trophy or a prize—and one bottle of beer.

Oh, my man, she thought tenderly,

"Hold everything— I forgot the Kleenex!"

(She's got something there!)

It pays to adopt the KLEENEX HABIT in the car, too!

- Right! Kleenex comes in mighty handy in the car! To clean steering wheel, windshield and mirror, to wipe hands and greasy spots so clothes don't become soiled. And to dust and polish the car. Once you start keeping Kleenex in the car, you'll wonder how you ever got along without it.

Then, when you have a cold, there's nothing like the Kleenex Habit to soothe a tender nose. It saves money as it reduces handkerchief washing. What's more—you can use many Kleenex tissues for less than the cost of having one handkerchief laundered. Besides, Kleenex tends to retain germs, thus checks the spread of colds through the family. Use *each tissue once*—then destroy, germs and all.

Keep Kleenex in Every Room.
Save Steps — Time — Money
To remove face creams and cosmetics . . . To apply powder, rouge . . . To shape and blot lipstick . . . To dust and polish . . . For the baby . . . For many kitchen uses.

No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue—the next one pops up ready for use.

KLEENEX
A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

but without giving the thought the visibility of words. If only you hadn't been so poor! Or, if only I had been as weak, incompetent, as you are strong!

But that facile and specious reasoning, which convinces so many featherheaded women, failed as ever to convince her. It was ridiculous; entirely unworthy. If I'd been weak and ineffectual, we'd never have met at all. I'd have been fighting along like my poor sisters, she thought. Yes. Only her talents, her supreme competence, had brought her to Kenneth, and Kenneth to her. Perish these silly, half-guilty self-reproaches!

There was a clock on the mantelpiece striking the half hour. Six-thirty.

A TELEPHONE rang. There it was, on the corner of the mantelpiece. Supposing it were to say that he would not, after all, come back for his lonely meal? She lifted the receiver quickly to answer him—and it was not Kenneth who spoke.

"Hello. Chelsea 003?"

"Chelsea 003."

"Is that Mr. Basil's house?"

"Yes," she answered. "Mr. Basil is not in yet, but may arrive any minute. Who is calling?"

"Mr. Faverel."

Faverel! The director with the casting vote! All her wits jumped to Kenneth's help. "Is that Mr. Faverel himself speaking?"

"It is. To whom am I speaking, please?"

She said steadily; pleasantly: "To Mrs. Basil."

The very few seconds between what seemed like his sound of surprise and his next words dragged like hours. She was overwrought, and knew it; and disciplined herself to composure. Nothing in her own work, her own life, could have swept her with such a torrent of anxiety as swept her for Kenneth, now that she had, on the spur of the moment and her instinct, uttered the lie for him. And how to live the lie? What to do? Her thoughts raced to the immediate difficulties; of telling Kenneth; and, yes, seeing this invisible man Faverel. We ought to see him together, she thought, listening intently for his voice again.

"Oh, Mrs. Basil? I didn't know . . ." And a pause with a smile in it.

She read the invisible smile at the other end of the wire, as if she could see his face. "Shall I give my husband any message?"

Her telephone voice was her natural speaking voice; intensely pleasing, distinct yet soft; crisp yet musical; the voice of a woman who knew how to talk; one of her assets. And she liked the voice at the other end; an easy voice that also knew how to talk.

"I wanted to see your husband this evening on a rather important matter, about which he may already have telephoned you, Mrs. Basil—"

"Yes," she said, "I know something about it."

"May I have your address? I have only the telephone number, and my secretary has been looking for it in the book."

"Ah, we haven't been here so very long; we're not in the book yet. The address," she said clearly, "is number 20, November Gardens, Chelsea." Without hesitation, looking round Kenneth's unenterprising sitting room, she gave the address of her own flat.

"May I come round this evening?"

"Will you dine with us at eight o'clock, Mr. Faverel?"

"That's very, very kind of you. I would like to dine if it is not upsetting any of your plans."

The key clicking in the street door; Kenneth's step that she knew so well—so well!—in the uncarpeted hall outside.

"I shall look forward to seeing you; and I'll tell my husband the moment he comes in."

Her voice was challengingly clear. She was challenging Kenneth, outside, to be angry with her.

"Thanks so much, Mrs. Basil."

"Goodby till eight o'clock, Mr. Faverel," she said, clearly and emphatically, and hung up. Kenneth stood in the doorway before she had moved away from the telephone.

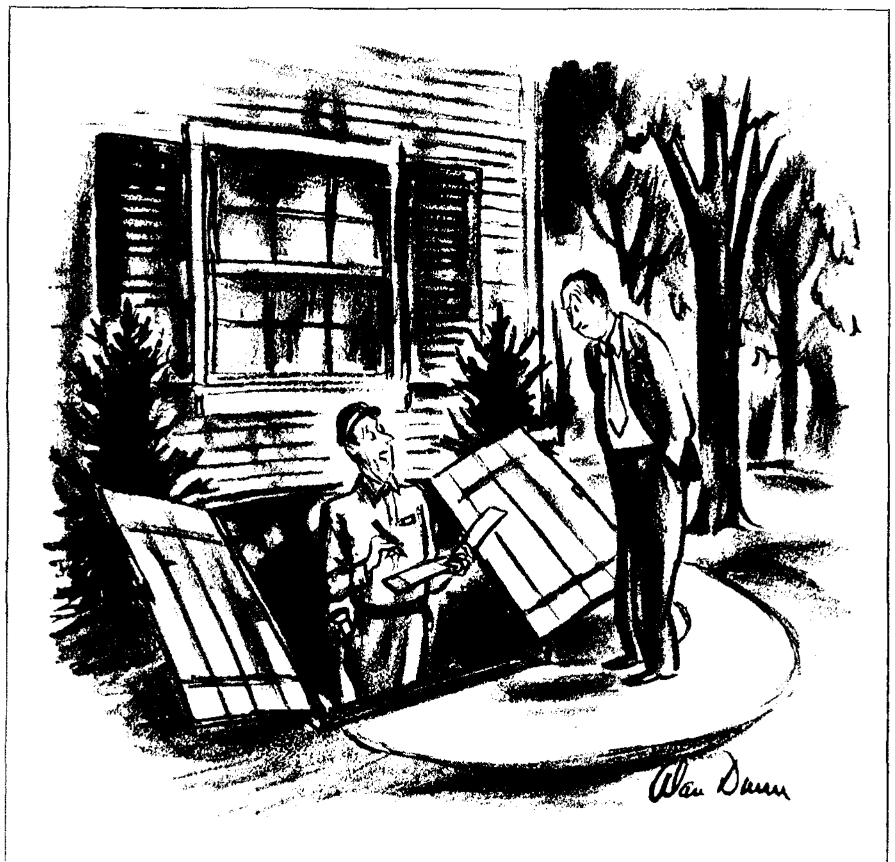
"Linnet!"

"Kenneth!"

"I heard you!"

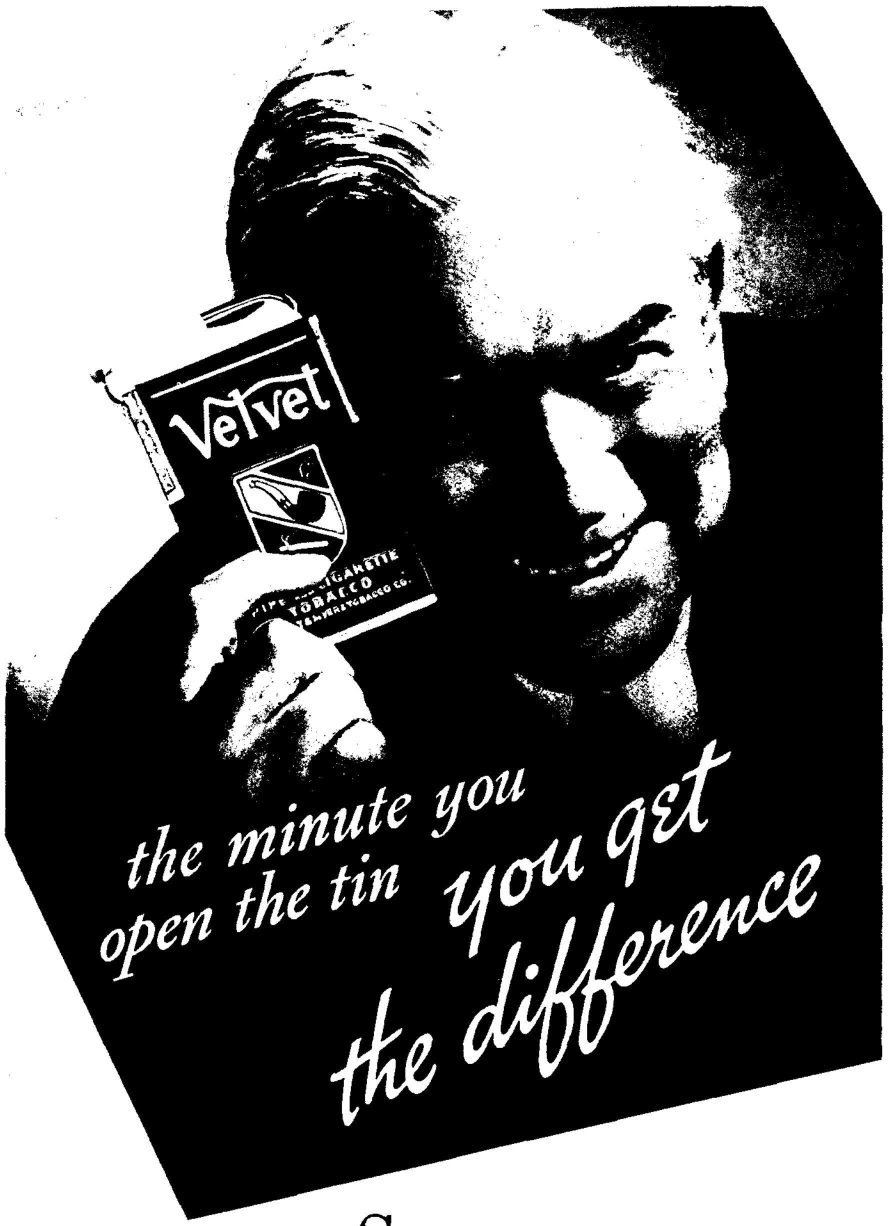
"Did you?" she said.

(To be continued next week)



"Unfortunately for you, lightning struck your power line and came through the meter, registering a charge for this month of $250,683.10"

ALAN DUNN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better Smoking tobacco

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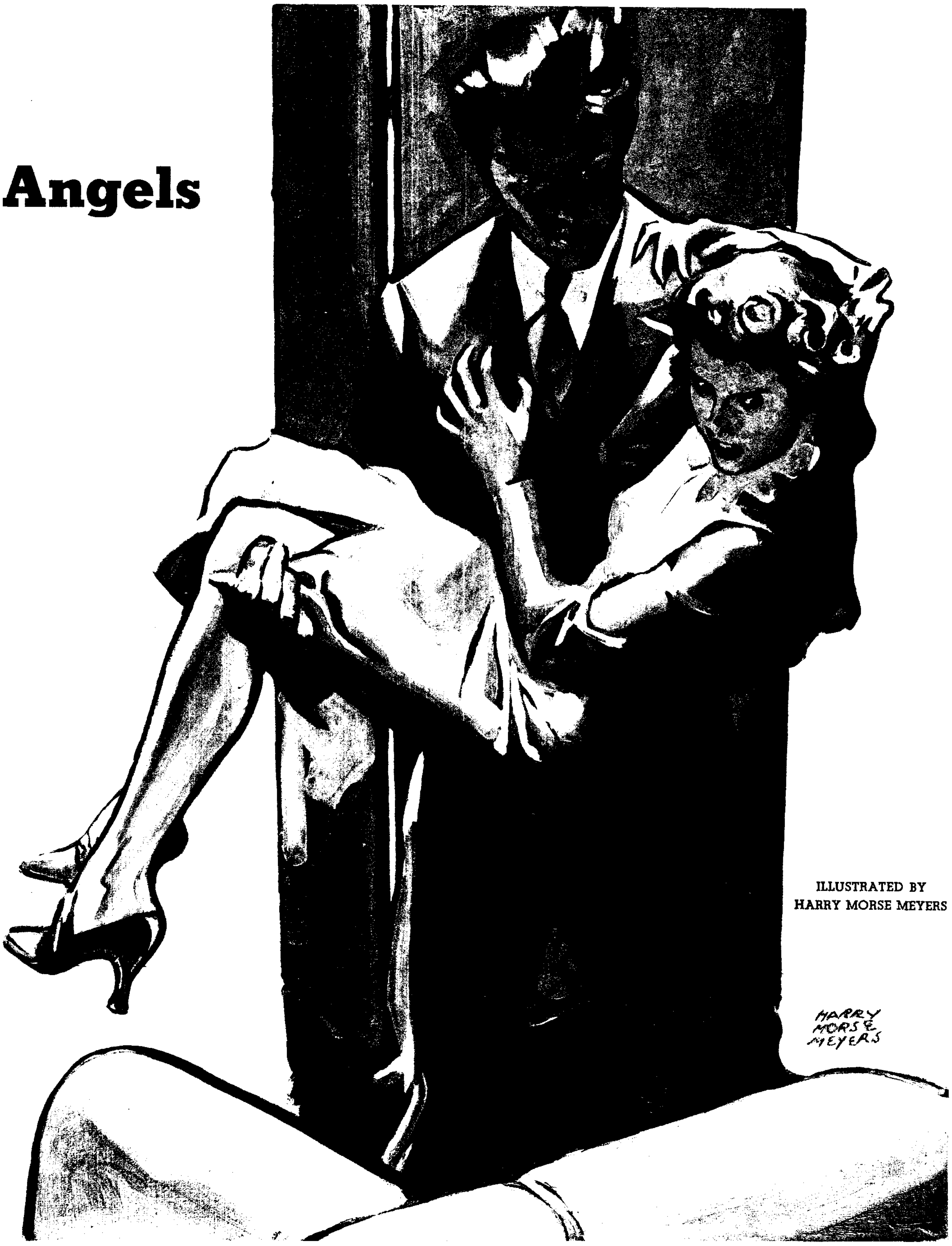
SIX Golden Angels

By Max Brand



ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY MORSE MEYERS

He picked her up. Her whole body was rigid. When she relaxed a bit she would begin screaming, he was sure

The Story Thus Far:

ONE year after the disappearance of Dorrie Innis, a lovely young actress, one of her friends, "J. J." Leggett, gives a dinner party in his palatial New York penthouse. As his guests seat themselves, he makes a sensational announcement: He has been betrayed by a secret enemy; that enemy is among his guests; someone is now on his way to tell him the whole sinister story!

The guests are: Huge, kindly Mike Ravenna, his dearest friend; Jimmy Hickey, a noted columnist; Porter Brant, a theatrical producer; Elspeth Claussen and her husband, Eric; young David Ryder, his nephew, just back from Europe after a long stay abroad; the Countess Lalo, Marene Sutherland, Sydney Galloway, Leslie Carton and Eileen Durante. All of the women are blond, all are beautiful.

An hour and a half later, the police are in the penthouse examining the body of "J. J." Leggett, who (as it appears) has killed himself, shot himself to death, in his study. They decide it is a case of suicide and depart. But David Ryder knows that his uncle has not killed himself; for beside Leggett's body he has found (and appropriated) a small golden angel—one of six identical favors given to the six women guests!

Attempting, with no success, to learn which of the women still have their golden angels, Ryder employs a veteran detective, Hans Seelig, to work on the case. He is uncertain about another clue: the disappearance of his uncle's will—a new one, in which he, David Ryder, is named as the principal beneficiary. He decides to await developments.

They come quickly—a series of episodes which renders first one, then another, of his guests (and even Martin, Leggett's valet) suspect. And after a time, he has the realization forced upon him that even charming Leslie Carton (to whom he feels strongly attracted) must be watched; for he learns that she is involved, in some sinister way, with Elia Gonelli, a criminal who will hesitate at nothing!

While Ryder is looking for evidence, Jimmy Hickey informs Porter Brant, by telephone, that Ryder regards him, Brant, as a suspect. As Brant leaves the phone, Sydney Galloway enters the room. "I've been listening," she says calmly. "If Ryder's after you, you'd better get out of town—*quick!*"

V

RYDER, with the Hickey interview behind him, went uptown to the hotel on Central Park West where Claussen lived. When he telephoned up, the voice of Elspeth Claussen said: "Oh—it's you? . . . Oh . . ."

"Can I see your husband?" he asked.

"I'm afraid not. He's terribly busy," she answered hastily.

"You just tell him that I want to see him, will you?" asked Ryder.

There was a pause during which, perhaps, she could have asked a question and had an answer from another person in the room, but Ryder preferred to guess that she was using that interval for a bit of silent thinking.

She said: "Are you alone?"

"I'm all alone," said Ryder.

"Well, Eric will see you," said the girl.

When he got up to the rooms, Elspeth Claussen opened the door. She had on riding clothes but they did not make her seem narrow-shouldered or heavy in the hips. The morning sun filled the eastern windows of the room with brilliance.

"I'm terribly sorry," she said. "When I spoke to Eric he said that he simply couldn't drag himself away from his work. He's doing the daily dope sheet, you know. If he stops in the middle, the figures get all mixed up."

"Go back to Eric and tell him that I've just been having a little chat with Martin, will you?" asked Ryder.

He saw the words strike into her and come out guiltily through her eyes again. She had had some of the glow of a Leslie Carton until that moment; now this morning light left her. She kept watching him for two or three very long seconds.

"All right . . . I'll talk to him," she said, backing up a step.

He walked right in past her and tossed his hat onto a chair.

"Don't talk to him. Just open a door and call to him," said Ryder.

She went to the door on the opposite side of the room and hesitated, her hand on the glass knob.

"I haven't a gun with me," said Ryder.

To this singular remark she said nothing, but her eyes centered on his hands, and then on his shoulder. She was adding up things and arriving at a total.

"I won't use my hands on him, either," said Ryder.

"Don't—" she began; but then she set her teeth and the words strained away through them into a sort of groan. She jerked the door open.

"Eric, he's been talking with Martin and he says he has something important to tell you."

"I told you—" began the angry shout of Claussen from the next room.

His voice stopped short. He had bumped against something in her glance that checked his speech. The silence between the girl and her unseen husband continued until it seemed to enlarge the moment. Ryder began to feel the pulsation of his heart.

After a time the girl stepped back from the doorway and Claussen came through it in riding trousers and shirt sleeves that were rolled up to his elbows. He wore a long, dark-green eyeshade. His trousers pulled down a little in front of the right hip, for something heavy and rather bulky was in the pocket.

Ryder looked steadily at that pocket as he said good morning. Claussen answered: "Well, what is it?"

"In my mind or in your pocket?" asked Ryder, smiling.

Claussen straightened himself. He was big and there was a lot of quality in the muscles that dressed his forearms.

"What sort of a way of talking is this?" he demanded.

"Eric!" called the girl.

"I'm not going to take anything from you," said Claussen. "I don't have to take anything, and I'm not going to. You can't come here and—"

"Eric!" broke in Elspeth Claussen.

SHE couldn't stop him. A lot of mad dog was getting into his face and he was letting it run; he was encouraging the hysteria to sweep him along. He kept making half-steps toward Ryder.

"Let him talk," said Ryder. "I don't mind."

He moved up a good long stride, so that he was within arm's length of the gambler.

"Now, don't make any move toward that gun," said Ryder. "Don't get so excited that you forget how fast a bare fist can connect."

He centered his attention on the bruised spot near the end of Claussen's chin. Claussen moved back a step. Ryder followed him.

"Eric, he only wants to talk!" cried Elspeth. "Listen to him!"

"We're all right," said Ryder. "We're going to get along together very well."

The mouth of Claussen no longer twitched with that beastly excitement. His face began to turn to a dirty green-tan as fear clotted his blood stream.

"You'd better leave the room," said Ryder to the girl.

"You stay here!" called Claussen.

"I'll stay right here," said the girl.

"Well, you probably know everything, anyway," said Ryder. "Mind moving around so that I can have you and Eric in one grasp of my eye?"

She came up beside Claussen and slipped her hand inside his right elbow.

"Don't do that!" protested Claussen, trying to shake her off.

"Be quiet, Eric," she commanded. Eric was quiet.

"After I saw Martin," said Ryder, "I had a talking-point. A fifty-thousand-dollar talking-point. Do you understand that?"

"I don't understand anything," said Claussen loudly.

"I'll explain a little," said Ryder. "There was an accident at my place. In the night a gun went off. But nobody was hurt. Martin, somehow, seemed to have lost ten thousand dollars; and afterward he and I had a chat . . . How much do you know about all this, Elspeth?"

She was staring up into the face of Claussen and breathing hard.

"Did you?" she asked. "*Did* you?"

"Go on into the other room!" commanded Claussen. "I don't need you in here any more."

Instead of leaving, she took a harder grip on her husband's arm.

"I guess I know everything now," she said. "Talk right ahead."

"I'm going to do the listening, not the talking," said Ryder. "I expect the talking from you two. Fifty thousand dollars' worth of it. Do I get it?"

The glance of Claussen broke away from the face of Ryder and wavered down toward his wife but she gave him no support for the moment. She was staring fixedly at the guest.

Ryder explained: "With Martin for a witness, I can make a charge of burglary, assault with intent to kill, and the theft of this stuff."

He took a sheaf of paper from his coat pocket and fluttered the burned edges of the sheets in the air.

"When you dropped this stuff out of the window," he said, "it didn't go on burning. It fell in a lump and wedged between a water pipe and the wall so tight that the fire was put out. That's where you had rotten luck. Now, Eric, you can buy this paper back from me. I know you haven't got the cash but you can pay me by telling me what you know about the murder of my uncle."

"Murder?" breathed Elspeth Claussen.

Eric Claussen gaped. Then he said: "Hickey did it!"

"Go on," said Ryder.

"Hickey did it," repeated Claussen. "He owed money to Leggett. Hickey did it.

"I could tell from his column—the way he tried to scatter suspicion on everybody at the party. He was trying to cover himself. . . ."

"Is that your only reason?" asked Ryder. "Is that all you know?"

"I thought Hickey seemed upset and I saw him . . . "

"Eric, you're lying, and David knows you're lying," interrupted the girl.

Claussen said: "Ah, my God, what can I do?"

"Tell the truth," said Ryder.

"I don't know. If it wasn't suicide, then I don't know!" groaned Claussen.

RYDER turned his back and walked slowly across the room. A big ash bowl with a pipe hooked over the edge of it stood on the table with a cigarette lighter at hand.

Behind him he heard a rustling of clothes, the sudden, gasping whisper of Elspeth Claussen as she said: "Eric! No, no! Eric!"

Ryder picked up the lighter. The wheel of it spun under his thumb without friction. He gave the screw a turn to bring the flint against the steel. The next time the wick caught fire and he touched the flame to his handful of notes.

"Do you see? Do you see?" cried Elspeth.

"Yeah. But somebody's crazy!" said Claussen. "What are you doing, David?"

Ryder dropped the flaming mass of notes into the ash bowl. Claussen came up and leaned both hands on the table edge and stared into the smoke and fire.

Ryder said: "I could have used this stuff to hang you, Eric. But since I begin to feel that you had no hand in the killing of my uncle, I won't dirty his memory by dragging his charities into a law court. I guess that's all. Goodby."

When he reached the door, Elspeth Claussen blocked his way.

"It isn't all," she said. "Don't walk out on us like this. You've given us a hand-up out of the gutter. Please sit down a minute and talk, will you?"

"You're fond of him, Elspeth," said Ryder.

"Yes," she nodded.

"You're a gritty one," said Ryder. "He ought to thank God for you every day of his life. Goodby."

THE maid held up the mass of roses so that the red blossoms showered over the curve of her arm; then she smiled at Leslie Carton with confiding eyes.

"Flowers make a queer sort of a happiness, don't they?" she asked. "Kind of down deep. As deep as you can breathe the smell of them, and deeper, too."

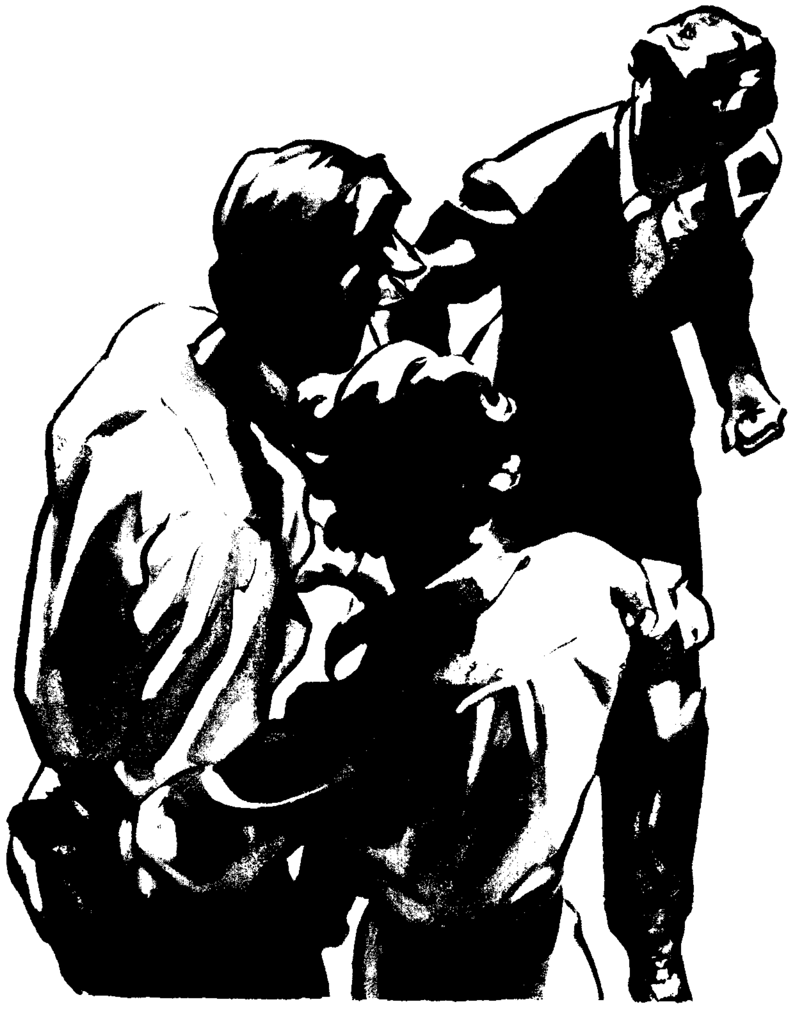
"Take part of them and put them in your own room," said Leslie.

"Take some of these lovely things?" cried the maid. "What would I do with them in the room except dream all night through of ritzing around the world with swells? No, Miss Carton, you better have them all. Or are they the right flowers from the wrong man, then?"

Leslie Carton shook her head and smiled.

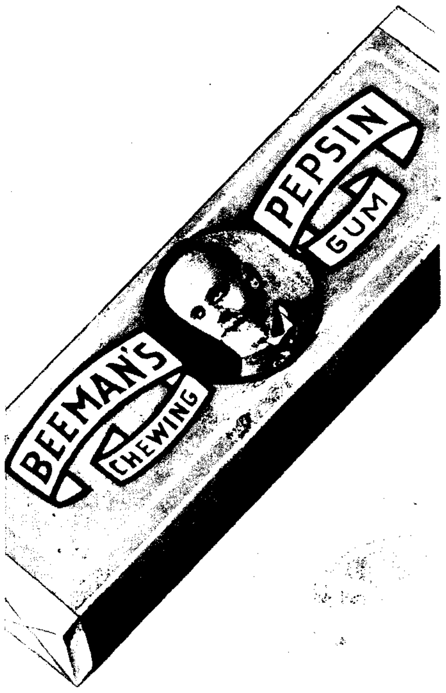
"You take a good big double handful of them," she directed. "And I hope they give you happy dreams, too."

The maid picked up some of the roses and, laughing, left the room. When she



"Now, don't make any move toward that gun," said Ryder

"I'VE BEEN HANKERING FOR THIS FLAVOR"



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had gone Leslie Carton picked up the note which had accompanied the flowers. It said:

"Dear Leslie:

"I've tried phoning, but you're always out. I'm sending these flowers along to remind you that I want to be with you whenever you have a chance to see me. Or when you stopped me and started me going the opposite way, was that a permanent direction?

"David Ryder."

Afterward, she took her pen and a bit of note paper, but every beginning she made seemed inadequate, for she kept reseeing that grim, almost ugly face, which was so easily remembered.

She went to the telephone at last and called him.

"I have the flowers and they're beautiful," she said. "They're over by the window with the sun on them. Thank you, David . . . I do want to see you."

"Today?" he asked.

She waited while the vibration of his voice passed gradually through her.

"I don't think today," she said. "But soon."

"You're in trouble," he stated. "You were in trouble the other day in the park. Why don't you accept help? My help, I mean."

"Ah, but you're the last . . ."

She stopped herself.

"I'm the last man who could help you?" demanded Ryder. "What do you mean by that?"

"Nothing. Don't pay any attention. I'm nervous. That's all. The New York racket and roar . . . you know."

"You'd be calm in a hurricane at sea," said Ryder. "Don't tell me that you're nervous."

"I am, though. I think I'm being followed on the street! I'm being shadowed . . . unless that seems too absurd."

"It's not absurd. I'm paying the men who shadow you."

"You?"

"If you get into a place like Tony's again, I want to know about it. I want to find out about a lot of things concerning you."

"David, that's ruthless and not . . ."

"Not gentlemanly? I'm not going to be gentlemanly. Nobody knows anything about you. There's no back trail to your life, apparently. But I'm going to find out whether you'll talk or not talk. There's only one way to stop me. That's to say: 'David, I never want to see you again; I'm through with you.' "

Her eyes closed. She gripped the phone hard. Then she said: "David, I don't want to see you again!"

The silence lasted; the monotonous humming possessed the wire; then the receiver at the farther end crashed.

On the way downtown, Ryder stopped to see Seelig and found Martin there. There was no exciting news. But Elspeth Claussen and the Countess Lalo had made a morning call on Marene Sutherland.

"Watch Porter Brant with both eyes," directed Ryder. "And have your men show a trifle more care. Jimmy Hickey has noticed that people are trailing him."

"But that is one cat," said Seelig, "and he has eyes in the back of his head. From now on he will not see my men in the crowd any more than he sees spots in the blue of the sky."

Ryder told, with certain vital omissions, about his scene with Claussen.

"Do you make anything of the tangle, now?" asked Ryder. "You and Martin have been laying your heads together. What's come of it?"

Seelig held up his right hand with the forefinger bent down under the pressure of the thumb, his eyes thoughtful.

"Porter Brant . . . Sydney Galloway . . . Claussen . . . Mrs. Claussen," said Seelig. "And then there is Hickey . . . the Countess . . . Mr. Ryder, did you come away with an impression that Claussen would be a friend of yours from now on?"

"Nothing will make him a friend of mine," said Ryder.

"You felt that he was being pushed on from the outside by more than his own interest, not?" asked Seelig.

"Yes. That way, I suppose."

Seelig released his imprisoned finger with a snap.

"They are joined together," said Seelig, triumphantly. "I felt it before and I know it now. They know you are after them and therefore they are after *you*. We fumble in the dark. They work in the clear daylight. We have to reach here and there. They have only to find one goal. That is you."

"So what's the next move?" asked Ryder.

"You leave New York," said Martin. "You've got to go, sir."

"Why?" said Ryder.

"Because," explained Seelig, "a league of intelligent people with money in their hands desires your death, and therefore you are sure to die. Nothing but distance can save you. Go as far as possible. And leave me with Martin to . . ."

"I'm staying here," said Ryder.

"Mr. Ryder . . ." cried Seelig.

"Quit it, Seelig," said Martin. "I told you it would be this way."

Ryder went back to the penthouse for lunch and found a small box waiting for him with a note from Eileen Durante. She had sent him her golden angel. *He rang her place but she was not there* and he was given Mike Ravenna's telephone number. Ravenna himself was quickly on the wire.

He said: "There's no use calling the girl to the phone, David. She wants to be seeing you, not just hearing your voice . . . or will you talk to him the way you've talked to me, Eileen? . . . Will you tell him frankly that you're in a dither about him? . . . Now she's screaming and dancing, Davie, and begging me to quit it, but I 've told you the truth."

"Tell her I know you're a fat man and have to make comedy," said Ryder. "Mike, I want to ask you one important question: Was there a single one of the women at the dinner the other night who could be trusted?"

"Ay, there's Eileen."

"She's not a woman," said Ryder. "She's more like one of the angels, newly made and freshly out of the mint."

"Don't be too sure," said Ravenna, laughing. "The young ones are sleek and smooth. Their skin is just too tight to let in wrinkles. What we take for innocence may be just a layer of fat under the skin. . . . But seriously, you should come and see me, and Eileen. She's out of the room now, and I'll tell you that the sweet girl's lost her head about you. I can't tell why."

"Neither can I," said David, "but God bless her."

"I'm called away. And for whom? For Porter Brant. What the devil should he be wanting from me?"

"As sure as fate it's the last will of my uncle that Brant stole from him that night," said Ryder, "and he's come to bargain for a share of your forty per cent. In return, he'll destroy the will."

"My God, what people I've been associating with!" cried Ravenna. "What a scoundrel and a grafter I am."

"Where does your graft go except into the pockets of the poor and your friends?" asked Ryder.

"When I get a little older, I'm going to become a monk and meditate. I'll join a silent order."

"You'd better join a singing order, Mike."

"Ah, David, partly you laugh and

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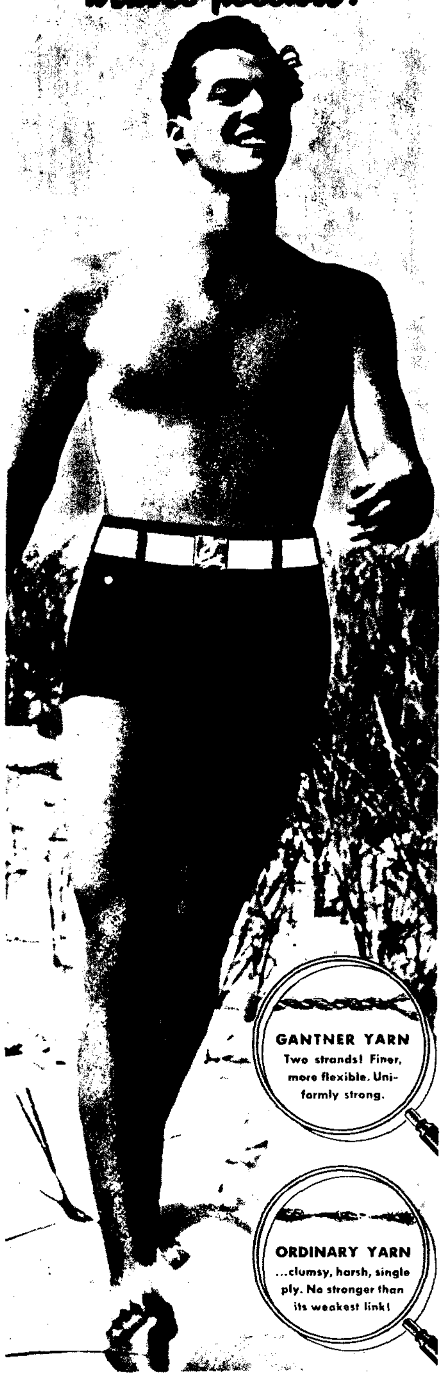
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partly you love poor, fat Mike. A little? I'll be a friar and walk barefoot for my sins . . . except that I have such bunions! . . . Are you coming to me soon, my boy?"

"Soon!" said Ryder, and hung up.

HE WENT to the address of Marene Sutherland in the West Forties. At the desk he was told that she would see him at once and he went to an upper floor. She had one of those obviously decorated apartments, chiefly green, with strong splashes of bright yellow in the flowers and bright blues in the vases that held them. She wore a high-necked dress softened with lace but the old-fashioned touch somehow spoke more of new Paris wits than of the days of our grandmothers. She took him through a large living room into a little library paneled in pine with the paper bindings of French books glaring from the walls. The two big chairs took up most of the available floor space.

"I wanted to talk to you," said Ryder. "But first of all, there's something in my mind about those golden angels. May I see yours, if you have it around?"

"It's there beside you," said Marene Sutherland. It was on the smoking table, glistening like a spot of sunshine.

He leaned to look at it more closely; then she was saying: "Did you want to know only that I had it?"

"The fact is," lied Ryder, "that I thought there was a difference among some of them, but so far as I can tell, they're all identical."

She smiled, but her eyes reserved a judgment.

"You knew my uncle very well, I think?" he asked.

"Awfully well. This well," she answered, waving to the things in the room. Then she relaxed a little.

"Of all the people who were around him, you must have known more about what went on in his mind than anyone else," he continued.

Here she lifted her head and examined space with quiet, searching eyes. In that posture she was quite beautiful.

"Only one or two people knew more, I suppose," she said.

"Such as?"

"Well, there was Mike Ravenna."

"Of course."

"And Martin. Perhaps he knew more than anyone about your uncle."

"Perhaps Martin, too," agreed Ryder. "And then you? But a woman always knows the most." Here her eyes, which had been occupied introspectively with her own thoughts, grew more sharply aware of him as he leaned a little forward in his chair with one elbow resting on the arm of it. He was wearing a thin, hard tweed, sufficiently old to have a country look, and his tan shoes were used enough to be discolored permanently in the toe wrinkles; yet he had something better than a modish look. Fashion might pass him by but he never would lag too much behind, or seem out of step.

"About John and me, you know, it wasn't a grand passion," said she.

"It was one of those mutually comfortable arrangements," said Ryder, nodding.

"That's a good, formal phrase for it," said she.

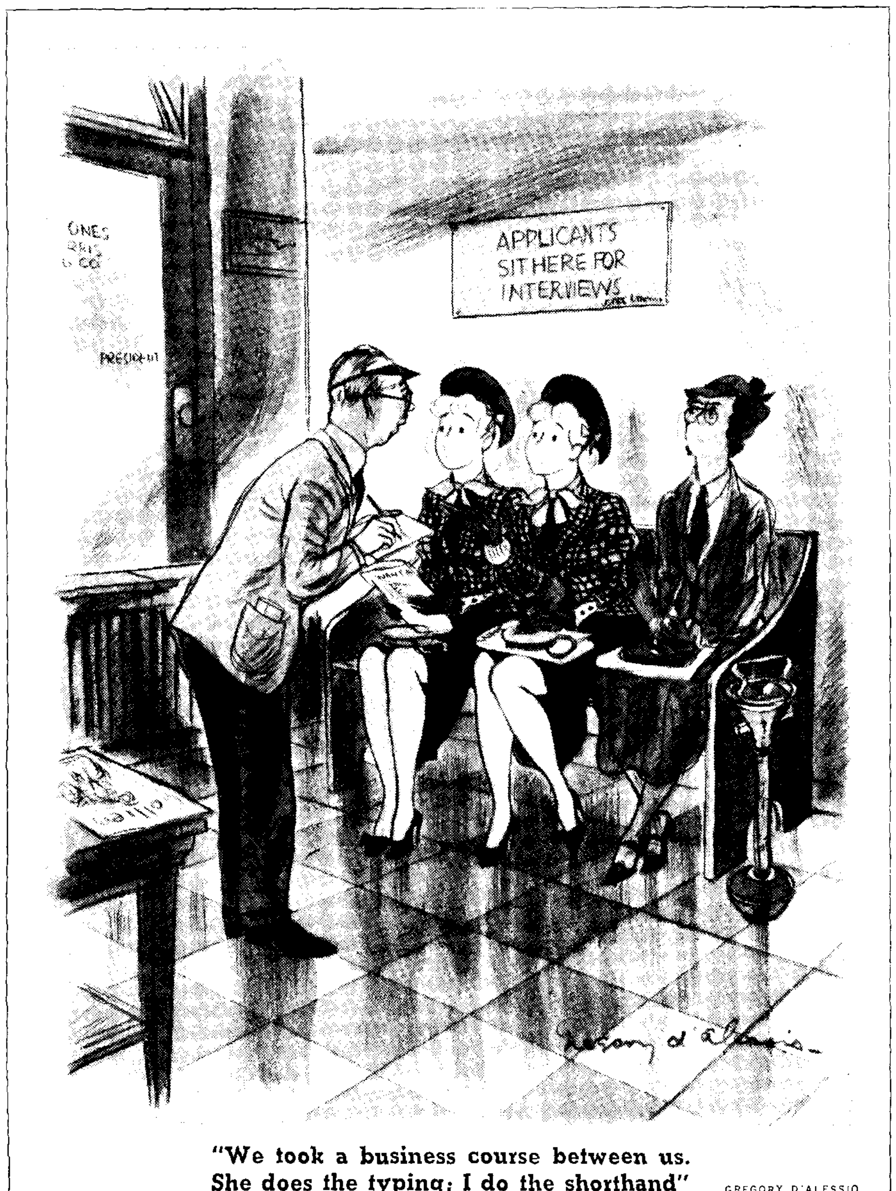
"He didn't talk to you a great deal about his preoccupations?"

"Hardly at all."

He glanced out the window, shook his head impatiently, and returned to the attack.

"Did he have many enemies?" asked Ryder.

"Yes. You know how he spoke. He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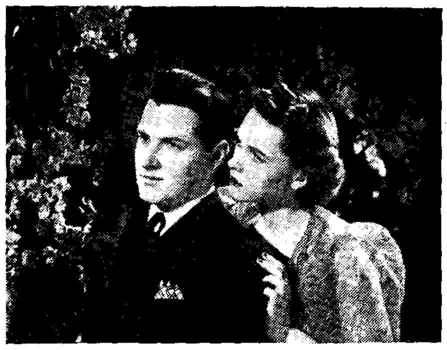

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would damn a man to his face as soon as say 'good morning.' "

"Do you believe," asked Ryder, "that there was really at the table the other night someone who had betrayed him, or was it just a joke?"

"Did it seem like a joke to you?" she asked.

She had looked down to the floor again and then up, quickly.

"It didn't seem like a joke to me," said Ryder. "But unlike you, I don't know who it was that he had in mind."

She felt the blow. Her eyes and her color did not alter but her chin lifted and fell a trifle as she swallowed.

"You *do* know," said Ryder.

"Know whom he meant? Certainly not!" said she.

"I think you ought to tell," said Ryder. "You understand, don't you, that it was not suicide? It was murder."

SHE seemed to have been waiting for the word. It got her out of her chair.

"Murder?" she whispered, and then jerked her head to look over her shoulder at the chimney-pots and jumbled, sooty gray of the near-by roofs.

He stood before her.

"It's only the speaking of a name. You'll do that," he insisted.

"I can't!" breathed Marene Sutherland.

"You don't want the police in here, do you?" asked Ryder.

"You wouldn't bring them!"

"Wouldn't I? I'm not asking you to do a rotten thing. I'm asking you to do justice. . . . Or do you want the police to come in and crack open your life as though it were an oyster and show it to the world in headlines?"

"But I can't!" cried Marene Sutherland.

"Why can't you?"

"You wouldn't believe me, to begin with."

"Try me, Marene."

"Do I have to?" she begged.

"You have to."

"I *do* have to," she said to herself. "I always knew that I would. . . . Wait till I put the lock on the front door."

She hurried from the room, and he heard the whispering of her dress diminish beyond the threshold. The sun, creeping on a higher slant into the room, touched the feet of the golden angel and turned them into a blistering jewel of flame that enlarged slowly. As that brightness grew, the silence grew with it until Ryder turned abruptly and faced the open doorway. The long, glistening finger of the sunlight was stretching toward it over the floor.

"Marene!" he called.

A pulse in his throat began to ache, suddenly, a deep pulse laid like a finger of pain up the right side of his windpipe. He stepped to the empty doorway and looked out into the living room.

Nothing moved in it.

He hurried to the front door, braced his shoulders back, and pulled it suddenly open. The hall outside was empty. A shadow moved over his brain like the passage of a dark hand before his eyes. Two other doors opened from the room. He ran to them in turn and jerked them wide. They were simply closets. From a man's overcoat in one of them a faint sweetness of tobacco reached him.

In that nervous despair, he glanced up at the ceiling, down at the floor, and last of all he faced the window. It was the only possibility that remained. He nerved himself with every step to go to it and only when he was close to the end of the couch did he see her slumped down at the foot of the long green curtains. Her eyes were wide open but nothing was in them except a round blank of horror that pulled back the corners of her mouth and stiffened the cords of her throat.

He picked her up. Her whole body was rigid. When she relaxed a bit she would begin screaming, he was sure, and the thought of the screaming in that quiet sunny room ran swords through him.

He put her on the couch, stiff as a wooden figure, and ran back through the apartment to a bathroom. He snatched a towel from the rack, moistened an end of it in cold water, and returned to Marene.

Half crouched, half lying, she remained exactly as he had left her. He passed the wet of the towel over her face.

She snatched it out of his hand.

"Marene, what's happened, in the name of God?" he cried to her.

She flung the towel at him. Her mouth had to work out of its contraction before she could speak, still in a white horror, whispering: "Get out! Get out of my sight!"

He tried to hold her hands.

"I can help you, Marene!" he pleaded. "Will you talk to me? Will you tell me what's happened?"

Her face had the look of screaming but there was only the whisper hissing at him. "It's your beastly face that's killing me! Go away!"

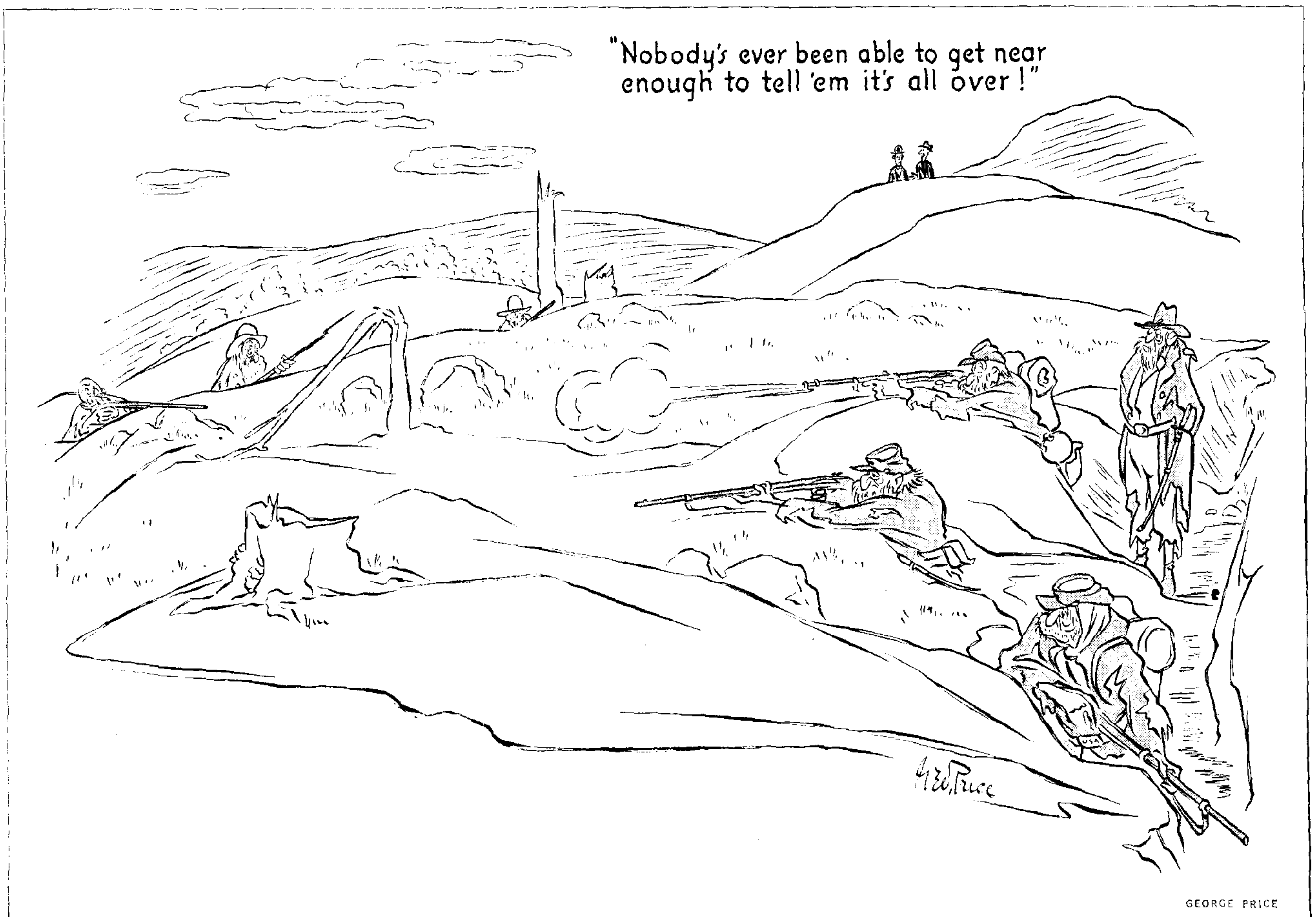
He went to the outer door. When he glanced back, she had not altered; she still looked some invisible devil in the face. He closed the door softly on the horror.

It seemed to him that the elevator would never come; and only when the doors clanged shut behind him did his heart begin again to drive a warm current of blood through his body.

When he reached the street, he looked about him for a time with a strange feeling that danger hung over him, in the very air. He was beginning to reach a possible solution. She had gone into the front room to secure the door and, while she was there, through the window she had seen something that conveyed a frightful warning to her. Some face, some gesture, some signal from clear across the street? He could not understand, but he felt as though a gun had been pointed at his head. Whatever she knew, it was a matter of the most vast importance. If she spoke ten words, the mystery of Leggett's death might be cleared, and he resolved quietly that she would have to speak them.

WHEN Ryder came back in the dull, hot middle of the afternoon, he found Seelig waiting for him at the penthouse. Martin had given him some still Moselle and water in a tall glass and the German was relishing it in small sips. He stood up and said: "The good news in your face, I see it not."

"I've seen Marene Sutherland and she has the golden angel, all right," said Ryder. "But everything else about her



"Nobody's ever been able to get near enough to tell 'em it's all over!"

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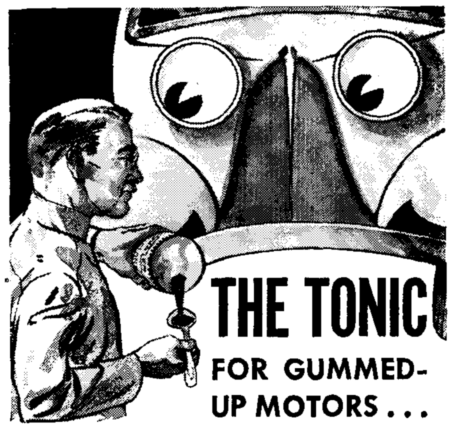

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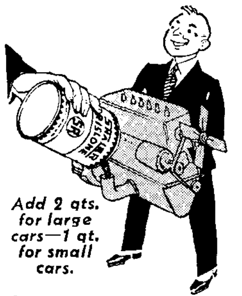

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is wrong. It was murder, Seelig. And she knows the murderer! All we need to do now is to make one woman talk. We can forget the rest."

"To unseal such a pretty mouth, what a pleasure, Mr. Ryder!"

"Watch her, Seelig. Watch her! I've an idea that she may cut and run after seeing me."

"The telephone?" asked Seelig.

When he was taken to it, Ryder heard his gruff voice barking orders. Seelig came back drying his fat, sweating hands on a handkerchief.

"We shall have her," he said. "Two men go to watch . . . but in the meantime I have something to show you. Daley!"

"Daley?" cried Ryder. "The fellow who came to my uncle's study that night?"

"He is waiting in a little place with one of my men. Shall we go?"

They took Martin and went as fast as a taxi could take them to the far East Eighties, where Seelig led the way from the sidewalk down a flight of steps into one of those basement restaurant-bars with which prohibition days enriched New York. The repeal which lifted the ban shed a more sordid darkness on many of them, and this was one of the lowest. Two men sat at a corner table; three or four more were drenched in the shadows at the bar. The gleam of the shelves of bottles outlined them with a sort of sinister starlight.

Martin walked ahead toward the corner table. He said: "Hello, mug!"

Up stood a tall man with thin shoulders and a boyishly rounded face in high color. Ryder had to come nearer to distinguish beer bloat and a whisky flush from normal features.

"Hello, Martin," said the tall man. "I'm always glad to see you. I always *would* be glad."

"This is Mr. Ryder," said Martin. "Mr. Ryder, this is Daley . . . Seelig, you better haul out with your side-kicker."

"I? I haul?" exclaimed Seelig with great surprise.

"Perhaps. To make the conversation smaller?" suggested Ryder.

SO SEELIG and his operative withdrew, the arms of Seelig still thrusting out in gestures of German indignation and offended pride as he disappeared up the front steps of the place. Ryder and Martin settled down at the table.

"You took something to Mr. Leggett that night, Daley," said Martin. "What was it?"

"Oh—things," said Daley.

"What things?"

"Things that cost a lot," said Daley, smiling at Martin and sobering as he looked back at Ryder.

"They're gone," said Martin.

"Sure," nodded Daley.

"Maybe Mr. Leggett was murdered on account of them," went on Martin. "Will you talk?"

"I'd do a lot of things for you," said Daley. "You're only a frog, but I'd do a lot of things for you. Only, I wouldn't talk for nothing. Why should I? Excuse me, Mr. Ryder, but why should I?"

"How much money do you want?" asked Ryder.

"Enough for a clean break and a new start. On the other side. I gotta figure how much. I don't know. I'm all hopped up, and I can't think. Tomorrow I could name it . . . How much would you give me on account?"

"How much do you think?" asked Ryder.

"Couple hundred?"

Ryder reached for his wallet. He counted out two hundred in fifties and pushed the four bills across the table.

Daley gathered the money in.

"Can you stand another drink?" Ryder asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Take it, then. And don't take any more till I see you again. Give me your address."

"I'll write it," said Daley.

He took out a dirty envelope and spelled out some words and numbers with a pencil. Martin took the envelope.

Ryder stood up; Daley pushed himself up from the table, also.

"Will you take care of yourself?" asked Ryder.

"I'll take care of myself. Maybe I'm going to be *worth* taking care of, eh?"

"Of course you are," said Ryder.

"MARTIN, it's been a damned long time and I need a drink," said Gains. "But I've lost the combination of the wine-closet lock. Do I have to wait till Mr. Ryder comes home or are you going to use those hands of yours and read the mind of that combination?"

"I have no time," said Martin. "In a minute I get a ring from a girl from Buenos Aires."

"Listen, Martin," said Gains. "Do your stuff, will you?"

The wine cupboard, a splendid relic of prohibition days, showed only a blank face of wooden paneling until Gains pushed back a little slide that revealed the big steel disks of the combination.

"Why should I open that?" asked Martin, shaking his head.

"Yeah, it looks mean to you, don't it?" said Gains. "Your hand is all right for any of the old tin gags that only need a can opener, and no brains at all. You know you can't handle a first-rate up-to-date job."

Martin looked aslant at the butler. He moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue and drew in a short breath; then he stepped to the combination and whirled the finger disk left and right, rapidly, then slowly. After that, he fell on his knees and put his ear close as he continued to manipulate the disk.

"That was an easy one," he said, and whirling the disk from number to number, he drew an audible click from the lock. At once three panels of the wall, moved by springs inside, began to turn out until a doorway stood wide, glistening with its inch lining of toolproof steel. A cool breath of pungency stole out from the shadows inside. Gains stepped to the threshold. He turned on the lights inside which set the stacked rows of bottles glistening.

Martin paused at the threshold.

"It's over there in the left corner," he said. "Bring it along."

"What's the matter?" asked Gains, staring at him. "Got the jitters? Afraid of a burglar alarm? You been in here before enough times."

But Martin, pausing at the door, shook his head.

"Not since it belonged to *him,*" he said.

Gains began to laugh: "What is he? A holy church, or something?"

The buzz of the telephone cut in.

"She waits for me!" cried Martin, kissing his hand, and disappearing.

Over the telephone he heard the deep young voice of Ryder saying: "Martin? I need you. Come down to the northern entrance of Gresham Lane. You know where that is?"

"I'll come on the jump," said Martin.

"Wait till you see me walk by and turn into the lane. It may be that a big fellow—not tall but built squat, like a wrestler or a prize fighter—it may be that he'll turn into the lane after me. If he does, follow. He's wearing a blue suit and gray hat. He has folds in the back of his neck. He's as strong as a wolverine. And there's a gun bulge on the left side of his coat. Walk lightly, when you're behind him. He lives on raw meat, Martin."

"I'll be there," said Martin.

"I know you will," said Ryder.

(*To be continued next week*)

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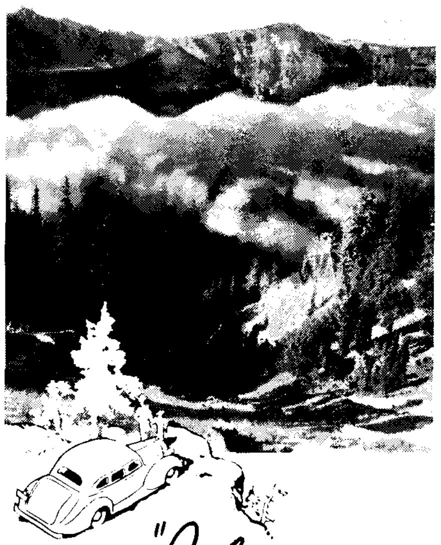

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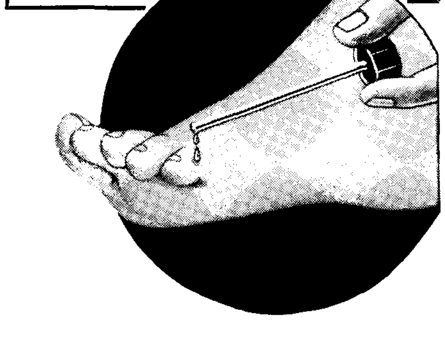

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FREEZONE

The Sun Shines Bright

Continued from page 19

roar. One walks daintily; one prances gaily; one rears suddenly only to subside when its rider soothes it. The sun gleams on their satin backs and the sun burnishes them with copper lights and their slim legs tremble a little. They seem to know that this is the goal toward which destiny pointed them at their birth. Then the band plays My Old Kentucky Home. A deep hush settles over 70,000 men and women. The bluegrass-scented breeze blows across the infield and it comes to us in the grandstand. We are on our feet listening to 70,000 people softly singing the litany of Kentucky.

Sande and the Fox

"The sun shines bright, on my old
Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay . . ."

The ghosts of other Derby winners hover about us. Who was the greatest of all Derby winners? Twenty Grand has the record—in 1931 he won in 2:01⅘, but most Kentuckians favor Old Rosebud. This black gelding won it all in 1914 and his record of 2:03⅗ stood until Twenty Grand came along. Old Rosebud was as much a part of Kentucky as this song that is creeping into our consciousness.

He was bred by John E. Madden and bought from him by H. C. Applegate as a yearling for $600. Everyone in Louisville knew Ham Applegate and everyone knew how much he loved the good-looking bay.

As a two-year-old he won ten out of twelve races. His sire was Uncle, bred in Bourbon County. Now it is a peculiarity that a strange kinship exists between good horses and good bourbon whisky. In the days of the past the Indian-fighting pioneers brought their English thoroughbreds through mountain passes into Kentucky and they watched their horses grow and they saw the coats attain a satiny sleekness—sure sign of good health in a horse. They made whisky too and it was good whisky and they didn't know it then but the strength of the horses and the strength of the whisky both came from the limestone soil which in turn gave phosphate of lime to the bluegrass on which the horses fed and to the water from which the whisky was made.

Bluegrass, by the way, is like any other grass until it is in seed. Then it has a bluish tinge. In Kentucky they'll tell you that forty-eight of the sixty-two Derby winners were Kentucky bred, mute evidence of the qualities of Kentucky fodder.

Let's get back to May 10, 1914. Johnny McCabe rode Old Rosebud that day and his instructions were: "Sit tight and let him run." Johnny McCabe sat tight while Old Rosebud raced in front of Old Ben and Hodge and Watermelon and Bronzewing. At the three-quarters mark he was six lengths in front and he went on to win all by himself.

You think of Old Rosebud as the strains of My Old Kentucky Home come to you. You think of Exterminator, who really didn't prove his greatness until after he'd won his Derby in 1918.

"The corn top's ripe and the meadows
are in bloom,
And the birds make music all the
day . . ."

The meadows were ripe and were glistening with rain that day in 1930 when Earle Sande and Gallant Fox went to the post.

Sande wanted to win that one badly. He had won two Derbies, one with Flying Ebony and another with Zev but he wanted to equal the record made by the Negro wizard, Ike Murphy, who rode three Derby winners. Sande was in the twilight of a gallant career and increasing weight was hurrying it to a close. This would probably be his last chance to score a Derby triple. But he was confident. He knew what the Fox could do.

The big colt looked confident too. He glanced disdainfully at the sprinter Alcibiades; at speedy Crack Brigade; at the highly regarded Gallant Knight; at Ned O—and then the bell clanged and the field was off.

Alcibiades jumped the field nicely and as they passed the grandstand Gallant Fox was in a jam with four other horses around him. Coming to the first turn the Fox was in a pocket and his backers began to worry. But they forgot about the racing brains of Sande and the hands of Sande. Suddenly, almost as though an invisible hand had shoved him, Gallant Fox leaped through an opening and shot outside, running around the pack. He ran around Bradley's Buckeye Poet and set after the leaders. He had to travel farther this way but Sande knew what the Fox could do. Just as they entered the far stretch the nose of Gallant Fox showed in front and the crowd roared, "Come on, Sande."

Sande came on and the Fox came on, striding through the quagmire, cutting through the suede gray dusk like a wraith. Crack Brigade made his challenge and the Fox lengthened his stride. They rounded the last turn and headed for the stretch. Gallant Knight put it all out and for a moment he was at the withers of the Fox but then his heart broke. The Fox moved away and they came roaring down the stretch, two thoroughbreds, Sande and the Fox. Ned O challenged but it wasn't in the cards for anyone to beat the red colt that day. Sande's arm moved upward, then it slashed down just once and the tiny whip sent a message to Gallant Fox.

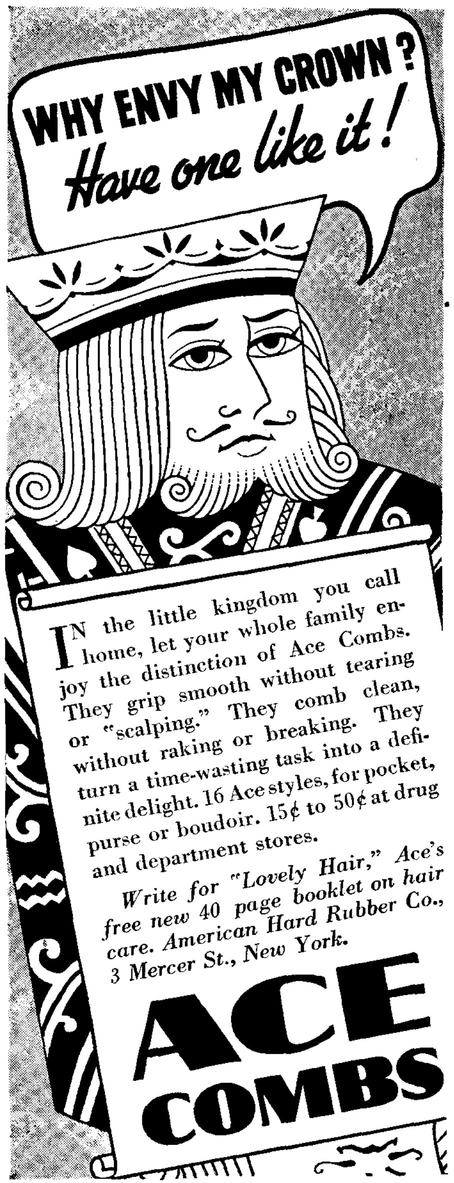
A Nationwide Argument

Once more his stride lengthened. They galloped down the stretch, Sande hunched far up on the Fox's neck—they cut through the drizzle and the Fox won, as a champion should win—going away. Oh, but Gallant Fox was a great horse, one of the greatest, and you think of him as the band plays and as you watch these as yet untried horses nearing the barrier.

"Weep no more, my ladies,
Oh, weep no more today—"

They're almost there now. The best jockeys in the world are down there crooning to their mounts. There's one who is missing. Maybe he's here in spirit whispering to some phantom entry we can't see. Wherever he is he knows it's post time in Louisville.

It's only three years ago that 65,000 people screamed his name when he brought Cavalcade home in front of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's Discovery. I mean Mack Garner, of course, who was thirty-seven then, a little wizened man with very blue eyes. I remember stopping him in front of my hotel on the eve of the 1934 Derby and talking to him about the horses who were entered. We talked of Mata Hari and of strong-limbed Discovery. We talked of Agrarian, whom many liked, and of Peace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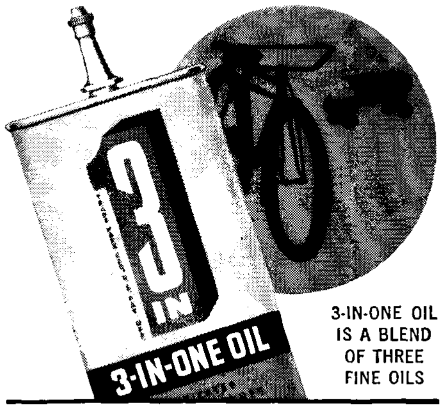

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Chance and of Colonel Bradley's Bazaar.

Then Mack Garner snorted and he said, "Hell, there's only one horse in this race—my horse. If he don't break a leg he'll win. You can go to town on that." Then he added. "You know I want to win this one."

Sure I knew he wanted to win that one. I knew why too. Just eleven years before the heart of Mack Garner had been broken on that same Churchill Downs track. It was in 1923 that Zev and In Memoriam were the two best horses of the year. Garner rode In Memoriam that year and Earl Sande was always up on Zev. Zev won the Kentucky Derby but In Memoriam came back to defeat the Eastern horse in the Latonia Derby. Which was the better horse? All over the country the argument was heard. Each had supporters and finally a match race was arranged at Churchill Downs.

"They're Off"

The two horses started even and stayed that way. Sande used all of his genius to get the nose of Zev in front while canny Garner urged In Memoriam along with all of the racing lore which had lodged in his mind and his heart. They roared down the stretch neck and neck, with the two jocks hunched over their necks, Sande giving Zev one of his famous hand rides with Garner wielding the whip. They hit the wire that way and then Garner's number shot up on the board. The little jock walked In Memoriam over to the judges' stand, his face wreathed in smiles. It was the happiest moment of his life.

A Louisville sports writer looked up and said, "Mack, what have you got to say."

There was a sudden roar from the crowd and Mack turned in surprise. They had taken his number down and placed Zev's number up there. This time it stayed. Zev had won. Mack choked a little and tears streamed down his face. He leaned over the reporter and he cried, "Tell 'em, by God, that my horse won."

He always believed that In Memoriam had hit the finishing post in front of Zev. He never forgot that disappointment. That's what he meant when he said, the night before the 1934 Derby, "You know I want to win this one."

Well, he won it all right. Cavalcade took the lead at the halfway mark and from there on all he needed was heart. He had the legs and his body was sound and trainer Bob Smith had sent him to the barrier in perfect condition. All he needed was heart.

A Negro stableboy down at Hialeah once told me the difference between an ordinary horse and a race horse. "Mistah," he said, his big eyes wide open, "an ordinary hoss just got an ordinary heart. But a race hoss is different, Mistah. Yes suh. A race hoss got a heart with a kind of pump in it. That pump is to pump courage into the heart, Mistah, and that's what makes race hosses different."

Cavalcade had that kind of pump. And Cavalcade breezed home laughing, with little Garner perched atop of him. Cavalcade's number went up and it stayed there. There was no mistake this time. At thirty-seven Mack Garner had won his first Derby and had erased the bitter memory of that disappointment eleven years before.

After the race someone asked Mack Garner, "Mack, you're getting on in years. Why don't you quit now?"

Garner laughed and wrinkles danced around the corners of his eyes. "Me quit? Say, I'll be riding those horses until the day I die."

Six months ago Mack Garner won his last race. He went home from the track and that night he died. Mack Garner had ridden those horses until the day he died. And that day he rode a winner. Of course Mack Garner is somewhere near here now. When jockeys die they always go to Churchill Downs.

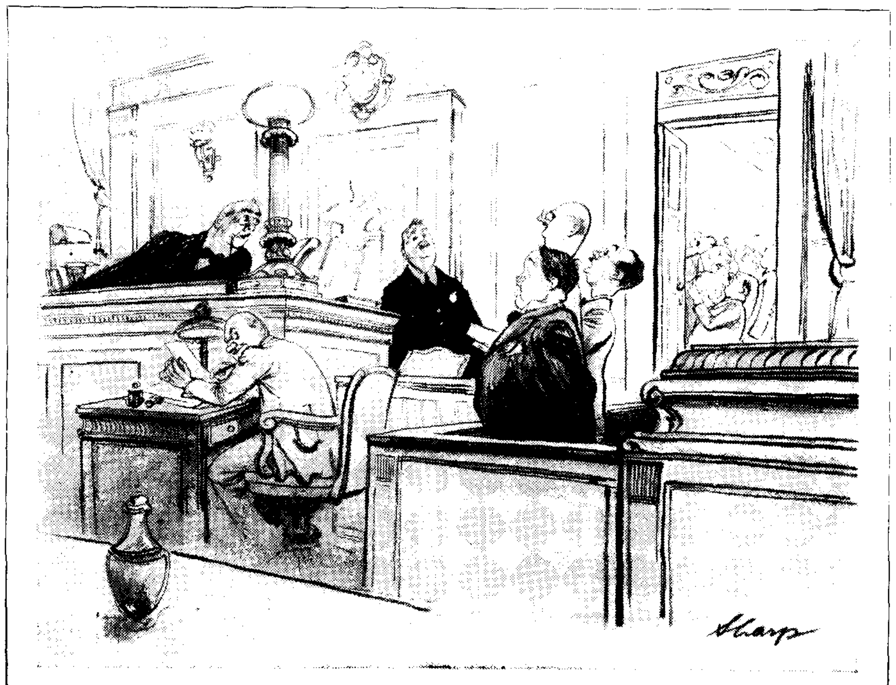
Now the horses are at the post as the last strains of the song are played. The 70,000 voices are softer now. What will happen today down there on that golden bracelet which is being drenched with sun? The breeze increases and the flags atop the gables dance merrily. Order is coming out of chaos down there at the starting gate.

The horses are ready.

"We will sing one song for my old
Kentucky home.
For my old Kentucky home . . . far . . .
away."

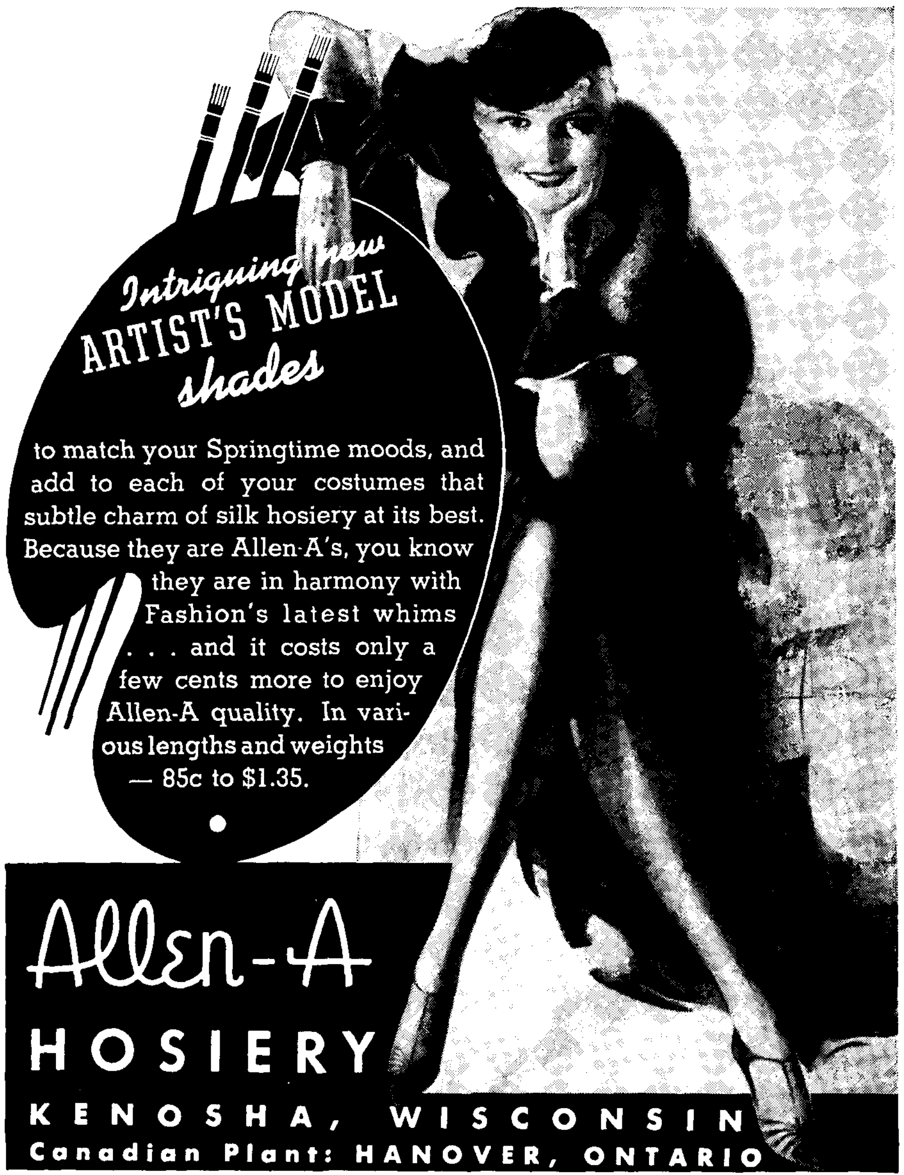
The world is standing still. In two minutes and a few seconds we will have a new king to whom we can pay homage. The world is standing still and even the breeze stops and the flags are stilled. Then "Clang" and a shriek from 70,000 throats. "They're off."

The sixty-third running of the Kentucky Derby has begun.



"We three have arrived at a verdict, Your Honor. Can we go home, now?"

WILLIAM SHARP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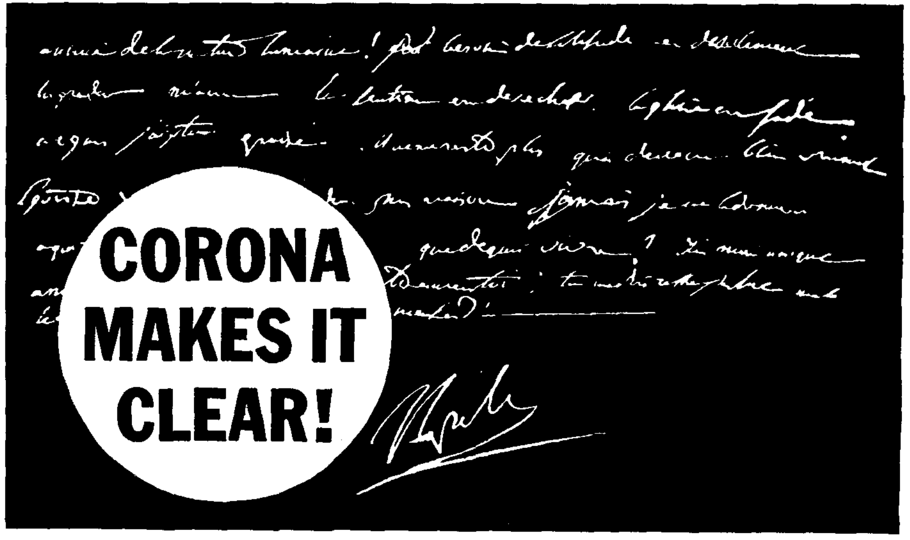
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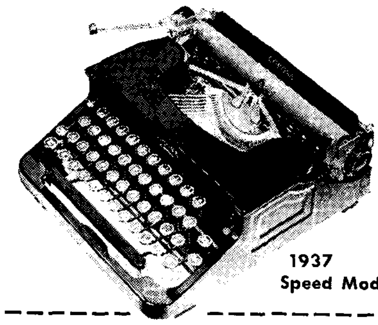
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Farewell to the Years

Continued from page 20

"by Godfrey! Miles Fanning. Well, by Godfrey!" He didn't rise and Fanning, stepping onto the porch to catch the old man's hand, saw the cane beside the chair. There was a strange expression on Liederman's cheeks, a revival of feeling long dormant. But it went away as he spoke slowly:

"Saw where you took first again in the buckin' at Cheyenne. Always was a one to like a little snort at hell. Back for a while?"

"Just a while," said Miles Fanning. He let his arm rest on Liederman's shoulder, but he was looking down this tattered little town's street and seeing himself in it as he had been then. A gaunt kid, too restless to stay still, with that hunger to ride over the hill and paint the world.

"Quiet here."

Liederman said: "Oh, sure. But it ain't changed so much. The youngsters still ride out of the brush on Saturday night."

It made him think instantly then of Lily Maidment and the question almost got out of him. But it was a thing he feared to ask, even though he had to have the answer.

He looked at Dreer's saloon across the street. The same faded sign was dimly on its square false front and the same door with the bull's-eye window swung at the hinge; and, directly above the left-hand window he saw the bullet hole marking the gray wood. It all came back at a rush.

"Dreer still run that?"

"Died two years ago. Well, you sure cut a notch in this country, Miles. Now and then, some of the new crop stand on my porch and talk about that."

MILES FANNING dropped off the store porch and crossed the street. He pushed into the saloon, into a sudden airless twilight. A bar ran down one side of the room, and the faded back-bar mirror still remained and the same round poker tables were in the rear of the room. This was one of the things he had returned for—to shake off the years and feel that rash recklessness which took no account of time or consequences; to be the young Miles Fanning with the brightness of a fresh world blinding his eyes. For a minute he had that feeling and was that young kid again as he sat down behind the corner table and faced the length of the room.

He had been here, with Jim Bown and Pete Madden. At this table. And Chris Royal had come in with the five or six other Mogul Rim boys. All of them had grown up in the country and all of them had inherited that old hatred. The Mogul Rim was one world and Powder Desert was another. And so they were two wolf packs face to face, three against those six or seven. He could remember the way Jim Bown turned to stare at Chris Royal and he could remember that Pete Madden whispered, "I guess we got to fight."

Chris Royal had said: "What you hidin' for?" And Jim Bown drawled: "We're right here, Chris. You want anything?" Then the three of them had risen and walked on toward Chris Royal's bunch and some other men in the saloon got out of the way and Henry Dreer pounded his fist on the bar and yelled: "Dammit, this is my place!" But Chris Royal was laughing and he made a long jump at Miles Fanning and the fight was on.

He had been backed up against the far corner of the room, at the end of the bar, with Jim Bown still beside him and the Rim outfit beating forward. Owens Smith was crying at them and the Rim boys broke away to clear this spot and Chris Royal dragged himself off the floor, where Miles' fist had put him, and tried to talk. Sitting so quietly in this chair now, Miles Fanning remembered that he had reached behind the bar and seized Henry Dreer's Winchester which always stood in the corner. Owens Smith had fired, that shot howling up a wicked echo in the cramped saloon. Chris Royal had yelled: "Owney—Owney!" Then Miles Fanning had lifted Dreer's rifle and, seeing Owens Smith turn his revolver deliberately down upon him, had fired twice. He could remember now, how still Owens Smith had stood against the single lamp's light; and how, afterward, he had fallen away from the bar, dead.

HE WAS sitting there thinking of that fight. his mind gray and a little tired, when he heard a voice say, as calm and slow as anything in the world: "Well, kid, I kind of wondered if you'd ever come back." And so the picture of that fight faded and he saw Jim Bown standing beyond the table.

Miles Fanning stood up. He pushed the table aside and caught Jim Bown's hand; and they stood there a long while, smiling at each other and not speaking. Bown, at twenty, had been a chunky kid with few words and a loyalty that never wavered. He was heavier now, with ten years of work rounding his shoulders a little and a faint premature touch of gray at the edge of his temples. His eyes were deeper; the fire in him burned slower and farther down.

"You look the same," Miles Fanning said.

"Sure. So do you, which makes us both liars. Looks natural to see you sitting in that corner. I ain't been in here for six years."

"Just as well. I guess. Time goes."

Jim Bown said, "Yeah," gently. And they were both smiling again, their thoughts running backward.

Miles Fanning said, "Well," and they walked together through the twilight of the saloon, out to the street. The sun was behind Mogul Rim and the beautiful color of evening began to trickle down that giant wall like water. A few people stirred on the street and Liederman still sat in the chair, his white head rolling. A cowbell tingled across the housetops, loud in the town's silence. The smell of cut hay and drying sagebrush and juniper lay in the air. Jim Bown said: "You'll stay at my place." They got to their horses and went out of Antelope at a walk, along a road that turned up a little bay running off the main valley floor. "I bought sixty acres from the old Homan and Lafferty outfit." And afterward they rode in silence. He could remember, Miles Fanning could, that neither of them had ever been hands for talking; and couldn't talk now.

BUT he was thinking of Lily Maidment and the question in him grew more and more insistent, though he couldn't ask it. It was a fear, maybe, that the answer might be wrong. So he held his peace as they followed the road he had traveled so many times, and came upon the sloping entrance to Black Valley and saw the white house and the corrals and barns sitting between straight rows of poplars. They rode around to the back and got off and Jim Bown grinned widely and called: "Sally, here's a pilgrim."

Jim Bown's wife, who had been Sally Granger, came out of the kitchen with her cheeks flushed from the stove's heat.

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A
B

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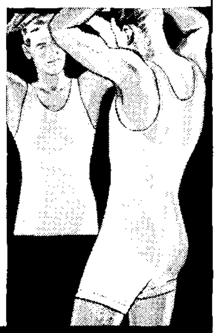

TWO STYLES
(illustrated at top.)

A
Side leg opening, fly front.

B
Front leg opening.

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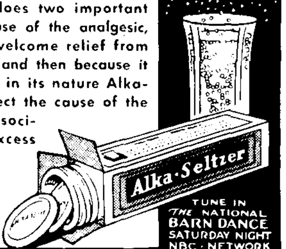

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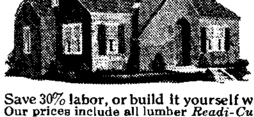

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DENTLOCK

She looked at Miles Fanning a long moment and her mouth opened as though to say, "Oh!" And then she ran down the steps and took Miles Fanning by both arms. "Miles!" she said. "Miles!" and raised on her toes and hugged him. Jim Bown's laughter roared into the yard and a long-legged girl and two boys appeared on the porch and made a silent, sober audience. Jim Bown named them off. "That's young Sally; that's young Jim—and that's Bert. This is Miles Fanning, kids." A hired man came over from the corral, looking curiously on.

Miles Fanning reached down and lifted Jim Bown's wife, hefting her. He said: "When was the last time you jumped Chickman creek on a horse, Sally?"

"Oh," she said, "I'm an old woman now," and laughed, a pleasant color crossing her cheeks, and ran up the steps. "There's dinner scorching on the stove." She had been a slim, dark-eyed kid—and now was Jim Bown's wife with three children at the age of legginess. He stood there while Jim Bown took the horses back; and afterward at Sally's call they washed up and went in to eat.

Miles Fanning thought of all the wild youngsters he had known, of that valley crowd which had raced so carelessly out of the desert into Antelope on a Saturday night. He sat at this table now, and saw Lily Maidment as though she faced him, her lips smiling in that quiet way; he could see the outline of her shoulders and head and the way she had of looking directly at him, with a pride and with a touch of that gay insolence that she had always used on him—to keep him humble. To recall it now was to run strange cold currents through him and make him suddenly aware of all the years between and the time wasted. But he couldn't ask the question.

On the porch later, with Jim and Sally, and the three kids gravely listening through the dark, he hoped Jim would speak of it. The crickets were filling the night with a minor rustling and the wind rolled down Mogul gentle and crisp and all the shadows in the valley were black against a pale moon. It was as it had always been. Nothing changed this country much. The change was all in him.

Jim said: "Let's see. When you left here you went up to Montana. I had a letter from you. The year we got married."

Miles told him, "I was in South America for a cattle outfit until a revolution broke out. So I came back and tried the rodeo game. That's most of it. I guess I'll ride horses till they carry me off."

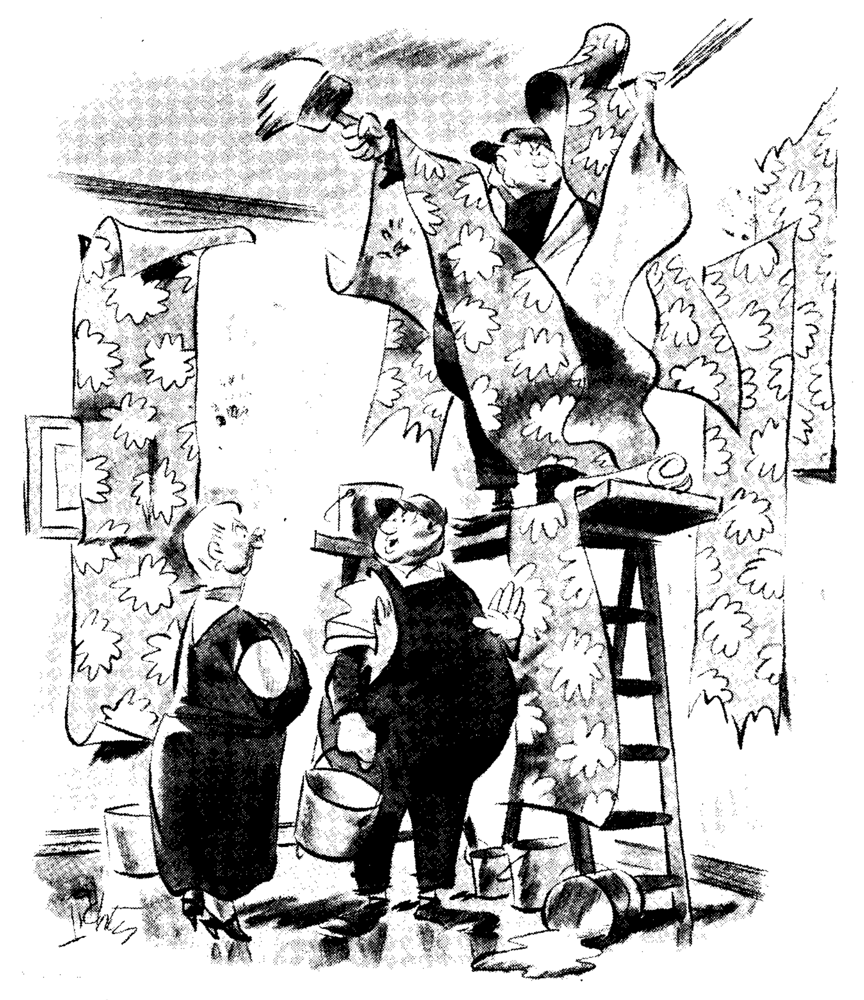
The wind had a colder bite and the three youngsters were immobile shadows on the porch steps. They were listening and Jim and Sally were listening. And then he knew something had changed here. For a little while he had been back home and for a little while they were tied together by the thought of what they had known as youngsters. Now he was a stranger, the talk of strange places setting him farther and farther away from them.

JIM BOWN'S cigarette made a bright glow in the shadows. He said quietly: "Must have been fun, knockin' the edges off the wide old world."

"Maybe," murmured Miles Fanning. "Maybe."

But later, up in the little corner room of the house, he sat on the bed's edge and slowly smoked his cigarette and wondered if it had been fun. His raw-boned hands slowly scrubbed across each other and quick lines netted around his eye-corners. He made a stubborn, rebellious shape there. He could hear Jim and Sally talking in the kitchen below and knew they were mentioning the changes they saw in him; as he was thinking of the changes he had seen in them. It had been a mistake to come, as Sunny Crandall had told him it would be.

He thought of her then. Somewhere along the route of the rodeo circle—at Cheyenne or Fort Worth or Calgary—



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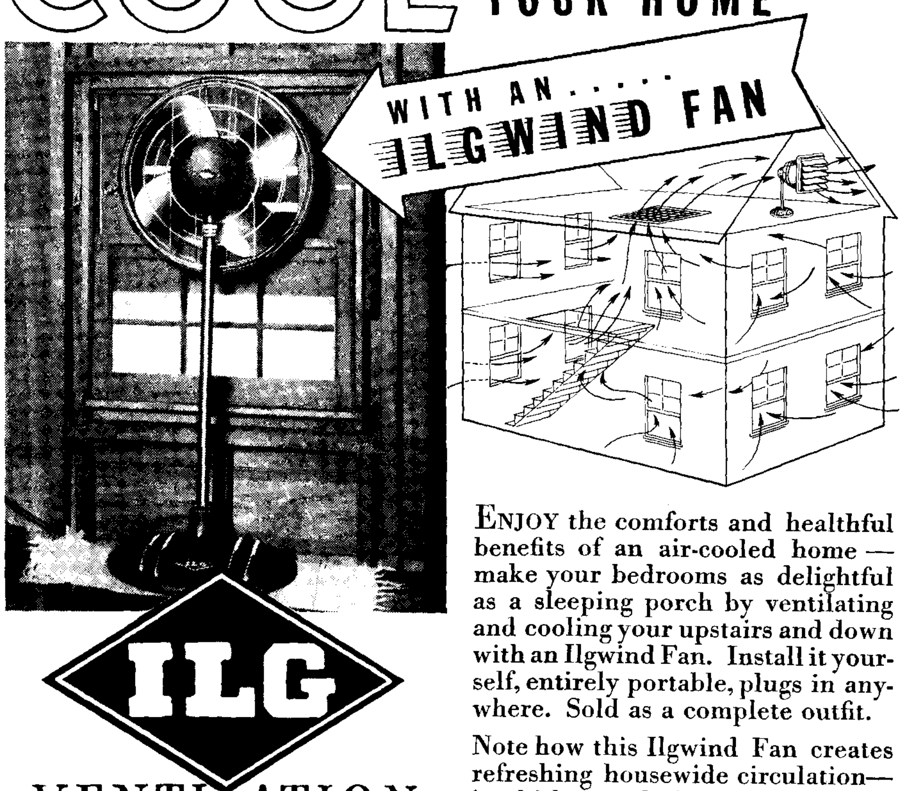
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she had dropped into his sight, a society girl who couldn't stay in the box seats of life. She had learned trick riding, and so for two years they had been a part of the rodeo crowd, swinging north in summer and south in winter. She was like most of her generation, looking for something she hadn't found, smiling on a world that had no peace for her, holding behind her gray eyes emotions that only at some chance moment ever showed through. She could be blunt—and had been blunt one day, saying: "We might discuss marriage some afternoon when there's nothing else on your mind." But it was the change in her eyes and the softening of her voice that took the casualness out of it. "After all, I'm likely to be under your feet as long as we swing around the rodeo circuit."

Lying flat in the bed, with a faint streak of moonlight breaking through the window, he heard the lonely howling of a coyote up in Mogul's timber. He remembered Sunny Crandall as she had looked at him at the depot, that strangeness in her eyes; and then the picture faded and Lily Maidment's face was before him and faint excitement raveled through him and a sense of something lost hit him like pain.

BY DAY the land lay tawny yellow under the sun. On Powder's Rim, one thousand feet high, he stopped with Jim Bown to have his look at the desert sweeping on north into the gathering haze. Antelope town lay over against the base of Mogul, six miles off, and little spirals of dust rose along the rutted roads to mark traveling riders. The touch of fall lay in the air. He turned then and went on with Jim Bown. "Nothing changes," he said, and said no more until they reached Shan McGladry's ranch quarters and saw old Shan tinkering with the blades of a mowing machine in the wagon shed. They came up to Shan, the man they had ridden for in those earlier days, and Jim Bown drawled: "He's deaf as a post now," and yelled, "Shan!"

Shan McGladry reared around and saw Miles Fanning, and for a moment he stared, as though something troubled his memory. Then he grinned and spoke in a deaf man's monotone: "Back fer a job, Miles?" Miles Fanning was off his horse, pumping Shan McGladry's hand. He said: "You haven't changed."

"What?" called McGladry, and when Fanning repeated it the old man shook his head. "Oh, hell, I'm all played out and the range is played out and nothin's like it was."

Fanning and Jim Bown were broadly smiling at the ancient and unchanging tune. Shan McGladry said: "Well, I guess you been paintin' the world's fence posts a good bright red. Been everywhere and seen everything, uh? Noticed where you been ridin' the broncs. Always did like 'em tough, I recall. Where'd you pick up that limp?" He was a sharp-eyed man, seeing what most other men missed.

"South America," said Fanning. "In a revolution."

Shan said, "Look at the ranch. She's terrible run down. Look at that mower. Look at the barns. Well, I don't expect to live out another year. Kidneys all shot to hell. That's what'll happen to you, too, if you keep ridin' them buckin' broncs."

They stood there a little while, each man plunged into his own thinking. Then Miles Fanning clapped old Shan McGladry on his frail back and he swung into his saddle and rode away with Jim Bown.

"He's aged," said Miles Fanning.

Jim Bown said quietly: "So have I and so have you. Time crawls up behind a man and one day cracks him on the skull." Afterward he stopped. They had reached the crossing of the trails, one road running down into the valley, the other leading deeper into Powder's Rim open pines. Through the scatter of trees Miles Fanning saw the corner of a white house throwing back the quick morning's sunlight—and the arch of a gate. Coldness flowed through him and he braced himself for punishment to come. Jim Bown was looking at him in a way that was faintly embarrassed.

Miles said: "There?"

"Yeah," murmured Jim Bown. "Still there." Then he added, "I'll meet you in Antelope later," and whirled away.

Long after Jim Bown had vanished, Miles Fanning held his horse still, his face dark and smooth and without expression. This was the question, at last. And so, throwing his shoulders back, he rode toward the white house sitting in the sun.

It had been in his memory a great while, that white house with its long porch, and the pines scattered in the yard, and the gate's wide arch with the antelope horns nailed to either side. At the gate he stopped again. There was a woman riding away from the house at a swinging canter, toward a meadow in the distance. She saw him and looked away and then suddenly she had halted and turned to look at him again. She remained like that a long, long moment and presently put the horse around, advancing toward him.

Excitement whetted his senses fine. He pulled off his hat, stone-still in the saddle, the strain riding him heavier and heavier. He was thinking then that he should never have come. In the worst passages of his life his picture of her had been a thing to ease and to steady him, to give some meaning to his solitude. He was risking all that now, and regretted it.

When she stopped before him there was no smile. Her eyes were shadowed, even in the sunlight, and her lips were straight and almost pale.

He said, so dry, so slow: "Hello, Lily."

The darkness of her eyes was deeper and deeper, hiding whatever she might have felt. She put her horse over and took his hand. "Come in, Miles." Her tone was even and cool. "Time has been good to you. You look so well."

LATE in the afternoon he came down off Powder's Rim and crossed the valley to Antelope, a grayness and a weariness riding with him, beyond his understanding. Jim Bown waited on Liederman's store porch. There were four young fellows loitering by, all grave and black-eyed kids watching him with that indirect closeness of youth. Jim Bown was chuckling in his slow, easy way. "So, we got a quorum, Miles," and pointed. Turning, Miles Fanning saw Chris Royal riding up.

He looked at Royal's blocky shape, at the round sun-blackened face, and the heavy black brows over pale blue eyes; and for one brief moment the old antagonism flared fresh and strong in him. But Royal came on quietly and put his arms across the saddle horn and said: "Heard you were here, Miles." And then both were smiling the smile of men grown up, who were thinking backward in wistful tolerance. Miles Fanning reached over and shook Chris Royal's hand and for a while they were talking casually while the four young fellows on the porch listened with a narrow-eyed attention. The sun had dropped across Mogul Rim. Miles Fanning looked down the quiet street, memorizing the picture of it with a feeling in him that he would never see it again; and said so-long to Liederman and Chris Royal and rode back to supper with Jim Bown.

It was after supper that they began to drop in — the youngsters he had ridden with in those long-gone years. Sid Wells, George and Ethel Granby, Ned

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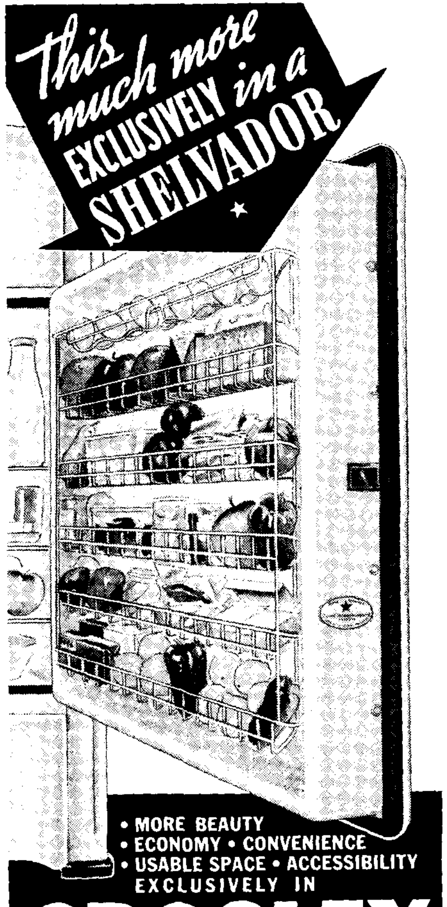

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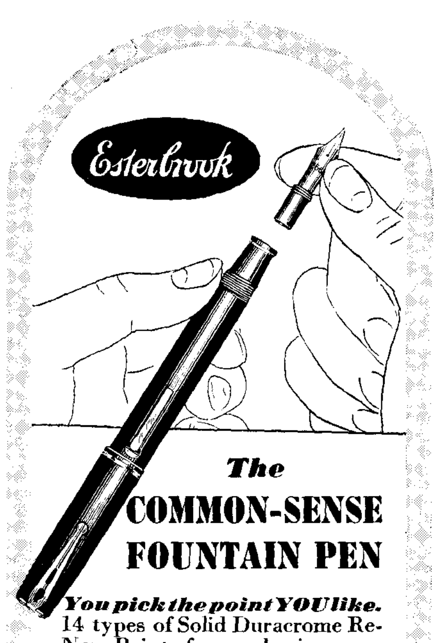

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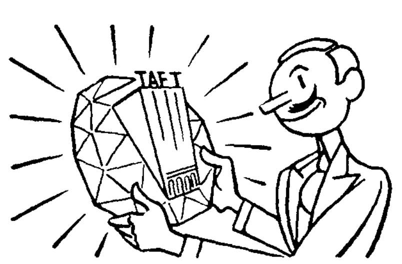

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Purrow, Fay LeVane, and all the others. And Lily Maidment. And for a while in Jim Bown's house, it was like being young again to hear them all speak of what had been.

He sat quietly in his chair, a big, heavy-boned man, smiling faintly at the things said; warmed and tied into this group by that headlong talk of old times. Now and then, lifting his glance, he saw Lily Maidment listening and rarely speaking. They had, he recalled, always been the two silent ones in this rowdy group. Color brightened her cheeks and when her eyes touched him he saw the fugitive shining of an old faith that once had held them so powerfully together. She had been serene and gently proud, with a little mockery always for him. The mockery was no longer there.

George Granby said: "How long you stayin', Miles?"

Sid Wells laughed at this: "It won't be long. Nothin' ever kept him in one place. Well, I wish I had cut the furrow you have, kid."

SILENCE came to the room and the ease went out of it for Miles Fanning. They were looking at him, and they were thinking of something that they knew and he didn't. He looked across to Lily Maidment and saw the withdrawn soberness of her expression and he said something to her silently in his mind. There was still a remnant of that understanding between them; it brought them both to their feet and afterward Miles Fanning shook hands with those who had come in to see him, and said: "I'll ride home with Lily. Don't wait up, Sally."

Presently they were traveling side by side across the flats toward the lowering shadow of the Powder's Rim. The moon laid its luminous silvering on the desert floor and the wind held again its old wild and winelike scent. He found himself speaking in a deeply wistful way. "All of them look fine—and happy."

"Aren't you happy, Miles?"

"It is hard to say. There are one or two things I'll never cease to regret."

Long after, at the base of the stiff grade up Powder's dark face, she spoke. "Once in a while I have found you mentioned in the papers. I've wondered how many hurts you have suffered, for I knew you would always take your falls hard. And you have. It has made you gentler, Miles. And wiser."

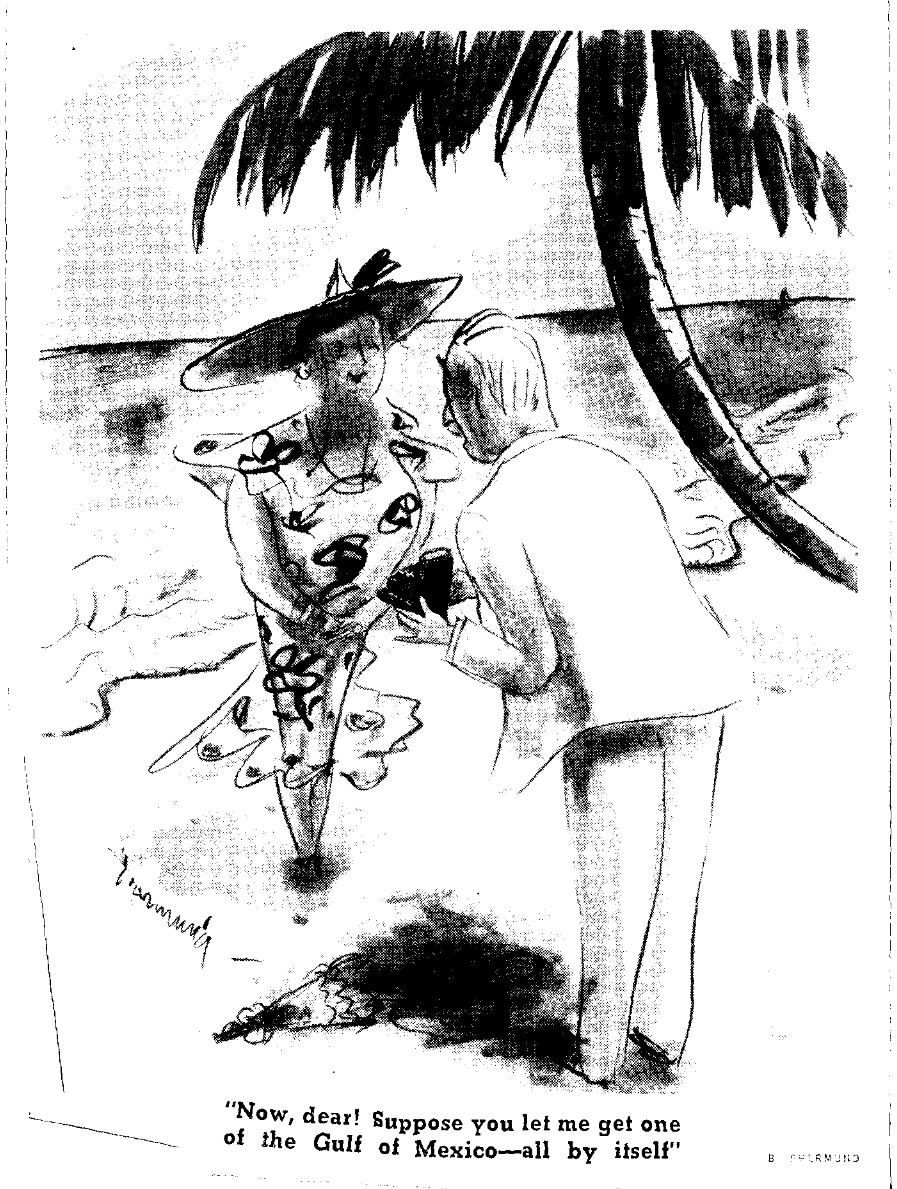
"Why should you think of me at all?" he said, puzzled.

They were at the top of the grade, with the pines shadowing them and the night wind running more freely against their faces. The coyotes were howling in the timber. She said: "We used to be rather close. Some of that interest remains." Then she added in a whisper: "Like a bit of music dying out in a dark room."

He remembered this last little lane leading into the gate. They had always pulled their horses to the slowest walk and they had always gone as far as the porch as silently as though another meeting would never come. It was part of a pattern that came back to impel them now, and so they went as they had done before, slowly and silently through the gate and up to the porch; and it was part of the pattern that made them dismount and stand there in the gathered shadows. He could see her face glowing in the faint light; he could see the way she looked so directly at him.

She said: "It is the same as it was. Except that Mother used to leave a light in the house for me. There isn't any light now."

He had no need to remember how that pattern ran. She had the power to stir him and lift him to a recklessness and to a hunger. And so now, because none of



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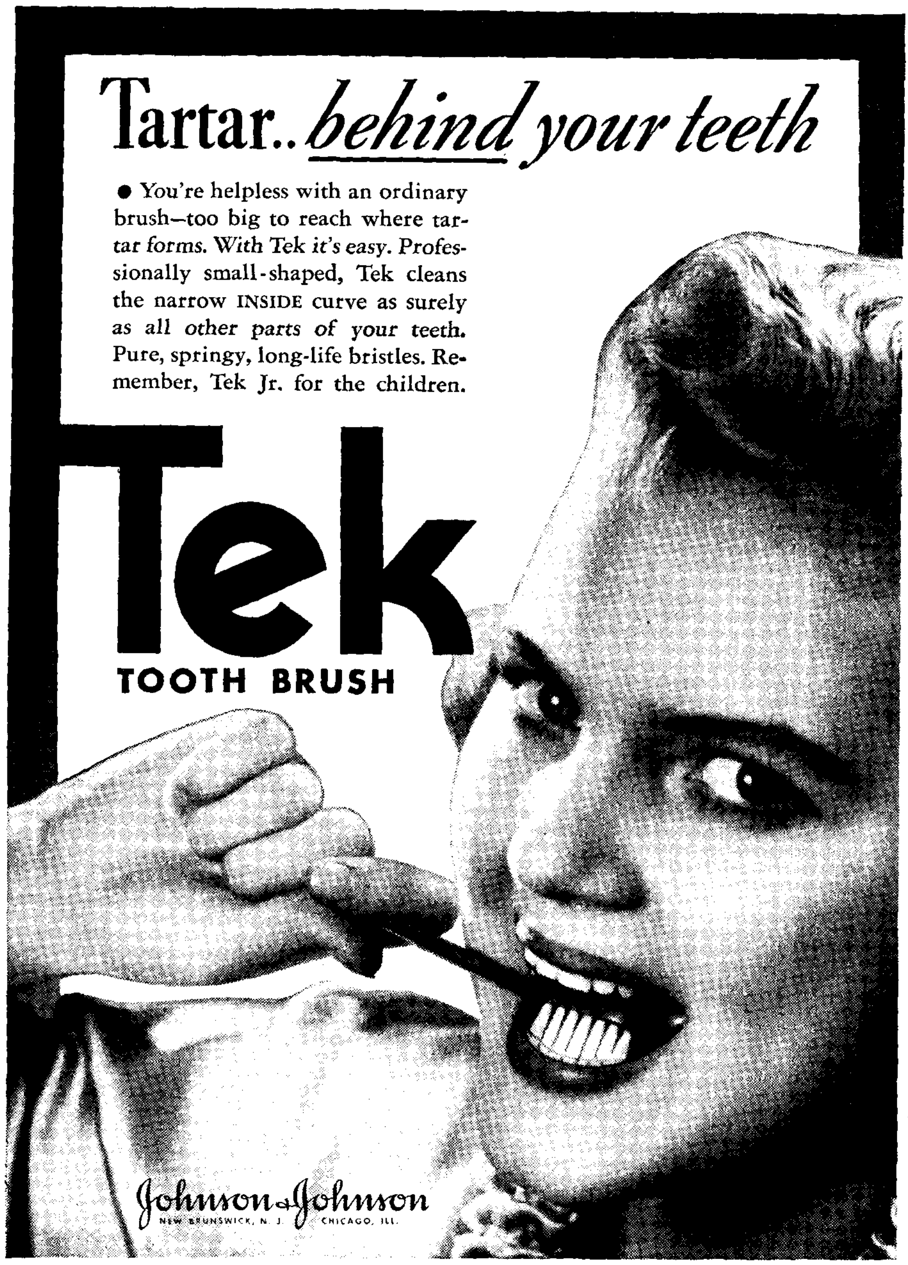
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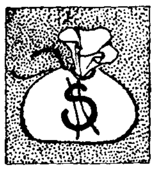

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that had changed, he stepped forward and took her with his big arms, and kissed her, the wild sweetness of this woman roaring all through him. And stepped back, and waited for that low and breathless laugh. And then he understood that here the pattern ended. She stood there without laughter. She said:

"I remember you said you were going away, but that you'd come back. And so you came back."

"I know," he said. "Late."

Her voice was quiet, without tone. "And now you're going again."

He said: "Good night, Lily," and turned to his horse.

Traveling down the trail, he knew that he had seen this valley for the last time. There were stages in a man's life that he reached and passed without ever knowing when; there were hungers that died and illusions that faded, and fires that burned out. He remembered what Sunny Crandall had said:

"You're making a mistake. You'll go there and every scene will hurt you unbearably and you'll come back bitter. Better to keep your memories as they are. You couldn't live there. You'd settle there—and be miserable in a week. You've been on top of the world too long. Smoke and trouble and motion are the things you live by. I hate to tell you this, but you're not the thinking type. Action is your breath, you big bruiser! Be content with what you have. I know you, oh, so well."

SALLY and Jim were waiting for him. They followed him into the living room and he saw them looking anxiously at him, as though to find an answer they had hoped for; and he saw their faces settle. They knew then what he would do.

They knew it without asking and next morning, after he had eaten, Jim Bown brought up his horse, saddled and ready to go. There was a moment on the porch when it was worse than Miles Fanning thought it could be for a man, and then Sally took his arms and reached up and kissed him, crying. She said: "Oh, Miles —why?"

He remembered how that other farewell had gone. They had all been laughing and he had ridden away with a haste to reach the world; he had reached out with his arms, eager to pull the years to him. And now they were older, pushing the relentless, too-fast years away with futile gestures. He said: "So-long," and left the yard. Once he looked back to see them lift their arms.

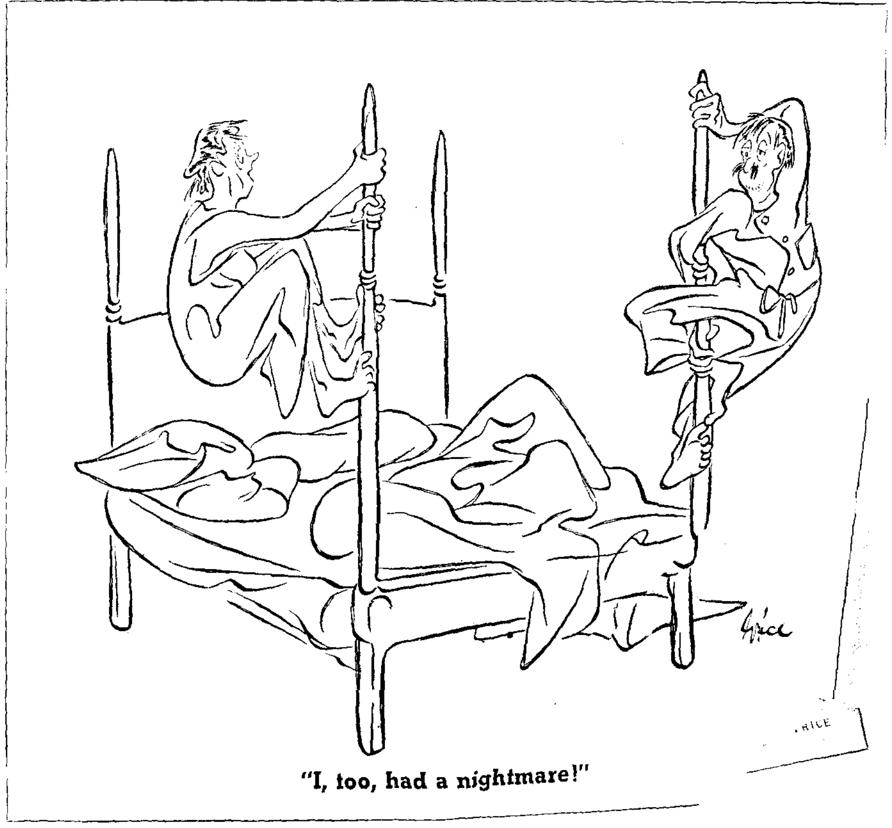
He was thinking, as he crossed the flats and started up Dead Axle's long grade, that he would wire Sunny Crandall when he reached Winnemucca. She would meet him at Salt Lake, her quick eyes looking out from the little brim of her hat and her lips careful not to show what she felt. And she would say, "I have led a very quiet life, and hope you are the same," and they would walk up Salt Lake's broad street, two people asking very little and watching the world run by with a sadness they would never admit. Like two kids afraid to lose each other for fear of the darkness to come.

So he came to the top of the grade and looked back at the valley lying fresh and yellow under the long slant of the morning sun, with Antelope town crouched at the base of Mogul's sheer face and the little dimples of dust rising from travelers on the road. He saw it all, each detail sharp in his memory. And turned away —and found Lily Maidment waiting there at the edge of the pines.

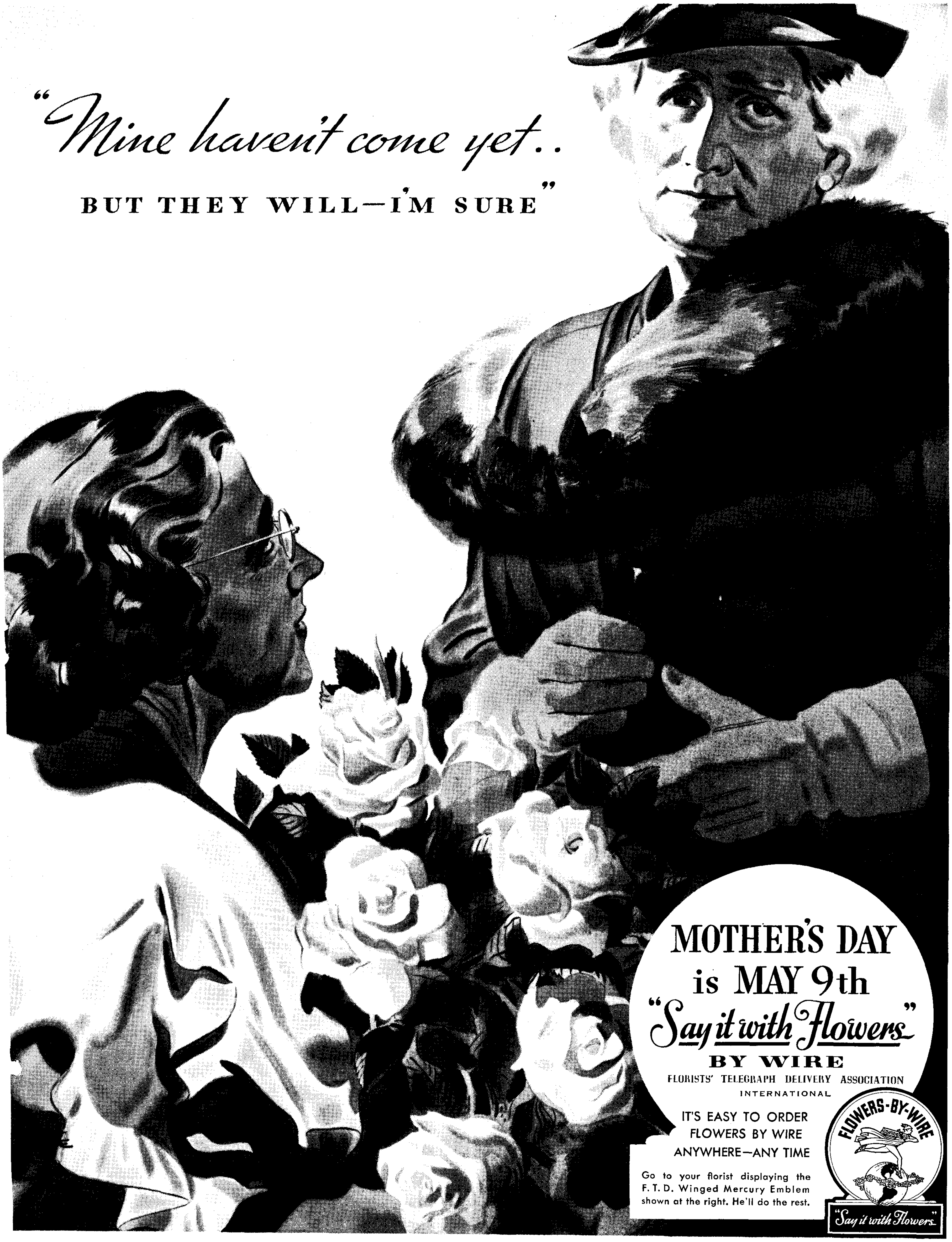
This was as before. She had been there, waiting for him with a strangeness in her eyes and all the laughter out of her face. He got down and walked to her now and saw that strangeness again; and suddenly he felt as he had that day so long ago, bitter at the need of leaving, yet unable to stay. The bitterness was as sharp, but the compulsion to go no longer jerked his muscles. This was the difference.

She said, careful with her words: "I remember that I said I hoped you'd find what you wanted. I was so young and so were you—and I wonder if you could know what it was to have the world turn black. As it did. Well, Miles, nothing changes. I hope you find what you want."

He said, "Lily," and saw her lips stir. Her shoulders were very straight and still. He put out his arms and caught the fragrance of her hair as she came forward to him. He said: "Lily," and kissed her and held her tightly, knowing that he would never ride the world again. For she was saying, her body against him, "I can't stand another ten years of crying, Miles. There is time enough for us yet." And he knew it was so, for he felt that sudden freshness, that quick boil of something wild and hopeful and eager. This was what he had come to the valley to find. And he had found it.



"I, too, had a nightmare!"



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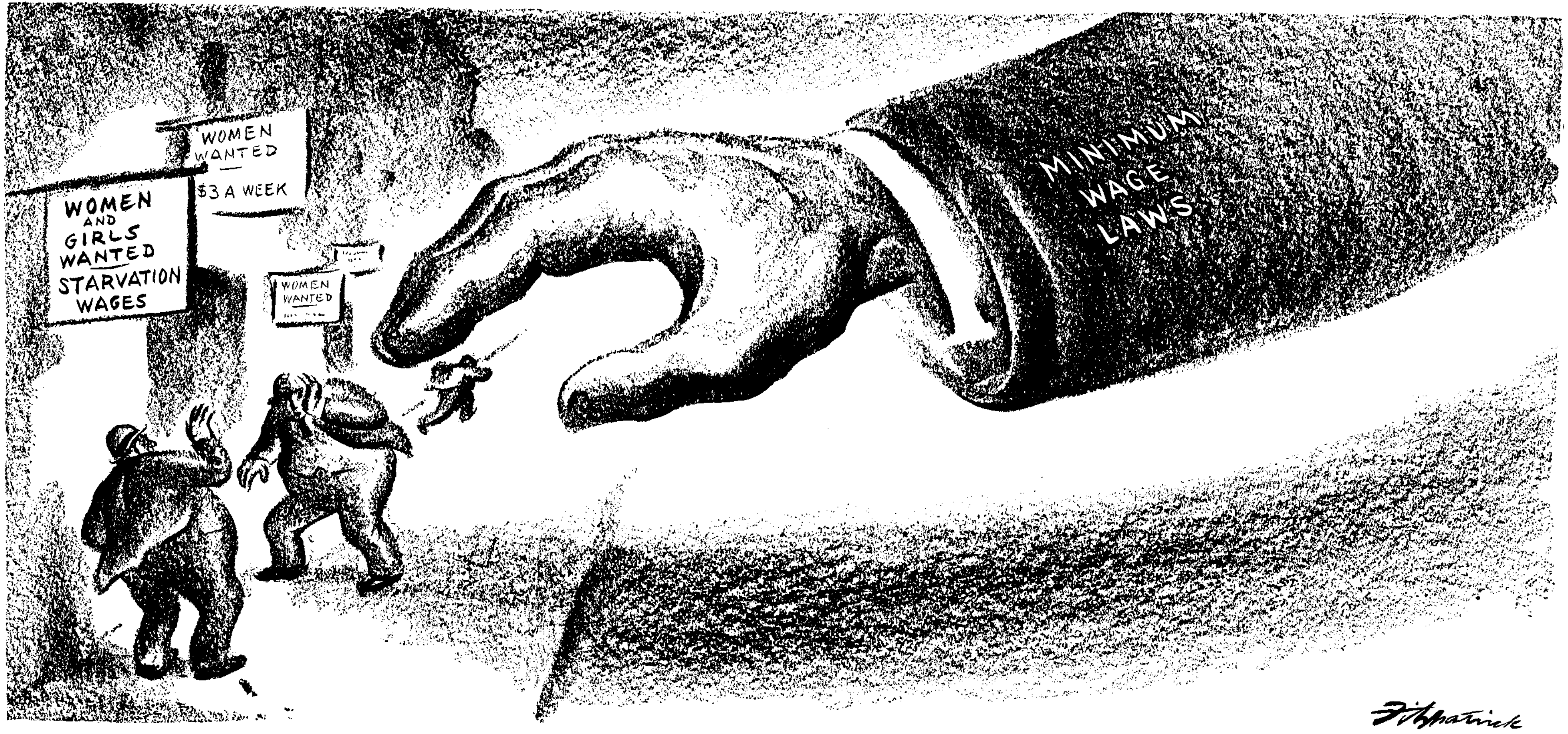

A Woman's Work

JUST twenty-seven years ago Florence Kelley, a social reformer, began talking about minimum wage laws. The idea was very new. Australian provinces and some European countries had made faint beginnings but Mrs. Kelley's suggestion seemed very idealistic and impracticable to most Americans.

Two years later, however, Theodore Roosevelt had his famous fight with his old friend, William Howard Taft. Stung by what had happened at the Republican convention at Chicago in 1912, Mr. Roosevelt founded the Progressive party, which took up social reform in a big way. Then everybody began to hear talk about minimum wage laws.

A number of states were quickly persuaded to enact minimum wage laws. Most of these acts were limited, in their application, to women. The late Samuel Gompers and labor union leaders generally were opposed to the idea so far as it might affect men.

Mr. Gompers thought that unions could get more by bargaining than the states would grant through minimum wage laws. The American Federation of Labor agreed with him. Unions still oppose minimum wage laws for men. Long ago, however, they conceded the desirability of such legislation for women.

Mrs. Kelley had no trouble at all in convincing social reformers of the desirability of minimum wage laws. Other groups were much slower to accept the idea but by 1923 the states and the District of Columbia had enacted seventeen minimum wage laws. That year the United States Supreme Court decided that the law enacted for the District of Columbia was unconstitutional because it improperly restricted freedom of contract.

Many attempts were made to write laws which would get around the obstacles created by the Supreme Court's unfavorable decision in 1923. Public opinion was not very sympathetic to social reform during the years following. So not much was done.

After 1929 reform became much more popular. Thus, interest in minimum wage laws was revived. After 1933 seven states enacted such measures. Last year's decision against the New York minimum wage law seemed to put a stop to the movement until this March, when the Supreme Court reversed its 1923 decision.

The justification for minimum wage laws is found in the appallingly low rates of pay obtained by women in some industries. This year, for instance, when times are generally good, according to New York's industrial commissioner, Elmer F. Andrews, "thousands of women are being paid less than 20 cents an hour and a great many are receiving less than 10 cents an hour" in New York, which boasts the highest wage levels in the country!

Commissioner Andrews added these significant words: "In a substantial number of instances women are working long hours at wages as low as two and three cents an hour. Some of this low-paid work is highly skilled. These low wages exert a downward suction on the wages and working conditions of every wage earner in the state."

Conscientious employers have never enjoyed paying starvation wages to women or any other group. Both in California and in New York, for example, the better laundrymen joined with civic associations in attempting to set up minimum wage rates. Decent men sought in this fashion to protect themselves against ruinous competition.

The demand for minimum wage standards has arisen from industries subject to such pitiless competition. Obviously women, or men for that matter, who are paid less than enough to keep them alive must find other sources of income if they are to survive. Practically women in these sweated trades have been partly supported by public relief or by the generosity of relatives employed in other industries.

Quite plainly the state which, through taxation, must supplement the thin pay envelopes of sweated women workers has a very practical interest in their wage rates. The Supreme Court has recognized this interest and the constitutional road is now open to an immense expansion of such laws.

Except as the NRA, which was declared unconstitutional by a unanimous Supreme Court, set up minimum wages for all employed, no effort has so far been made to enact similar laws for men. Labor unions have continued their opposition.

The philosophy and the practical policies of organized labor, however, have been changing very rapidly during the last five years. It is entirely possible that demands may be made for the establishment of legal pay rates for men. If this happens, new and far-reaching questions will be raised. What the Supreme Court last said concerning women does not necessarily apply to men. The court said plainly that the legislature is "free to recognize degrees of harm and it may confine its restrictions to those classes of cases where the need is deemed to be clearest."

Twenty-seven years is a short time in the history of a nation. Within these years the idea proposed by a woman has taken hold, advanc against immense obstacles, and finally con vinced our national government of its essentia soundness and desirability.

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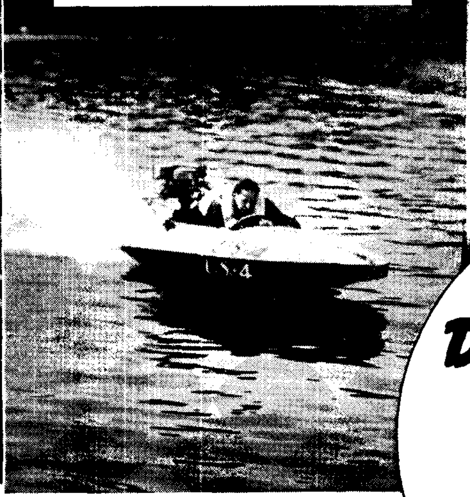

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